

Fall 12-1-2016

## Iron, Awake

Wes Solether  
*College of DuPage*

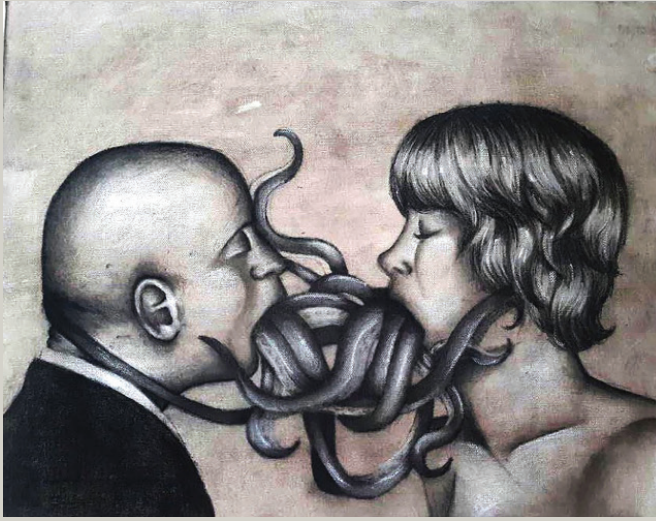
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Eight Tongues  
Acrylic and charcoal on canvas by  
Natalia Tertusio

### Iron, Awake

The mud might swallow our shoes,  
and that's ok, because we don't need shoes  
with the mud smooching our toes.

I wonder how many bones we trample  
as we progress through the woods,  
the dinosaurs and early humans,  
in some macabre, historically inaccurate diorama,  
must look up at us and wish for more catastrophes.

And somewhere nearby a deal is being made  
with all the Santa effigies and coal-eyed snowmen  
that we'll push back the calendar  
and make it snow, make it snow all year long.

Walk with me across the plain  
as we observe the grass die  
and the musicians keen their legs  
while eulogists' little lights send out their reports  
and trickle us towards the copse and clearing  
as if saying, "You have arrived at your destination."

Make sure to hide this behind a photo:  
I want 'I love you' to mean something,  
and that's a secret for us to keep to ourselves.

*Wes Solether*