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THE SOLILOQUIST



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Stunning the Sun

by Mel Konner

Stunning the sun at its peak,
blinding to gaze at
even in winter. Kids' yells
and screeches from the park
appoint and seize
their time. More

life to them. We
savor our loving age,
yet at times I
wish I could see what they will;
and at times not. We are built
for seven

or eight decades, but our eyes
too, perhaps, are slowly
dimmed by the things we see,
too much being
at least enough. We might
have shown their eyes

a better world, but it is what—
Well... They will have to build
and show their own
to eyes to come. Our magnolia
blinks light on still-green leaves
which, thankfully, I see.

The Walk

by Mel Konner

The walk we took, the walk
I took you on
so many times before it changed into
the walk you took me on today,
adamant daughter—the woods
just ample enough so that circling
through them for twenty minutes
we see just woods from the path—
the path I used to lead you
and before that
carry you on—the path I can't
walk in thirty minutes now.

Weakly

finding footing in the brown leaves
and dirt, I trail you, by now long since
grown to a forest creature. For
the thousandth time I retell that tale,
of when you rode my shoulder to
what is now but was not then
the far edge, when we could see through
the shiny link fence to the huge maimed
chunks, fresh from their brutal cutting.
I explained as best I could, not well I thought,
until you, impatient, butted in:
"Bad man boke da twees up."
Well, yes, that's pretty much it, I thought,
and pretty much still do. Was this a part
of why you love the woods so deeply?
Trailing, trailing, you could carry me now
if you had to, but we close the circuit
nearly together.

How time turns us
toward and then into one another. How
time keeps track. And yet, if it were
ordained that my strength
had to ebb, how very good it is
that it has gone into you.