

“neverland: memory; clay entering kiln” by Seunghui Lily Ha, Naperville

neverland: memory; clay entering kiln

it sits at the edge of the highway
at 52nd street, just a few miles south of
gerald’s donuts, and the decapitated stop sign
some kids tried to steal
before the police caught on
and probation was the consequence
of the misbehavior, of their actions
the effect of the cause

the tree has grown taller,
its roots deeply embedded in the soil
since when last seen
since when last visited

the home grounds are unfamiliar
my hometown ablaze of lost memories,
scattered recollections

feel a smile
pulling, tugging
at my face,
the dark hue and rough patches
of pure skin,
that scar me silently

my dimples
visible,
with firm reassurance the indents by my lips,
have not yet abandoned my laughter,
without the reflection of a mirror
to confirm my gaze

the soil feels dampened
under the wearing soles of my
well worn second hand sneakers,
with loose cloth tearing at edges
of my heels

smushed dirt beneath my shoes
like water pressed clay
before drying out,
before entering the kiln,
before hardening its figure to solid
where mud turns to mug
vase, bowl, dish
and glazed polish
coated once, coated twice,
its clear layer,
turns to glass