

Collaborative poem by the afternoon writers in Hailey,
Isabella, Riley, Jesse, Emma and Alyse, based on ideas by Gertrude Stein and the
French surrealist, Andre Breton

As An Empty Cave

Your voice is round
as a birthmark,
swollen against an ankle
red and angry

it is nails scraping against a blackboard,
screeching and scratching,

it is a class silent as an empty cave

screeching as annoying as a barking dog,
the same barking dog
that stole my socks
was in my house

and I couldn't stop crying

my feet felt like rain.

