**Backseat Driving**  
Peter McLaughlin ‘10

Through the rear  
window of an '89  
Tracer, I watch  
as ghosts chew the  
skin from their fingertips  
and pray for  
rain.

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**Regarding the Gorgon Model-T**  
Caitlin Clerkin ‘11

I’ve been told:  
Crotchety men with  
eye patches and handkerchiefs  
make poor husbands.

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**My Grandfather**  
Anders Samuelson ‘12

Sometimes my grandfather seems as distant as  
the second moon of mars  
Deimos  
His eyes  
Melting like small candles  
His memory,  
Burning like a supernova  
To him,  
Life is a solar system, or a galaxy turned upside  
down.  
A vase losing its water.  
His father was Swedish.  
So I call him my Farfar (my father’s father)  
And I can’t help but notice the irony  
For he is so far, far away.  
It’s September now  
And soon it will be October  
He is an old naked tree  
Deciduous  
Falling, as if to the lumberjack of time  
Like ten thousand leaves falling off a tree  
The foliage burning small holes in the putrid  
ground.  
Soon, it will be winter  
And everything for him, will be as white and  
empty  
As the lights from the city Jerusalem.
Edinburgh Day and Dark a portrait
Alex Williams ’10

Edinburgh lives the day

Under a sky under a
Paste-grey smudge of a sky
That mutates at dusk.
Now dusk,
Now red velvet,
A curtain, it splits:

The sky behind that rehearsed daytime is ready to
perform
the sky no sky but a show swirls melts
melts swirls golden pink
the city no city but a painting
flickers below through oil black and thick and still
flickers reflective applause to
the drama in the tiring
Heavens

The show is over
the sky it sleeps
The earth it rolls
the sky it weeps.
Cries but softly,
pit-pat whispers.
Softly,
now loudly.

Now softly falls friendly, cool and light.
Other nights the flat-mice squeak
But tonight they listen
Or sleep.
When the rain falls cool and light,
The air feels warm like breath.

Edinburgh breathes the dark

Self-Portrait
Bryant L. Johnson ’11

Don’t bother me with mirrors now!
I am ears that hear the earthworms roaring from the ground,
Skin in flames when fingers barely brush
Eyes that know a coffee cup from every point of view
A tongue I’ll prove tastes like your own.
From my breath I carry mundane atrocities
To daily fill the world like a creaking, dark balloon,
Drawing back just enough to fill the void again.
And my skull, if dunked in a bucket of seawater,
Would entertain more intelligent and variegated life.
What’s this you say, a face?
No, just another world, my friend,
Somewhere in orbit beside your own.