

Leaving Boston

Sam Walder

In autumn
Forest students stand rooted and tall
Shed institutional green for Crayola creativity
While prairie kids wither with the corn

How might the cobblestones hop up into playful shapes
If your bubble gum pops?
You pick up leaves and leave pickup trucks to rust

Or Daniel Boone

Or Thomas Jefferson

Or Bei Dao.

Do you really believe
As the head is shaved the thoughts escape?
I'll travel for you, with you two
To escape the fluorescent castles and
Threads I wove so carelessly

The ignorant
Miss Main street
Strike into the wilderness
Are glorified

Dawn comes and we're still driving
Masses rise in the distance, brooding against pale stars
I open the window and feel a new breeze
From road to road, the signs say welcome home

River of flowers
Voice of reason
Village of lovers
City of dreamers