









This activity made possible, in part, by Tippecanoe Arts Federation, the Indiana Arts Commission, and the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency

Submit your poetry and visual art to:



What if you wake up one day to find out you existed in a **solitary** state? To find out you lived in a cell just big enough to contain all that you know And your world suddenly became limited to the Caramel Macchiato that you sip and the 1,236 songs that live inside the microchip memory housed in your pocket

The crossword that you concentrate on in the back row of a lecture hall that lacks a single familiar face. The meaningless conversations that occupy the three seconds it takes to walk past someone you used to know at some point in your life.

What can any of us really hope to gain from the other **SOLITARY** people out there if we never take the time to **CONNECT?**

Maria Kelton

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