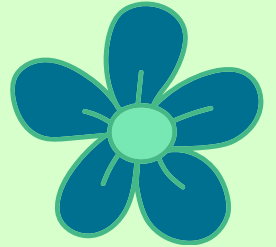


Wildflower Post

Newsletter



TODAY'S WRITER

Iris Chen

Iris Chen is a high school student from New York. A National YoungArts Winner and an alum of the Iowa Young Writers' Studio, her work has also been nationally recognized by The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, *The New York Times*, and the John Locke Institute at Oxford University. Aside from writing, she enjoys reading, ice skating, and traveling.

Ariadne

IRIS CHEN

I am lost again,
Wandering the dark halls.
I can hear

The distant roar,
But I'm still lost,
Running as

The crowd laughs at me
Like I'm a clown,
The butt of their jokes.

Peel off the white paint,
Do you see?
What's underneath?

I run hard so
The bull won't charge at me.
Until the

Blood-red thread
Snakes into my hands,
Twisting and turning

Down the corridors,
Beckoning me
To follow its call.

I'm just a clown,
Painted and varnished,
With a

Blood-red thread
Leading me out
Into the Light.