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Howl

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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.