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The Changing Colors of Skin

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I Wait

Ida Kotyuk

An ironing board leans and waits for laundered clothes that wait to be ironed whites wait to be folded rugs wait to be vacuumed floors wait to be swept even as countless objects heavy with dust wait to be cleared two dogs wait to be fed then wait to be walked our car waits to be washed its oil waits to be changed its gas tank waits to be filled one husband and three children wait to be fed their dinner waits to be made dishes wait to be washed wait to be dried children's lost items wait to be found books tumble from shelves wait to be read towering piles of poetry books wait to be marked nearby mounds of magazines wait too stacked loose papers wait to be filed I am smothered among small yellow sticky notes with scribbled ideas that also wait—sullenly.

Overwhelmed, I wait to be a poet.

The Changing Colors of Skin

Carole Mertz

Though I had no ideographs
like those of a Chinese girl,
I relished the joy of selecting
the colors from the crayon
box. Age, seven years,
my hair was curled by Mother
into fascinating long ringlets.
Fascinating even to me.

The marks I made on the page
were likely the first chapters of
my little-girl life. Frustrated though,
I had no just-right color for skin. That
changed, Crayola adjusted. Our
world adapted, too, into these
many new shades of skin. Life
became fascinating, like my curls.