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I Tell Her

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Hill: I Tell Her

I Tell Her

I tell her: we must get at the ground, deep beneath the dirt, where the roots are.

Only here can we make ourselves strong; here, where our proofs and reasons lie buried.

We must separate the wheat from the chaff, we must harvest only good things.

Remember how we want our lives to feel: like drunkenness; gentle and warm,

eyes cloudy with God and smoke, with the beauty of cold summer.

I thought of our lives patched together pieced together, pressed together

and brimming with purpose, lives like old shoes; gentle and worn,

like the stars tonight –wherever they are– bright but hidden.

Something Different

Allison Anderson

The cabin's air was stale and cold His rotten heart iced over A blood-shot flight to Walden Pond To escape his new ex-lover