

When We Were Young...

by Jon Sutherin, Robert Johnson, Arika Baker, et al.

it was a dream that never came time
like empty years sitting on a tree stump.

Happiness stalked us home and wore our
pajamas,
and the darkness of the leaves followed us
like a dog begging for soup,

and the stitches of our once broken hearts ripped open
when we arrived at our destination
where the future was yesterday and the past was to-
morrow,

and you said it was when the winter came,
and Nikki was questioning “what’s a...?”
and Ashlee pounded out answers, “it is,”
like a dream that never came true,
and it was the crying out that it was,
when Arika needed a car, and Jon had no choice but to sing,
and Whitney shot the puck,
when the fridge was empty
and the trash was burning,
and Robert nestled in sleep
like the stems of dreams in his eyelids.

When we were young
it was when the memories lost that it was.
The universe turned its eyes upon us,
and we had lots of cheeseburgers.

When we were young
time stood still among the flat leaves of eve-
ning,

and men and women cried at the moon
when their children were given free will,
and they had finished their Christmas shopping on time.

When we were young we lived like Eskimos.
We never took enough money to the vending machine.
We found a lake.
We ran until we reached the ocean.
We were haunted by the mysteries of the sky
and the hundreds of flies on the ceiling.

When we were young
the eyes of happiness twinkled
like the tears of lost children trickling to the ground,
and all who opposed us bowed
as we spun off into the void
and the thunder of the ocean left us
barren,
like the broken bottles of night.

When we were young, summer was an eternal
season, and there was an end
to endings, and death was like go-
ing to bed.

By Jon Sutherin, Robert Johnson, Arika Baker, Ashlee Roberts, Whitney Taylor, Stuart Lishan, and Nikki Chaney (Autumn '09)