the Crumb
The 'M' is silent!

A little bit of news from the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

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After the Blue Parlor

An exquisite corpse poem written by the Bread Loaf community

I go into the meadow, wielding pinecones and effervescent joy
My camera and I visit the stone wall, its
Slatted gate set in white daisies, yellow black-eyed Susans and reddest geraniums.
A rustling
A rooting. A mess of delight.
I look beyond, to the maples and birch that threaten to encroach.
The field, untended, would become forest before a girl grew up
—"Last call!" is the cry from the meadow house—
I drink the meadow like sweet vermouth.
It didn't help so I drank real vermouth
And it carried me there, to that place where I last saw you
When we were on the mountain together, writers
Lost in nights of hope, nights of desperation, nights of wild Smooch, Booch, Jim Belush'
Yet found again by sun's rise over the meadow and the returning purple blaze of a lone wild orchid
How did I come to this place?
How did this place come to me?

We miss you already!

Goodbye and safe travels from your *Crumb* Editors.



OVERHEARD

"My personality is a sine wave."

"This book is structured like a Fibonacci sequence but with black holes."

"I can't talk to you right now because I have to email Overheard at *The Crumb*."