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*Lunar*

# Pie

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Pretending is its own game.

We puzzle through mysteries, frightfully asking why even try.

The Day of the Dead is an oxymoron fighting love.

The Lives of the Lived are no different – we still pay the wages.

We are full of emptiness;

Nothing satisfies our cravings.

Unnatural disasters must be eternal, trials without the future gains.

If no one did the done, the past was imagined.

How can you revolt when all there is to rely on is sin?

Ignorance unites a class with a grade, dust to dust.

Searching for more pride is not what you are fooled by.

Listening to silent demons, you shout their ambition.

Having knowledge of what we walk in requires more than just a mystery —

Faith is reality welcoming the new life ever-ringing the doorbell.

Nothing exists because it can. Even Satan has background beyond Hell.

Games are better than wishing for them. Stop desiring your arrogance in Heaven.

We smile, caught in our own traps while we have merciful thoughts that add up to more than twenty-two divided by seven.