

MORGAN CORONA

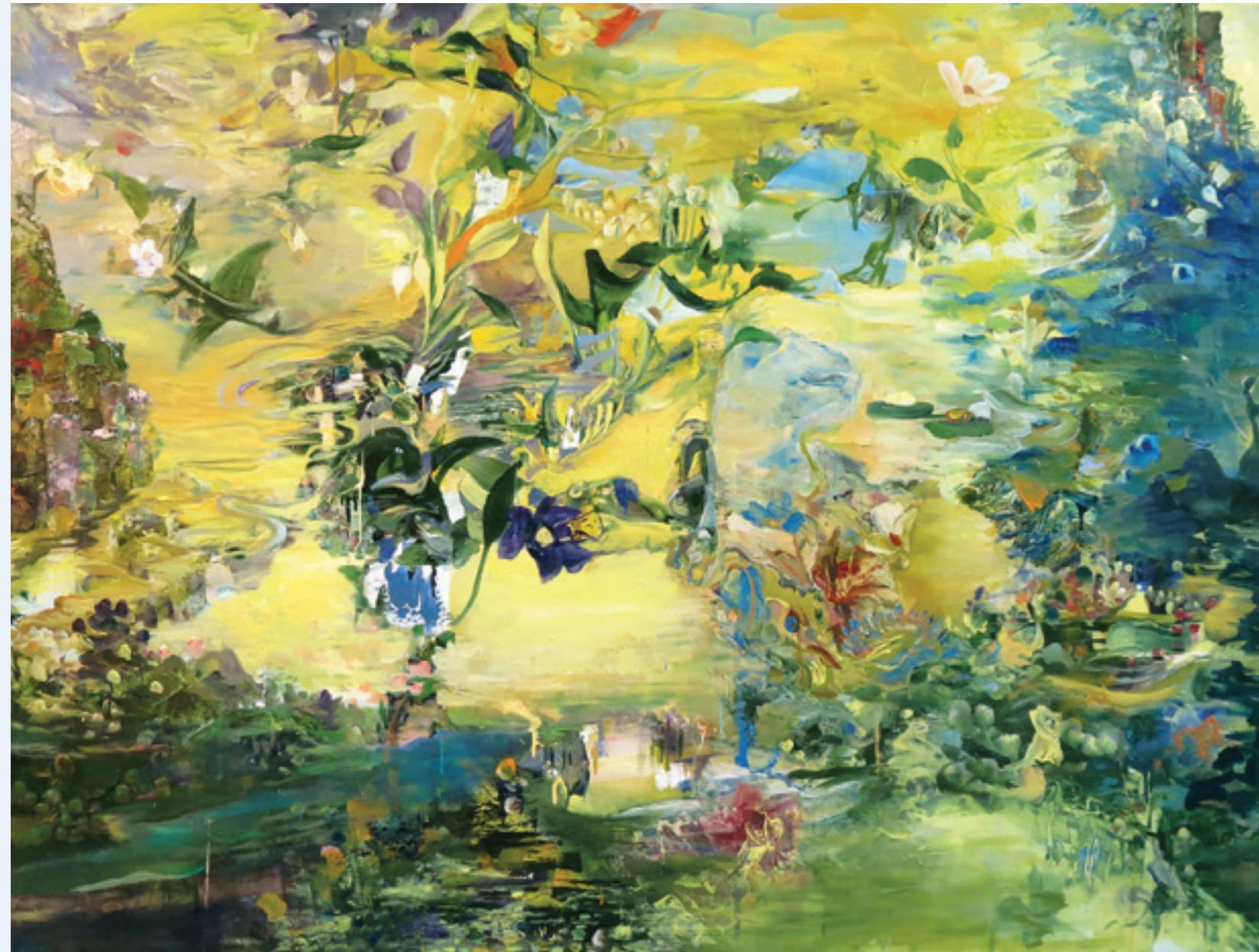
Chuck

The farm was still. The dogs didn't bark, or chase after my car. The chickens were already in their roost. The wind had stopped. I started up the hill, toward the house. I knew what I would find, so I went to see the horses. I caught the black mare, and led her in circles. She bowed her head to stretch her neck, and I released her, walked out of the pasture and closed the gate behind me. I took one step, and paused, stared at the house, scraped the mud off my boots with a stick, and walked forward. At the edge of the yard, I stopped again, and looked through the living room window. I saw Chuck's wife, his daughter, his neighbors, his best friend. I saw Chuck, pale, eyes closed, his hands cradled on his chest. Everyone was looking at a photograph of Chuck sitting on a tractor.

Morgan Corona's poem won the 5th annual George Hitchcock Memorial Poetry prize for UCSC students. She is a third-year literature and education student at the University of California Santa Cruz, and the current Radio Station Manager at KZSC. In her spare time, she rides horses, helps out on a farm, and enjoys letterpress printing.

DOROTHY ROBINSON

Full House, 2016
Oil on canvas, 48 x 64 in



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