

**Letter, June 12**

Sam Walder

Streets climb from solitude towards love  
Built out of the ocean spray, buttressed by  
Pacific winds. Where were you when I  
Ran that night, my one companion hanging above?

Streets dart from care towards worry  
The shops steal but don't sell  
Shopkeepers laugh at your descent to a pell-mell hell  
Mist turns to snow, a flake to a flurry.

Streets fall like boulders towards the cliffside  
Pray to your brakes, bow your head  
Ah, to hell with it! Take the plunge instead  
Tears add flavor to the riptide.

Now, now. A frown becomes a smile, a seagull a dove  
Though it's made of walls  
A city's not a prison at all!  
Follow the lamps. Streets climb once more towards love