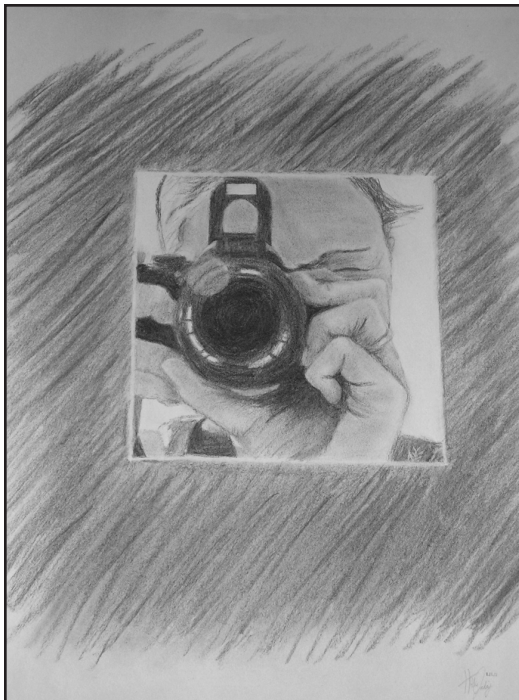


She soared with thunderous silence
 through sparse forests and green cities while becoming
 insanelly normal and anxiously calm.
 Because in her world of vacuum cleaners and dinner menus,
 too much depended upon grammatical reasoning.
 But the British were coming in droves and decagons
 to take her diamond-lit lily fields
 and squeaking, rambling apple trees.
 Just then, the apple grinned thoughtlessly,
 and the book welcomed it back with open covers,
 never to feel betrayed again.
 Now the child, grown to a woman, will swim evermore with diamonds
 and piano keys and laughing dogs
 through mountains and eras and Jane
 Austen’s goodnight kisses,
 like pure emotion always trapped between closed
 pages.

—Taryn Korody



—Hollis Juday, “Claire”