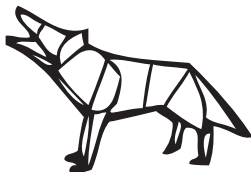


## Bekah Pollard

Sage



The boy made of spices intrigues me so.  
His striped hat traps thoughts  
and all that he knows.  
Gingerbread strands strain the stripes,  
wanting free  
Like spikes spewing thoughts  
with electric energy.  
He speaks slowly and surely,  
his voice cracked, gravelly, and worn.  
Words work through the air  
as his lips become torn.  
His cloudy conscience gusts thoughts  
out into the cool open space.  
He feels no sense of urgency,  
moving at his own pace.  
The boy made of spices knows something I don't.  
I want him to tell me, but I fear that he won't.