

# New Poetry by Lisa Stice: “Our Folklore”



FIND MYSELF LOST / *image by*  
*Amalie Flynn*

## **Our Folklore**

Long ago, you were molten rock, and I—  
well, I spoke the language of bears.

But now that I have been out of the forest  
for so long, all the words and grammar escape

me, and I often find myself lost. And you—  
well, you are often mistaken for a statue

in this solid state. No more rumblings and  
agitations. We are both quiet these days.