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.
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.