## 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.





#### The Reason Fall Exists

Carlo Davis '12

The reason fall exists is but the dusk, that magic hour of light, hanging like glass above. The sun is down. Its orange husk is looming in the west. It cannot last. Each shadow now will start to make the night a thing that cannot be denied. The cool that dotes will soon give way to chills that bite. So must nature's loss follow heaven's rule. But while it stays, we stay, out in pious air to scrape last morsels from the ripened sun and throw the rind, no mourning. Death to care! Salvaging the day's best, ere it is done. Knowing its lease, we hold this moment true And savor its last remnants—blue, blue, blue.

[Untitled]
James Denison '14

'Tis rare that the sun shines upon one place,
Never ceasing its brilliant golden sheen.
And so I know I'm of that lucky race
Who might still have his love within a dream.
Waking hours might find her with another,
And thus my days may find me filled with woe.
As for nights, I can't tell truth from other,
And if I wish her love, 'tis always so.
In truth, her rays shine towards a diff'rent man.
Vulgar and plain though I know him to be,
He has trapped her heart as I never can,
And only the night can see her set free.
Noontime still finds me fight her sultry pull.
Yet when an eye is closed, my heart grows full.

#### Summer Classes

Anna Wright '12

Alseny, in the front row, hollers back, "But Miss, you say you want four paragraphs?" He rolls his eyes, which like his hair, are black—"Damn, Miss, I thought you gassin'." Then he laughs.

I bite my cheek, as though to gather strength—I want to answer calm and straight and stern.
My words, though, wobble, shaking 'long their length

'Cause I, at twenty-one, can't make him learn.
"Four paragraphs is nothing," I reply,
"And take that ballcap off, if you don't mind."
Then slap myself for being too polite,
While managing to also be unkind.
I jump and twist and leap to make them see—
Then stare at them, who stare right back at me.

#### As Do Clocks

Tim Sowa '14

On to whom can I place all of this blame? For allowing these memories to creep Of times of innocence; it's such a shame, Former joys result in my lack of sleep; Was I meant to reminisce life this young? Shortening childhoods; who commits this crime? And fills the air with stress near youthful lungs As do clocks, my hands point at father time, But blame seems to revert back on myself, Having forgotten to open my eyes Awareness gathers dust upon a shelf, Yet Time himself has made me realize For as money can't determine ones wealth, Nor does your age truly measure your health.



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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry. Please submit poetry, prose, and artwork for our end-of-semester magazine! Submissions due by midnight on Friday, November 18th.

All submissions are reviewed anonymously.

The Quill

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