
June 2014

The Alph Lake Fair

Kevin Kinsella
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Kinsella, Kevin (2014) "The Alph Lake Fair," *The Laureate*: Vol. 2 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol2/iss1/28>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

The Alph Lake Fair

Kevin Kinsella

A drop of her saliva vaporized the pink cotton candy like a virus;
dead and mobile.

We leaned into each other and the old wooden handrail, twitching
in the autumn breeze.

She slid her finger along the fresh and wise stitches inside the
back of my mouth.

A small tearing sensation like breaking a cherry;
I tasted my own candy; a pleasure like ripping off a daddy's
long legs.

"You know Zen monks live in haste?

They walk at a trot and never think about us.

Nothing else matters when only meditation produces Nirvana."

"Nop bery many muounks in Mishagun."

She took her finger back as the carnival sun set on the lake;
the brilliant fire eaten away by the bright lights of the rides already
saturating the surface.

Carp in grey suits splashed below us;
instinct reacting to our forms, and commanding a frenzy for
our attention.

"I suppose reincarnation is a good punishment."

I tongued the gum gash and spat into the polluted
and churning water.

The carp sucked me in.

She wiped her finger off on the handrail. I shuffled my feet,
Kicking dirt and rocks into the melee, soon swallowed
and forgotten.

If I let them, they'd eat until they vomited me back out.

"We should leave.

The season's almost over.

Finish the candy, please."

She watched wheels spinning in the air,
the passengers only silhouettes against the starburst color
scheme of their rides.

Rocking back and forth, or heads on shoulders, they were all
rising and setting, rising and setting.

She dropped her fluff on the gasping faces.

"I hope you choke."

Dead leaves crunched under our feet, the carnival music fading.

We searched for where I had parked as schools of people rushed
the other way,

licking their lips in anticipation.

A small streak of my blood and saliva next to the initials of lovers
ascended into the night sky.