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## Suburban Wasteland

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Never dreamed.

### Her Daughter Speaks \_Wilda Morris

#### after Karla Huston

She knows she has to watch what she eats. She leaves the salt out of everything she cooks, regardless of the impact on flavor. But every time I stop by, I find she's bought another box of those salty cheese crackers she supposedly gets for grandchildren who have grown up and moved awayand has refilled the candy jar with chocolate kisses. All the time her hair was turning gray she refused to dye it to keep herself looking young, though I have to admit it's not too bad now it's all turned white. She seldom buys new clothes—still wears garments out of style years ago. And she never learned to keep house. If things are halfway neat, you can count on it—she's expecting company. Had my bedroom been nearly as messy as hers is now, she would have sent me upstairs to clean it. She'd rather be at the computer, writing more poems while she still has time left, never admitting her shortfalls to her many readers.

Burban Wasteland _Dakoda McCallum	
Sundering suburbs' girls	Yes
Staring out your windows	You stumbling suburbs' girl
At artificial blue skies	Imagining the wind whispers secrets
Wondering and almost believing that	Only for you
In your wasteland suburbs	Beneath the songs of backyard birds
There is something wonderful	Those birds that clutch onto the
Waiting for your	chain links of
Desperate eyes	Your prison gates.
Craving beauty	You will interpret the
In the craters left behind	Sounds and cries of the
By the crashing of metropolis.	Wind into songs.
	They will tell you the delicious lies
Are we destined to be	You seek too.
Sprawling suburbs' girls	
For the rest of our lives?	Strange suburban girls
Planted here, unable	Know what it's like
To move and	To trace the veins of leaves
Stuck in concrete.	Searching for that path
We grow up through the cracks	Called:
As flowering weeds to Suburbia-	"Your Own"
Because even garbage dumps	Stuck in your wasteland-
Hold gardens—	Yes, wasteland.
Trying to find our way	You will listen to the bees
Through The Concrete Plains:	And one day you may find
The decrepit offspring of	Your way out of Suburbia
The Great Plains	Yet you must choose
Where whims of grand parking	Swiftly, for the gates will
Lots and brick stores were	Not always remain open.