

“It’s the work and the play that makes life worth the grind,
Creativity and academics combined!”

Right gave a sigh, said, “I see some of your point,
But I still wish you’d use less exclamation points!”

Memory Solstice

Sam Walder

The cornfields here are so fertile they grow skyscrapers.
Neon flows through the rain-streaked windows
And chipped ivory statues shout from beer to beer.
I have to clean my apartment, but first
I need to watch puddles form on the pavement below.

Later, moonlight meanders
Two thousand miles over the great plains.
Dreams crash from the stars and seep into the soil
Awaiting harvest.