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Tunneling

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Tunneling

JOAN CANBY

Below our hill, beside the gravel path up to kitchen
and hearth, our fruit orchard of cherry, apricot, loquat,
plum and apple trees greeted my sister and me as we
waited for the call to dinner, to return home and to sleep.
The spring grass that year reached to the middle of the
trunks of the trees and rose up to our shoulders.

When we kneeled down, into the moist softness of its
blades we were covered, not to be seen by one another,
and totally submerged. My sister was the first to begin:
relentless she crawled, made her tracks and then I
followed her. Like rodents, gophers under black earth,
or red ants in their mounds, we created new underworlds.
As we crawled, hands on the ground, knees propelling us
through the sweet smelling grass, we created new paths
with high green walls. We each made our own maze.
We remade the orchard into our own green puzzles.

After the bulldozing of the trees, after the marriages,
after the funerals, we were still waiting, still
making tunnels, still deep in the mazes of our lives.

Once Upon A Time

HALEY WALLACE

You can tell that she's
used to carrying a child on
her hip by the way she carries
her books to fourth period English.

Circles under her eyes mirror
pitch black hallways at
3AM, when nightmare cries interrupt
dreams of a supposed-to-be future.

She drifts through seas of rumors
spit by a jury who will never understand,
because time doesn't stop
to wipe your tears.