**Letter, June 12**

Sam Walder

Streets climb from solitude towards love
   Built out of the ocean spray, buttressed by
   Pacific winds. Where were you when I
Ran that night, my one companion hanging above?

Streets dart from care towards worry
   The shops steal but don’t sell
   Shopkeepers laugh at your descent to a pell-mell hell
Mist turns to snow, a flake to a flurry.

Streets fall like boulders towards the cliffside
   Pray to your brakes, bow your head
   Ah, to hell with it! Take the plunge instead
Tears add flavor to the riptide.

Now, now. A frown becomes a smile, a seagull a dove
   Though it’s made of walls
   A city’s not a prison at all!
Follow the lamps. Streets climb once more towards love