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Dreams

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New and Old
Sandra Herron

Friendly people, asking all kinds of questions;
In
How is it, where I came from?
But I am busy looking
At the tall elevators
At the immense airport
At the sterile brown buildings
At the scary highways
At the huge coke machines
Busy in a surrealistic city
Learning to speak
A language without subjunctive
A straightforward culture
Where translations are bad
And cognates don’t work
Suddenly, a taste of home
The Girl Scout cookies
Sweet potatoes and rum

Dreams
Denise Durian

His voice sounds like he is wearing yellow.
Why are the rainbow colored ghosts in my bathtub?
As the elevator headed to the bottom floor, it ended up in traffic on the 91 freeway.
My dog is cooking dinner tonight.
The lint on the carpet has smiling faces.
Let’s all go back to the Land of the Lost.
The hairy tree stump wanted to go to the game.
Rowing our boats through the sand was fun.
The high school smells bad because the doors are red.
The snail echoed as it entered the room.
Did you hear what the flower said?
Hello little flower, how was your flight?
The bell was about to leave for the day.
Susan ate the chair when she saw the red light.
I can hear the taste of the chalkboard dearly.
The rainbow landed on a pile of feathers.
The wind was choking so much that it snagged.
The cake was nagging the little red boy.
Our coat tail wore the name tag as well.
We had no mane tag for our coat tail.
Genkwa ze obyat Baubsha
He sounds fat.