

**THE
LANGUAGE & LAUGHTER
STUDIO**

Dusk, walking home a new way,
I passed a place wedged between
the usual brownstones
of my Brooklyn neighborhood.

The Language and Laughter Studio
by name, and what a name it is
I clung to its rolling units
with such pleasure. I think

I even spoke them aloud,
softest whisper, reminder of how
I used to do the same as a kid,
unable to contain myself

on hearing some delicious
new word; the urge to confirm,
taste on my own lips a thing like
lidocaine, sputter, seersucker.

KRISTEN ELDE