**elegy, july**  
*Erica Berry ‘14*

recall the way salt  
hauling itself along your lashes:  
solute, absolute, beached  
between your pleated brows.

teenagers porpoised  
the coastline, you wanted  
to stop their  
slow burning.

**23 Lines to the Sea**  
*Moriah Churchill ‘11*

I read once that shutting your eyes against the sea  
is like trying to fight a giant with a safety pin.

It's too vast and insistent to imagine away.  
The water imposes itself on you,  
Demanding adoration with the freshness of the wind  
That it sends as a messenger to your hair,  
Inciting a rebellion against all constraints,  
And causing the now-tousled locks  
To bend to every whim and pay no heed to gravity.

The sea in its magnitude requires you to stop  
before it.  
It promises infinity. It serves it up  
Piecemeal, with the roar of each relentless breaker.  
The rushing, rolling, hiss that whispers secrets  
About eternity with the shingled rocks.

Why is infinity about never ending?  
It ought to be about always going—  
Always moving, always fresh as a fish  
Before its eyes go dull.  
Always fresh as a first plunge into numbing water.

The ocean promises a thousand wonders,  
And like a god, asks for nothing in return.  
Nothing but the one thing  
already given.
Bear River Range
Danny Chin ‘12

Sage grass stirs in mountain breezes
swaying aspens greet the soon rising sun
as we march in tandem (dog in tow)
towards split tree lines revealing
balding peaks

A solitary hawk circles in currents
rising and falling with ease
I can’t emulate in clunky
just-too-big boots
earthbound but scaling

Bristling grass scratches
brittle branches snap
dry from endless rainless days
and remind me why
so few living things surmount
the still rising slope

Heaving breathes replenish
only spirit with step after step
after slip
of rocky paths not marked not taken

And finally we can reflect
on the wrinkle-nosed
earth that scorns our
superior position

I devoured air two thousand miles new,
it tasted sweet.

You Are
Daisy Alioto ‘13

Too much
Not enough
Neck fat
(You like that?)
Railroad
Track tat
Approximate rhyme:
Deaf and dumb running back
You are
Freshwater
Dumbbell
Heavy weight
Champ
But not enough
Too much
Fresh
Man
Tramp.

Untitled
Zack Burton ‘14

I bite and I lick, I swirl my tongue,
Tastes so sweet, I can barely bring air into my
lungs,
Sparkling wetness in my mouth,
Such flavor from way down south,
Pangs of pleasure,
As I enjoy the greatest of treasures,
I tease with teeth, at the supple flesh,
And I finish my orange, oh so fresh.

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