

Together apart



WRITINGS BY
QUESTEN INGHRAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
AVA STULLER



the words fell out of my head
stuck at home

The time is now

but the words fell out of my head
I feel dead

stuck at home
with the words

fallen from my head.

There was a time

I thought the time would
come

now stuck at home

pen in hand

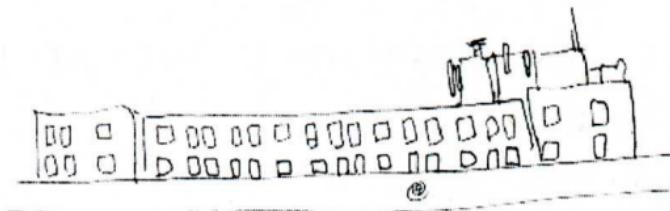
The time had come and hid

now stuck at home
pen in hand

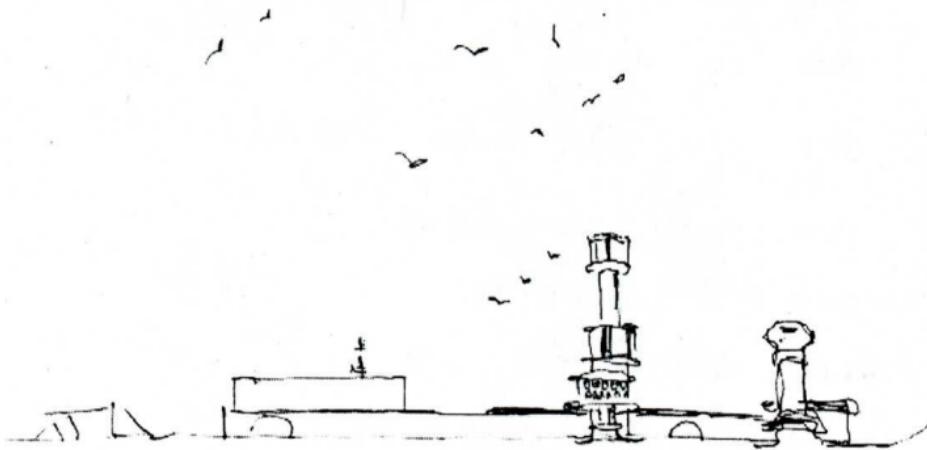
with the words

fallen from my head

512



Listening to the 8 pm seagulls



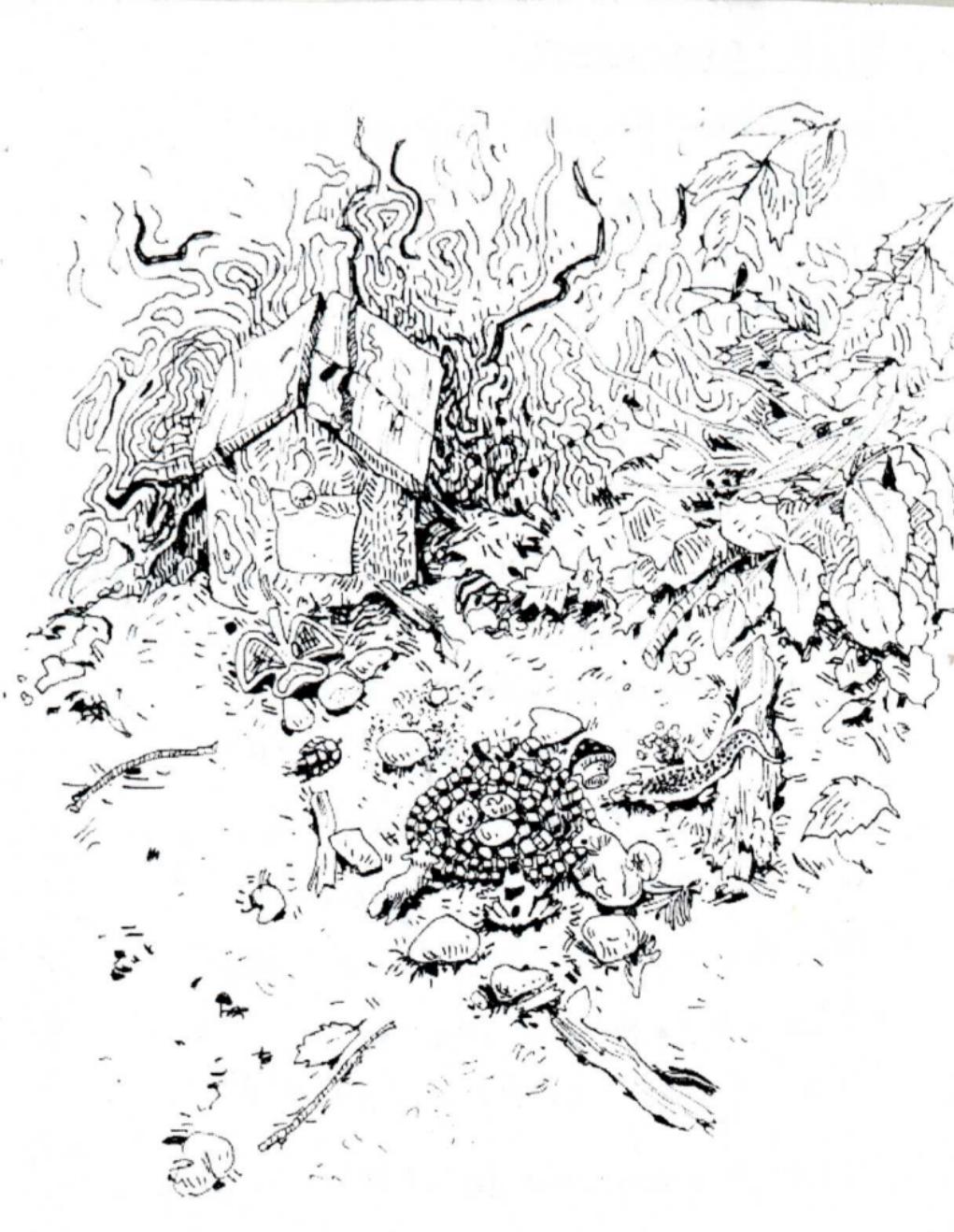




WALKING CHECKLIST

- FIND YOUR DREAM HOUSE
- PET A CAT
- TAKE AND LEAVE A BOOK AT
A LITTLE LIBRARY
- PICK UP TRASH
- TALK TO SOMEONE
- WALK SOMEWHERE NEW





self - checkout

the bikes pedaled themselves
across the street today
and the cars found their way to work,
stopping at each light
patiently. A three-piece suit
walked itself to
the paper stand and
two dollars flew into the register
which opened itself. The day's
paper which wrote and
printed itself leaped into
the suit's back pocket,
to be read by the glasses
as the suit stands at the
bus stop for the bus
to stop-and-go itself.

The money made itself today
when all stayed home.



I want to live on Wildflower Way

Or Sun Dog Circle

So in the yard the chickens can graze
With the bunnies

I want to live on Shooting Star Lane

Or Driftwood Drive

And in June we'd pick blackberries

How sweet the days on Wildflower Way

To watch under pines how tall

Kids can grow

Oh to live on Strawberry Street

And pick pumpkins when night

Sipping cider under blankets

Before morning's dew frosts

Oh to live on Tumbledown Trail

And when winter blows in we'd

Shelter, together

But we don't need Wildflower Way

Nor Strawberry Street

No Driftwood Drive nor Shooting Star lane

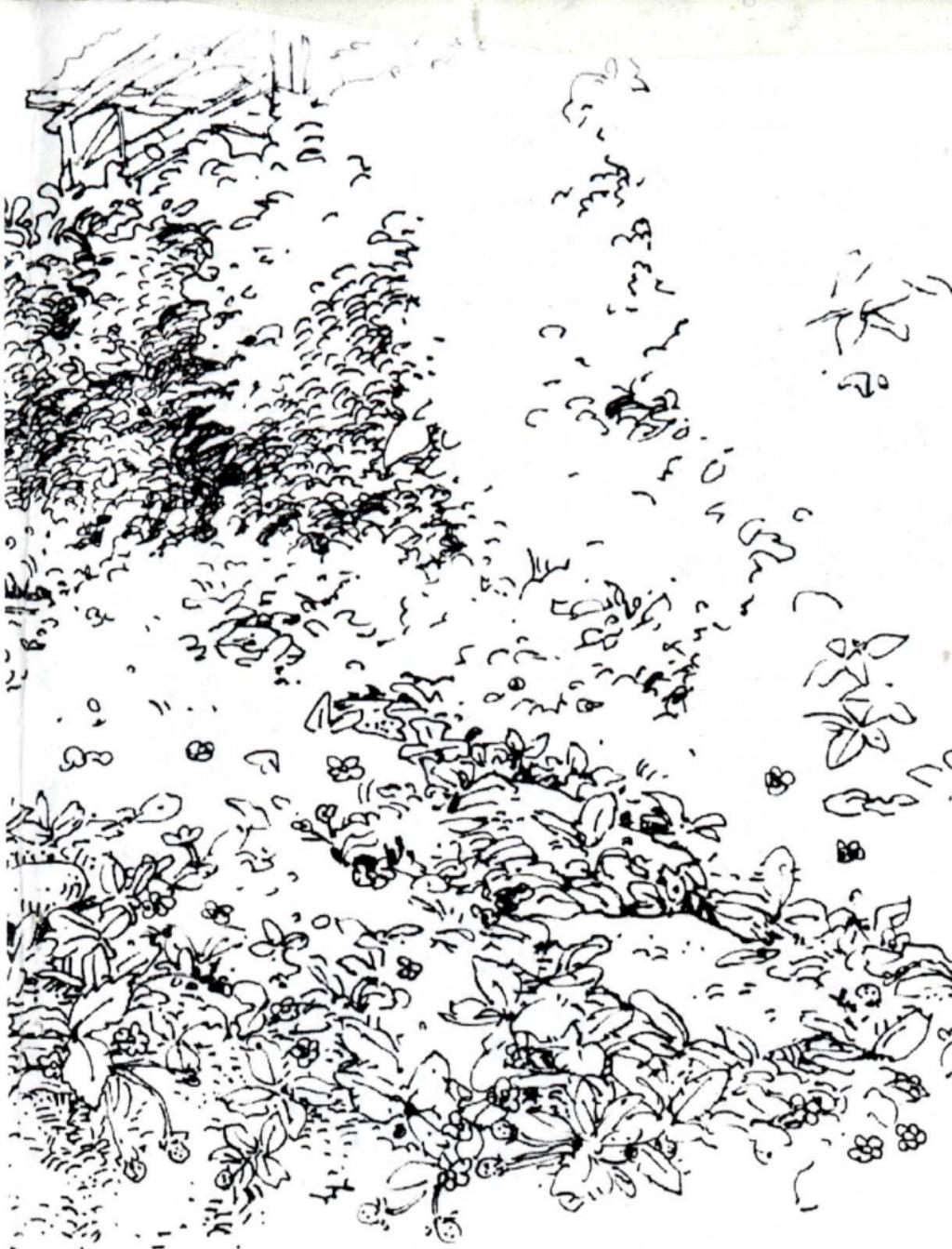
No white wooden gate nor pebble path

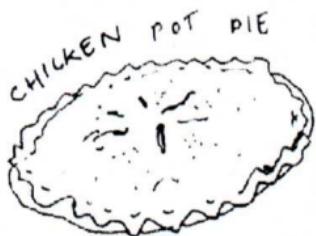
For if we're together,

We'll make here make do

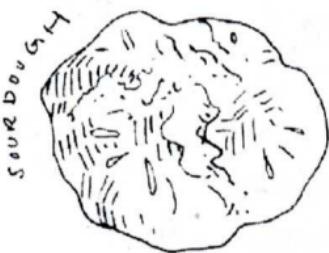








STRAWBERRY
PIE



THE AUTHORS



MARCH



(SELF HAIRCUT)



(NO HAIRCUT)

AUGUST

