Together Apart

WRITINGS BY
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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
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
cross 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 Tumbleweed 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
THE AUTHORS

MARCH

(SELF HAIRCUT)

(NO HAIRCUT)

AUGUST