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Moonshine

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Moonshine

Author Note
Faren has lived in South Florida for most of her life, and has experienced a valuable four years at NSU in the Honors Program. She is moving on to pursue an MFA in Creative Writing with a poetry concentration, and hopes to publish her poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction while also pursuing a career as a graduate professor. As a lover of words through and through, Faren is passionate about the purpose of Digressions, and is also a Writing Fellow tutor and former editor at The Current newspaper. In her spare time, she re-reads novels, day dreams about the American wilderness, and plays the violin.

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**Alive Again**

Danielle Pierce

I remember the bottle on the floor, empty, just like me.
Tonight I was supposed to feel alive again.
But as you are giving me these slow, slow kisses,
I feel nothing.

I remember I am marked by an invisible path.
There are smooth curves, sharp edges, clear lines.
Someone else has these directions.
You will never be able to follow them.

I remember smiling once.
There were days when I was contagious with it.
Each day was a promise for a new adventure.
I was happy with him.

I remember being broken.
Everything I ever felt for him had shattered.
I could not, would not, understand how it happened.
Trying to pick up those pieces has scarred me.

It hurts to remember.
I want to erase those memories.
And feel something else.
I kiss you harder,
Hypnotized by the alcohol we split.
Closer, come closer.
I drag my fingers down your back,
Pressing you against me.
There is no time for breathing.
I start to feel something again,
Just within reach.
Closer, come closer.
Too many emotions.
My head is spinning.
My vision is foggy.
I am wrapped up in you.
I do not want to escape.
I am alive again, until—

I remember the bottle on the floor, empty, just like me.

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**Moonshine**

Faren Rajkumar

““But what is it?”
“Sip, and don’t swallow fast”
Easy now
That’s it
Fire, earth, and honey amber of little understood fables
My insides floating up to exit my unworldly mouth
To let stars meet stars
Darkness meet darkness
Lovers parted, reunited
A warm, golden vein snaking around me
Am I glowing?
Will the fireflies name me king?
Will I be the lantern to guide the prophet?

Like a soup of bright ecstasy and wine, but better
Like the way her eyes blazed that night I said goodbye
Not that I could see through the tears, but I could feel her fire.
And again I feel it in my throat

“Moonshine”
I get it now.