

**Corn**  
**Amanda Chiado**

When my parents say speak tongues, streetlights sob  
Fantastic lullabies. My mother's eyes are bulbs  
Of sorrow and my father's balls of snow.  
I'll hum to connect; I'll articulate to resurrect.  
Their bodies strike weather hymns of butter, knives  
In the kitchen sharpen. We are most exercised,  
Flesh at the edge of seashore, childhood alliance  
Of falling too into the deep measured distance.  
My parents say loyalty fumbles through the braille.  
*Worship* incoherence & homes slowly constructed  
In new areas, where I can see each bone connected  
And all mystery alleviated by glue, in hopeful height  
Toward a wide expanse of road, that is strung  
Together like asphalt pearls. Everyone you love  
Round a table telling stories through steamy corn  
Everyone you love will whisper stone, echo along  
The long road home—light by light until the good.



**Amanda Chiado** is the author of the chapbook *Vitiligid: The Ascension of Michael Jackson* (Dancing Girl Press, 2016). Her poetry and flash fiction appears or is forthcoming in *Sequestrum*, *Word Riot*, *Paper Darts*, *Best New Poets*, *Witness*, *Cimarron Review*, *Fence*, and *It Was Written: Poetry Inspired by Hip Hop*, among others. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart & Best of the Net. Most recently her writing for children garnered support from the Highlight Foundation. Her first published piece for young adults is forthcoming from Cicada. She is the Program Manager for the San Benito County Arts Council, is an active California Poet in the Schools, and edits

for Jersey Devil Press. Read more and get weirder at [www.amandachiado.com](http://www.amandachiado.com).