Freudian Fall
Robby Bitting ’11

Finally!
Those beeches have begun to lose their clothes!

Leaves.

Decomposition II
Danny Chin ’12

She taught kindergarten and knew each child’s name on the first day so she could whisper to them in between sobs of missed mothers. Attentively, they recited rhymes — words, of no substance — to help them read and learn the names of things. Occasionally, she frets: forgets the cookies, on her kitchen counter, made fresh for the children, or that Brian’s parents are Don and Jenny, not Ian’s. She sweeps these worries aside, if only momentarily, for another comes along soon. They pile, slowly, like the dishes in her sink or the block towers in the corner of the classroom. Until one day, she loses her way, strangely, because she has walked this route three years now. She mutters that she needs more sleep, that tomorrow she will be on time, won’t forget her way. Their names are different today not like any other, day. It is the keys she looses most daze leaving them on the counter piles dishes keys until she frets the names of things.

Names, Dates, and Impossible Places
Daisy Alioto ’13

We have a new dog
Whose presence affirms an absence
Dark furred yet symmetrical to what has left
Easy to think of as a silhouette
Easy to start in with the wrong syllable
Feeling the letters of a name stop short
On my tongue
Bunch in a line
Recede as I swallow, think
Form the new call.

I wonder if my mother
Even after the court appearances
Dissolution
Days spent among rent papers
And outdated Kodak smiles
Turns in the night to the hot shadow in her bed
In half- sleep
And whispers the wrong name.