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Untitled

Mina Daffinee

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Finding Out the Hard Way (That I'm No Wizard)

Alisha Rosenthal

"Follow the yellow brick road," they told me.
Just like Dorothy?
You know the one that encircles the red brick.
Knowing where the yellow brick led (since I had seen
the movie and all) I was curious
To know where that red brick went.
So, I followed it.

At first, it was your average road—flat, uneventful,
lined with munchkins dressed as
Flowers commanding me to go on.

But I'm thinking—
I've not met any scarecrows
Or tin people or cowardly lions
(although I have come across a couple of witches).

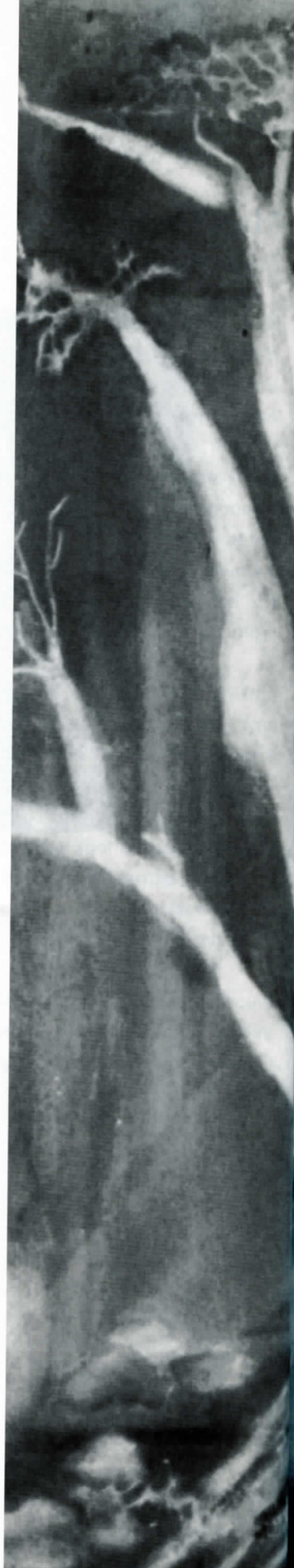
No, my road
Has no Emerald City,
No witch's castle,
No wizard to grant my wishes.

So, I wonder,
how did Dorothy know which road to take?

Well, my guess is she could see the whole set.
I could only see what the camera could fit in each angle.
She could see that the red brick ended at the gate of Munchkin Land.

And God Bless her, she got out
And found where she belongs.

Me?
Well, I'm just waiting on a house to fall on me
so that someone may take these big shoes off
of my tired feet.





First Kiss

Jayne Creelman

soft place for two
wintery woods
cut by an earth walk;
hushed in cold
breath stops
lips touch
a tongue moves
another responds;
water settles
in the basin of her being
and the mountains
breathe again.