

Baker's Chocolate

Gabriela Buentello '15

This is an appetite, this is a craving
A thirst, a small yearning for satisfaction
This is nothing more than but simple friction

Between reason and the outburst
Of desire.

Desiring fulfillment
Desiring a filament
Between me and you
A connection
Where the dust never settles

This is not wanting the raw, or the sullied
This is not quite so vulgar

It's more like a smolder.
It's the head of a blown-out match with a
 glowing spark
A deep-belly burn
A darkness of wine
A curling vine around my ankles and waist and
Tonight,
we dine on lust.

Clean/Dirty

Hannah Cyrus '12

Standing in the laundromat,
 staring into the machine.
A sudsy Noah's flood
 absolves my underthings of their sins.

Cleanliness is next to dirtiness –
 in the mornings, the electric cling,
the itch of starch; at night, the supple
 sweat-in stockings sliding off.

The washer stops, water drains.
I gather a wet pile of clothes:
smelling of soap, they rest in my arms
 like clean, dead animals.

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Effervescent

Danny Chin '12

She sighs soap bubbles and prune fingers
into the day's cloudy
water, gloomy with debris
from some patron's lingerings.

She shapes foam
into wispy towers
of her private castle
where dishes come from friends,
and languorous suppers.

How lovely it could be,
walls as light as air
floating on water,
being swept up waves
and arms—his—
slender yet firm.
If only he wasn't
like her castle.

Building further, the spires
topple under their own weight
into the sea

of dishes.
By piles, always neatly stacked,
a dream dissolves
stains of *béarnaise* and root vegetables.

College Buddy

Anonymous

Break your crust-locked lids
I'm waiting in the living room
been here since your sixth

I found your vomit on the wall
we talked for a while
it begged me to leave
but I turned away and stayed

I sat down on the scratchy couch
tried to stretch and nap
but it's hard to sleep on something
filled with unsexed hairs

I can smell you stirring around in the bedroom
you pig, you
wallowing in a stew which wafts my way

come out and greet me!
I'm here to stay for a while
find me in the mirror
my name is Vile

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.
Please submit poetry, prose, and artwork for our
end-of-semester magazine! Submissions due by
midnight on Friday, April 10th.
All submissions are reviewed anonymously.

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