

# East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

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## Editors Choice

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Every semester, East Fork's editorial staff holds a contest where one visual art submission and one creative writing or multimedia submission are chosen as the "Editor's Choice". Each of the two submissions chosen will receive a \$25 gift card. The Issue 19 winners are below.

### Editor's Choice in Visual Art Legend by: Destiny Trent



### Editor's Choice in Poetry Mother's Kitchen by: Devon Roberts

I remember when the kitchen floor was still linoleum  
And you said it was alligator skin and I believed you  
Our house was built on his back  
But he doesn't mind

At the breakfast table I tucked my feet up under my lap  
And reached down and dropped some Cheerios on the alligator's back to see if he would flinch  
I saved a handful of cereal and tossed it under the porch

At night  
When my socks were full of eggshells  
I crawled under the kitchen table  
And laid down with a blanket covering my back like wings  
To keep us warm and safe and believing

I pressed my head to your scales and swore I felt your fast heart beating  
And though heard  
Is that growling?  
No, crying  
"It's just the wind," you'd say in the morning

But I'd think it was the alligator under the house  
I'd worry he listened to us and that we made him sad when we fought  
Or when I doubted his existence

Eventually  
My feet pressed down flatter and ground down all the eggshells to ash  
And stopped eating breakfast with you at the table

Soon  
You remodeled the kitchen  
And ripped up the green and black crinkled alligator linoleum floor  
Beneath I expected a heart in suspended animation  
And expected him to turn around to say  
"See that there?"  
That's the truth.

I told you I was real.  
I hope you know I was good to you."

The floor is gray tile, now  
When I listen I still hear my heart beating against the floor  
And a sound that is not growling  
No, crying

In the morning  
I told you it was the wind  
Yes-- It was just the wind

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