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## Self Portraits

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# 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 hard 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 snagged.  
The cake was nagging the little red boy.  
Our coat tail wore the name tag so well.  
We had no mane tag for our coat tail.  
Genkua ze obyat Baubsha.  
He sounds fat.

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SELF PORTRAITS Justin Houston

# 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

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