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I Tell Her

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I Tell Her

Tom Hill

I tell her: we must get at the ground,
deep beneath the dirt, where the roots are.

Only here can we make ourselves strong;
here, where our proofs and reasons lie buried.

We must separate the wheat from the chaff,
we must harvest only good things.

Remember how we want our lives to feel:
like drunkenness; gentle and warm,

eyes cloudy with God and smoke,
with the beauty of cold summer.

I thought of our lives patched together
pieced together, pressed together

and brimming with purpose,
lives like old shoes; gentle and worn,

like the stars tonight –wherever they are–
bright but hidden.

Something Different

Allison Anderson

The cabin's air was stale and cold
His rotten heart iced over
A blood-shot flight to Walden Pond
To escape his new ex-lover