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## Solitary Creatures

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## Solitary Creatures

Bakul Banerjee

Who knows when her day began,  
but her bare footsteps shift  
the silence of the dawn  
like the maple tree shaken  
by the early winter wind  
in the backyard. Up and down,  
and around the kitchen.  
Before work, she glides  
around preparing for lunch,  
dinner, and laundry. My door  
creaks open. She tiptoes  
to the desk skipping over stuff  
on the floor, looking for something.

Outside, a lone goose honks.  
She squints at the field trip  
permission slip, signs,  
hovers over me for a moment,  
then goes out. Motionless  
I remain, before falling asleep.

## Howl

Natalie Dust

I am new to the dirt  
Yet my feet are calloused.  
There are hills I haven't climbed  
Yet my back aches.  
Each night I spend drenched,  
In the weight of tomorrow  
All the way down to my marrow.  
I lean to the moon  
My face under its glow  
Lips prepare for sound  
But only a whistle of air  
Seeps into the ground.