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Story of a Mosaic

Alexander N. Sanchez

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Stoic Erica K. Kalish

Wildfire Ashes

Kateri Whitfield

Winner of Writers' Bloc Competition

Ashes smudged across the forehead.
 "You are dust," they said.
 Dust gathered on the pavement, growing.
 That morning, wildfire ashes
 fell from the mountains to the sky,
 then (like snow) onto the coastal ground.
 The hills were evacuated by some,
 others stayed skeptical on their porches
 like they always do. The fire spread.
 The canary men came. Still the homes
 will be nothing but ash soon.
 They were right when they said,
 "To dust you shall return."
 Coughing, wheezing, choking on
 dry, smoky, California desert air.

Story of a Mosaic

Alexander N. Sanchez

I see a reflection of myself scattered across a shattered mosaic,
 Unable to stop cutting, unable to search for a well-studied formula.
 And while there is beauty in brokenness among the shards of this dirty glass,
 It doesn't show me what is to come, but what has come to pass.
 How many pieces must there be until you're missing a few?
 How many holes can be punched till your picture cannot be viewed.
 Smaller and smaller they become as the light on them dims in refractions,
 As the remains turn back into sand you see the toll of the subtractions.
 Eventually, that mirror has lost all of its luster and grandeur,
 Unwanted even for moments of amour.
 That broken mirror eventually loses its magic in that slow decaying fall,
 That once proud mirror... never existed at all.