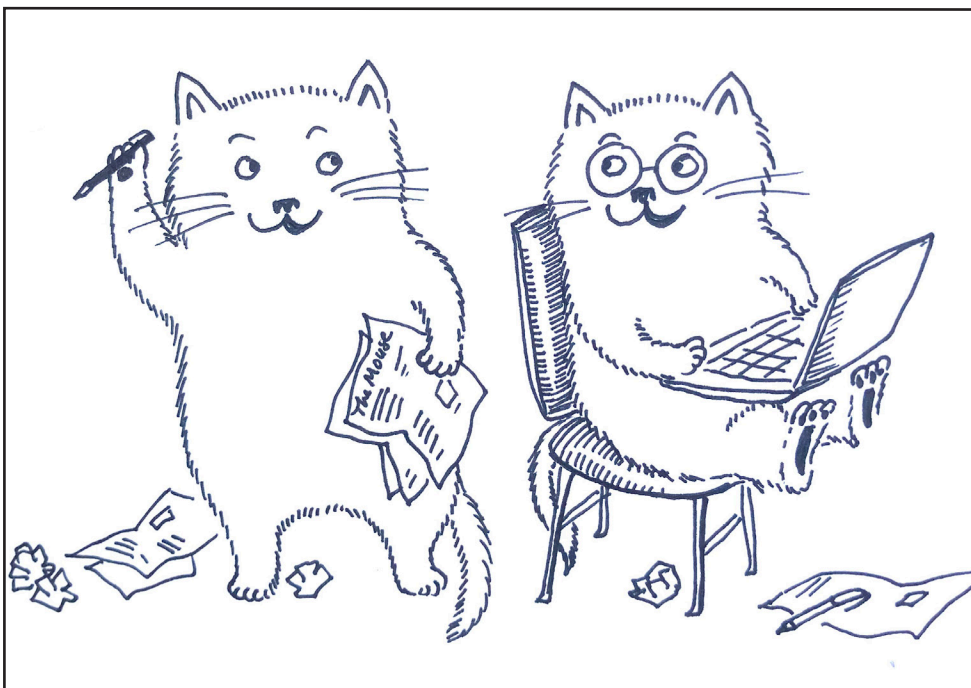


After the Blue Parlor

An exquisite corpse poem written by the Bread Loaf community

I go into the meadow
Sneakers soaked
Flowers yellow
Yellowed in the sunset
the sunset spread out in her eyes like mother's arms for her newborn
I wanted to eat
The yellow flowers, steep my cells in them
And let the flowers tell me what they want me to know
About lineation
And Mountain Dew, the nectar of the gods
who cajol and snicker at our sad sad fates

Our neverendings spin out beyond us
Into the Anthropocene, post-atomic dawn
Surrendering like dominoes, echoes in the grass
Sitting on the Bread Loaf campus lawn
which I fled, in soaked sneakers, because of covid,
and I thought about the stars, how they hung over me
And I think about the ocean and how she pushed me above,
Like I could blast into outer space and break my rule of the universe.



**We miss
you
already!**

Goodbye and safe
travels from your
Crumb Editors.