



by Johanna Hall

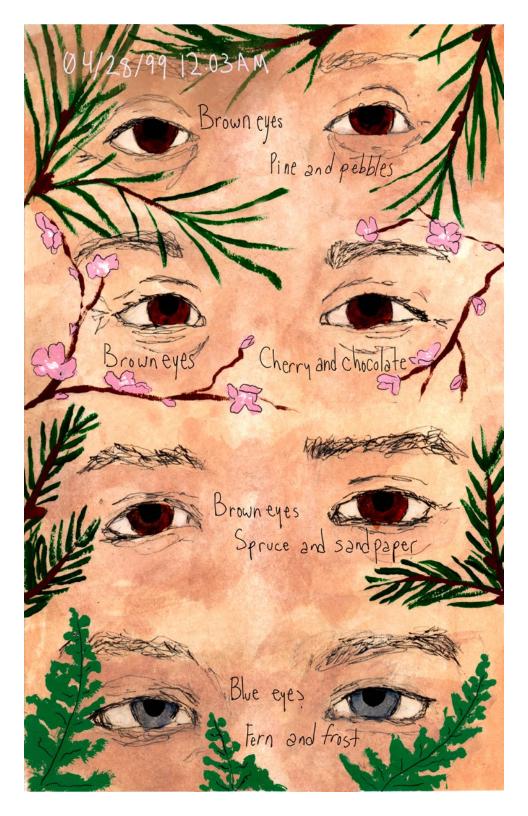
Ghosts in the Strawberry Field



A capstone project completed in April 2020, at Champlain College. Thank you so much to my professors Erik Esckilsen, Al Larsen, Robin Perlah, and Stephanie Zuppo.



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Symmer Night

I wish I wish ypon a star

But wishing hasn't worked so far

Sonow I lay medown to sleep

> and pray the Lord my sanity to keep

> > But if Pan or Isis or Freyja hears I beg of you to ease

my fears.

Because it's hard to keep counting on clovers

But I'll keep looking over and over and over

12/09 Behind the hospital the sunflowers sway over cracked concrete Soaked in sunlight If I stand on tiptoes I can almost peek at their petals Do they reflect the sun? L Orbaskinit like akiss? They seemed faller last summer butsodid she Do you think she'll still be here once I am tall enough to see their faces Or will she wither a way in the room with no sun?

I haven't seen you in over a month Now, just one room over I have my chance

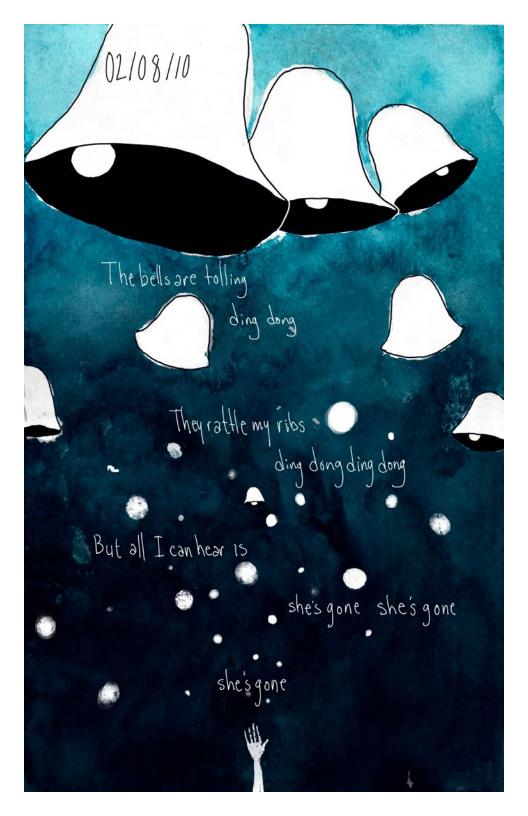
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No rumble hiss of oxygen No spark inyour hands



If stains the room crimson Or is it my splintered heart? But things are missing

I con see a sliver of stained glass Fragmented and hazy



34 34 03/23/13 4:56:32 2 3234 33 4 34 Can't breathe 28 Can't breathe I can't breath Cant breath, whycznil Conl b-Panic attack panic attack why Parice altach

omorrow Growing is not simple growing is disty nails broken shoel aces and yanking weeds growing is a 25 cent sewing kit and dried forget menots Find joy in the change, not fear You have to shed your first teeth for a sharper bite and bury yesterday to grow tomorrow

