

## *House by* **Kassandra Vernon**

Red and brown  
and black and white.  
Dangling shingles and  
bricks that scrape the skin.  
A ghost. A shell.  
It once held children, potential.  
Now only trickles  
of memories remain

The iron bars over the door  
are more like a cell  
than decoration.  
The gravel driveway  
is overrun by weeds;  
abandoned, it shivers in the cold

Singing, dancing, laughing  
It all reverberates back  
and forth on the bare walls.  
Remnants of make-believe games  
still linger, castles and dragons  
whisper with the wind

It used to be Saturday morning  
Cartoons, mud pies.  
Snacks when the sun  
was high above them.  
But it set for good  
such a long time ago

The singing stopped  
The dancing broke off  
And the laughter faded  
away with the cars

It was purchased years later  
by an elderly man and his wife  
to renovate and sell it again.  
He now only visits when the grass  
is nearly unmanageable

There are no lights,  
no bittersweet smoke  
drifting through the air.  
It is no longer inviting,  
but an intimidating beast  
perched at the end of the street

The abandoned swing set  
sits in the backyard waiting,  
but it could no longer hold  
a soul.

*Captivated* by Carey Juillerat

Yesterday 11:59 PM

I'm trying to tell you

how I feel

but autocorrect won't

let me and Siri doesn't know

what love is.

Today 9:15 PM

K

I'm trying to tell you

ily  
"

Fight, Brother (On Gil Scott-Heron)  
by Jacob Wilson

Stand up and fight now, brother.

Fight for you,  
For her,  
For him,  
For us,  
For the world.

Fight for this town,  
For our people,  
For our culture,  
Our society,  
Our lives.

This war is not over.  
Stand up and fight now, brother.  
Be televised.