

THE ART OF SIDEWALK CHALK

WRITTEN BY MEGAN J. VOLLSTEDT

Etch a sketch of me into
the pebbly cement so I
can see the way you do.
Rosy pink and powdery
blue fill in my features

like my hand in yours
as we walk, shoulder
to shoulder. You push
aside used-up stubs
with the tread of your

boot, uncovering spots
of imperfections, but you
smudge them out with a
thumb. What will you
do when the rain sprinkles

down? When colors run
into the cracks, pooling
vibrant rainbows in the
dimples of the sidewalk.
The picture of me washes

away in the mud, gone like
an absent thought that
slipped off the tip of your
tongue. But you caught it
and drew it so I could feel
the imprint under my toes.

Megan is a senior studying English Literature and pursuing a practical means for achieving her dreams.