



4-12-2018

Organic

Tesla Klinger

Cedarville University, tklinger100@cedarville.edu

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Klinger, Tesla (2018) "Organic," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 18 , Article 25.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol18/iss1/25>

Organic

Browse the contents of [this issue](#) of *Cedarville Review*.

Please see the Editors' Foreword - [A Christian Response to Art and Literature: A Very Short Guide to Images and Texts](#)

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Poetry by Tesla Klinger

ORGANIC

I am organic, made of warm loam and foam
That collects on the creek surface in spring.
I sprint, then rest, and try to catch sunlight through a leaf's breach.
And you do not

You, being mechanical, reek of oil slicked metallic gears.
Formed of right angles, you proceed in calculating motions
And every noise you make is a rhythmic click.
Not so with me

I sway with each gust of wind, allow myself to meander and muse the
Formation of petals and bubbles that appear when rain hits water
But bubbles break into nothing and petals fall at evening's wink

You screech and vault as you strategize structures, construct hinges,
And fill holes with grease to avoid oxidation caused by precipitation.
Breaks can be welded and illness reprogrammed.
And yet

You will never know pain or confusion or the smell of spring giving way to summer.
You will carry on indifferent to the depravity and beauty around you while I fall and rise with
each severed friendship and sprung fiddlehead.