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*Lost Ground is Oft-Walked*

Imagined long ago, a place was thought up;

One where we all rightfully could

Rest separately, within our own dim domains.

This bulb entreated upon many to take down their qualms,

Live in fear and pain, cast aside what little left they had:

So good thing, a short time later (but still long ago),

There could be olive toned men with branches for arms,

Whom extended their sticks for hands; but lesser-well was

Their appointment with lumberjacks, who dawned great

Arian axes and swung from top to very bottom of men

‘beneath’ them—even when they reached out.

Fictionalized, this was—of course. Since nothing

Of the sort ever happened. No, what was dreamt sought

Different and formed true to us:

Long ago, back olden (so distant, it was),

Radical, feisty cats scrambled to piano keys,

Leapt forward, jumped out, and yelped—

*Are we invisible? —*then clawed at every White key,

Scratching the paint clean off to reveal soot underneath;

Change, then, and only then, was ushered in,

And with it the wind blew differently for every man

Since.

Cordially, in the present day (right now),

We welcome in an abashed few to play house,

Although those keys are repainted and

Their music re-tuned to a higher pitch;

Imaginations too vivid and cruel seem truer and true,

Even color seems falsely askew;

Every forest is cut down, yet pictures dawn brightly

Of those trees and branches and olive men still standing up—

Too bad they’re all shot dead behind the poster.