Self Portraits

Justin Houston

Collin College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2008/iss1/35

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.
New and Old

Sandra Herron

Friendly people, asking all kinds of questions;
People interested
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 clearly.
The rainbow landed on a pile of feathers.
The wind was choking so much that it nagged.
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.
Genkua ze obyat Baubsha
He sounds fat.