Summer Feet
Danny Chin '12

My summer feet on the hot concrete feel the sharp stings of sun, of too many hours idly spent waiting. And the humid afternoons, lost to lackadaisical splendor under the shady cherry blossoms. They called for rain and thunder. For it would sweep away the daze, and free us from our lazy rest. So when the cool breeze stirred us, and beckoned the rain; we welcomed it willingly. It came, cleansing the hot concrete and dampening our t-shirts. I waded into the street as the puddles slowly collected, and my feet were reminded of the chill of another season long forgotten.

Sobriety Song
Robby Bitting '11

Sobriety Song
Robby Bitting '11

San francisco feels like home
when I roam the asphault on haight/ashbury.
I don't hate anybody, I love you, and I don't say I'm mad, but I never knew how to take it. I'm not so far, and I'm not that mad.

Flap my gap-toothed mouth?
Open hope, open ears, hearts and arms.
Exposé and close doors of poetry and prose. Alone, but nothing is set in stone, word don't break my bones, just weigh on my heart like a bag of brick and magic tricks. Count to six, six, six you pricks.

No homo man...

Not that I hate anybody, I love you, and I don't say I'm mad, but I never knew how to take it. I'm not so far, and I'm not that mad.

Flap my gap-toothed mouth?
Open hope, open ears, hearts and arms.
Exposé and close doors of poetry and prose. Alone, but nothing is set in stone, word don't break my bones, just weigh on my heart like a bag of brick and magic tricks. Count to six, six, six you pricks.

Untitled
Anonymous

San francisco feels like home
when I roam the asphault on haight/ashbury.
I don't hate anybody, I love you, and I don't say I'm mad, but I never knew how to take it. I'm not so far, and I'm not that mad.

Flap my gap-toothed mouth?
Open hope, open ears, hearts and arms.
Exposé and close doors of poetry and prose. Alone, but nothing is set in stone, word don't break my bones, just weigh on my heart like a bag of brick and magic tricks. Count to six, six, six you pricks.

No homo man...

Not that I hate anybody, I love you, and I don't say I'm mad, but I never knew how to take it. I'm not so far, and I'm not that mad.

Flap my gap-toothed mouth?
Open hope, open ears, hearts and arms.
Exposé and close doors of poetry and prose. Alone, but nothing is set in stone, word don't break my bones, just weigh on my heart like a bag of brick and magic tricks. Count to six, six, six you pricks.
She
Daisy Alioto '13

“Well it’s been there for a few weeks now…”
A hardened gesture toward the thing.
What was it?
Certainly not a deer, this shriveled mass
Crumbled within the rapids
Between a rock and a hard place.
We had stopped to ford the canoes
Just a few tough yards along the shore,
Past the cabin where men in flannel and orange
made hard gestures.
Back afloat we clutched our oars
Rowed in silence past the fallen doe
(I always felt it had been a she)
Silently contemplating
(Saluting? Avoiding?)
Bones and flesh in no order.

But my heart rushed
And wrapped in white tendrils impossible to beat back.
I asked, if not aloud, why no one had moved the deer when the deed was fresh
And the body was whole (sleeping) and the form was good.
Why
watch as the meat melts and the bones bleach
neck sags and eyes rot
How
be satisfied to watch the decay
Of Grace and Dignity
Through eyes like concrete.

Con Crete
Ouda Baxter ‘11

Secrete secrets. Crete is an island in Greece.
Ain’t never been, ain’t never goin’ to go.
{I’ve never been. Have you?}
If our secrets came out of our pores like sweat…
no one could keep them- theirs or their own. No one can anyhow. Why do we give each other our secrets? We might as well give our sweat.

Con. You’ve been conned. It’s a con. Why are you surprised? Everyone loves a good con. As long as they aren’t the- what’s the word? The Mark, the Dupe.
{the Dope, rather.}
Got the dope?
So, back to those secrets.
Crete. You ever wanted to go? Meet a Cretan? A cretin? Are you?
Don’t seem it.
Con crete. To grow together. To freeze apart. To glue, to hem, to haw.
To mother-f’in’ cobese. Yeah, you know what I’m talkin’ about.
Don’t give me none of that.
Crete’in.