

Wallace-Ruby Morales

Let This Be A Celebration

This apple slipped from a limb
Only together we share the bounty of our garden
Apart, we share shame

This apple slipped from a limb
Let such tender harvests be sweet upon our lips
Apart, we share shame
I am that emptiness that echoes beneath your heart

Let such tender harvests be sweet upon our lips
Let us never hunger for one another
I am that emptiness that echoes beneath your heart
Yet with each breath, we warm each other

Let us never hunger for one another
Only together we share the bounty of our garden
Yet with each breath, we warm each other
Let this be a celebration

Wallace-Ruby Morales received her BA in philosophy from Reed College and her JD from Santa Clara University School of Law, during which time she also received certification from the Institute of Human Rights in Strasbourg. Over the past few years, she has attended the Kachemak Bay Writers' Conference, the Wrangell Mountain Center Poetry Workshop, and Writing Rendezvous. She has studied with the highly acclaimed Edward Albee and Constance Congdon. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Black Heart Magazine*, *The Griffin*, *Rougarou*, *The Round* and *Softblow*.

She was involved in the debates of enumeration - determining how the first South African Constitution would apply to various individuals. Through her her world travels, she has found herself in some interesting situations, such as walking along the Berlin Wall and, unknowingly, into the middle of Checkpoint Charlie to the sound of military guards taking aim. Now she lives a spirited life in a very remote part of Alaska, where identifying the type of bear approaching determines whether she makes herself appear large or play dead; it takes traveling over 300 miles just to get to the nearest fast-food restaurant. In her free time, she enjoys singing, snow shoeing, learning how to cross-country ski, and teaching her Pomeranians, Makana and Kismet, to skjor.