

Sing Sing in Passing

Richard Joyce '13

Aboard the MTA, with morning sun
Filtering from across the car, you gaze
At mallards, sumac, and the lapping Hudson,
Surprised by dominance of greens over grays.
Approaching Ossining, you rattle past
Points, docks, and parks. Ticket-clippers
Walk the aisles, greeting those who got on last.
And pigeons swoop against the river's shimmer.

The tracks run straight along the pebbled shore,
Head toward what you think might be a station.
But what's this tangling growth of razor wire,
Straddling walls of river rock foundation?
You slump in comfort, engine humming strong,
But from behind those walls you hear no song.

Two Perspectives on an Inevitability

John Tanner Horst '13

You have a solar gravity
A draw unbearable, as light
Ensnares with awe the bottle fly
Who dies before he thinks to fight
His blood's ideal, the wire crossed
That makes a bulb a lover lost
Just as the monk beneath his hood
Must needs, in thirst of holy blood
Substantiate as heaven sent
A more mundane intoxicant,
Just so do you arouse in me
Dormant, deadly idolatry.
My love, you'll bring me starving ruin!
For pity! Flip the lightswitch soon!

Waking

Gabriela Buentello '15

The grand illusion isn't meant to break
Our grasp; so day by day we gasp for air,
Each breath a waning phantom as the dare
To challenge facts and knowledge fades, opaque
Like ice within the convoluted ache
Of time. We're wounded by the sickly glare
The eyes beyond us cast, in shadow, where
The demons of our nightmares crawl; mistake
After overlooked mistake creates a fractured
Existence – one we spend our years inside
Of, hoping that our efforts can redeem
Us, hoping that we haven't just relied
Upon a frail belief itself procured
By lies, and find that we were but a dream.

Desperation

Emma Chow '15

Dead smile -- blank claw against the wall. Thing less.
Can a smile spread wide hide what rests within?
Masking the retreat into darkness,
To the self-pitying cave of sorrow.

Manufactured upon the thoughts it stands,
Empty. Without a whisper's shrieking cry.
Suffocation by my two gnarled hands,
No sliver of sun, no choice but to lie.

A knot too tangled to ever untie.
Hopeless they are, these damn fingers of mine.
One body, perhaps, but not uni fied.
Denial. I try to tell myself I'm fine.

Still smile waits, shivering to become real.
Emotions pooling down, but face: no feel.

Quill
The

Sonnet

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