

**Fantasy**

She sat on the wooden stool  
with a face sculpted by fragments  
of a Picasso painting.  
Something had weathered her smile  
a smile that only allowed  
a breath of her starvation to escape.

Her lips were painted and her eyes charcoaled  
Her cheeks were pure in a whiteness of fidelity.  
The curly red strands of hair set fire  
to the underlying sparks of intellect.  
The collar of her wrinkled white blouse  
choked the elegance of her long neck,  
stifling her desire to be unadorned.

Her toenails poked through holes  
on the tops of her lavishly worn blue hightops.  
But despite her testimony for an unquenchable burst of freedom  
the audience embraced her music.  
All conversations of plight and righteousness ceased  
and the smoke hung shallow in the dim lights  
while the strum of her guitar filtered a  
mischievous cascade to a humbled crowd.

She was satisfied, she was real, she was finally honest.

She strummed a peace that was deeper than sleep  
and put her detrimental grace in motion.  
Her fingers talked louder than her blue shoes  
and even more than the single tear that escaped  
into a wet reality of cathartic grief.

And her words of deviant solitude  
Transcended her aura of loneliness  
And left even the monolithic geologists  
with the feeling that  
some things are meant to remain fantasy.

*-Erin Kelly*

**Asleep to the World**

through dreams of wind and rain  
she learns the night  
the color of pain and the sound  
of a smile.  
then, breaking the crust of sleep,  
they are gone.

*-Sara McFall*