

## Chipped Wood | Guadalupe Miranda

Young willows in the light of a stage,  
 crimson curtains carrying whispered promises  
 of baby birds in the nest  
 blowing to the moon, cooing  
 to an empty sky for their first flight.  
 Young willows resemble baby birds  
 chirping for mother, chirping for world outside  
 of mother.  
 Their feet cross the stage in a dance  
 silent noise with silent prayers,  
 for what waits outside the doors.

Young willows in the light of a stage,  
 knees to seats, eating lunches  
 swiping fries with ketchup  
 intense sketches of scared children,  
 painting good luck to wait outside the doors.

Young willows sitting across a screen,  
 whispering lives wishing to be lived  
 running laps in the make-believe  
 apocalypse brain, zombie eating idiots.  
 To survive, will we survive?

Young willows kissed with wind,  
 mouth agape, swallowed  
 spit back out, splintered on the ground  
 counted by age.  
 And now we are withered,  
 wilted willows begging for the sun to return,  
 for the crimson curtains to rise once more  
 begging for the mercy of the wind outside the doors.