Howl

Natalie Dust
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol34/iss2/10
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.