

Witness No. 1

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Undergraduate First Place Poetry Prize Winner

Oh, love!—So nervous
Through conversations of closing
Doors. Approach
And lower yourself toward them;
Make to me an offering of your body.
Begin a story about your lost gloves;
Become upset and then distracted—
Sip at the edge of your whiskey.
You've always appeared half-finished.
Let yourself be
Occupied like a place, a room
Full of dancing, a train station.
Behave like some natural element
For you will not have time to avoid
Me at all, standing in your kitchen
Attempting to explain away your decisions.