



Image from Redbubble

Carolyn Adams

## Strolling

He came from somewhere.  
Somewhere.  
Nothing about him was solid ground.

He wore his hair combed back sleek,  
sleeves pushed up on biceps.

His Dodge cruised easy,  
folded the road to a slow burn.

Careless, the way he lit a smoke,  
draped his arm on the girl beside him.

In a few years,  
he'd be uniformed, shipped out  
like the other boys  
on our side of town.  
Maybe he'd come back.  
Maybe not.

But for now,  
he slipped into cool,  
rocked slow down the street

as Diamonds spilled from his window:  
*Feels so good*  
*take me by my hand*  
*and let's go strolling*  
*in wonderland.*

## Everything Has Not Been Done

The blank face moon suspends herself,  
alone. A call, a soft

beacon. Velvet  
black surrounds her, my nightly

wish, a hope that where  
you are, you walk

in quiet. That the waste of this  
life doesn't drown

you in  
consuming cacophony.

That you sweetly dream.

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Carolyn Adams lives in Oregon.