



2011
THE
ANDREAN

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Wisteria

Kristina Kassis '11

Awaiting death, the fading blossom clings
Fast to the splintered arbor, cracked and worn,
Its violet petals furred like useless wings,

Caught in the wind's caprices, tossed and torn.
It craves the wet revival of the rain,
Now dying in the place where it was born.

Its roots have lost their power to sustain.
The stem, once strong, is now a browning husk
Lifting its flowers skyward, but in vain.

The fading scent of lilac, sweet as musk,
Pervades the stifling stillness of the sky
As laden day lets down its load of dusk.

Those petals, like limp wings, hard though they try,
Flap in the wind, and flap, but do not fly.



Serena Woodward '12



Grace Benjamin '12



A Squirrel

Alec Hill '12

It's hard to cut, to penetrate the mat
Of fur on rubbery skin, but once I do,
It tears with ease, predictably askew.
A canyon grows; the void is filled by scat.

The chest, exposed, seems fragile now, each part
Too small for me to understand, and here
I find myself impressed: the ribs like gears
Stalled in the chest, a watch that needs a start.

More hollowed now, the cavity is clean,
Although my friends would disagree. In fact,
The spongy flesh is self-contained—intact.
No current courses through the limp machine.

The naked corpse does not have long—a line
Of ants the first of foes it must endure,
Its only armor gloves and socks of fur.
Yet all its unlit eyes can focus on are mine.



Katie Toothman '12



The Fly

Kristina Kassis '11

The fly was buzzing, buzzing in my brain
As I sat down to take my physics test.
I think that I am going to go insane.

What is the velocity of the train
While traveling from motion back to rest?
That fly was buzzing, buzzing in my brain

As waves moved on a horizontal plane:
Calculate the amplitude of the crest.
I'm pretty sure I'm going to go insane.

How much flipping force would the spring gain
If it were pulled apart and then compressed?
The fly kept buzzing buzzing in my brain

While some bird jetted faster than a plane
Into the window—how might that be expressed?
I want to follow. I am now insane.

What if I made the force change on this chain
Around my neck by jumping—would it be stressed?
The fly still buzzes buzzes in my brain
And I am certifiably insane.



James Craig '12



Proving Ground

Chris Reisine '11

The whistle screeches through the silence with its piercing call.
Teeth clench, breaths come quick, and wildly the footsteps fall.
The smell of sweat increases as torn mounds
and clods of dirt fly with shattered grass and spoil the hallowed grounds.
The clack of metal competes with grunts and shrieks
as athletes surge and struggle in scrums, and no one speaks;
instead they shout and roar, their voices strong and violent,
their fans raucous, their coaches far away, their stance defiant.
Now, the dust settled, the bystanders gone, the sky a faded red,
the players kneel, heads hung in tribute, their energy all bled
out from apparent effort and creaking bodies, bound by an unbreakable
bond,
for one moment, a group of friends, their animosity gone,
forged together through preparation,
locked together in conflict,
as the field empties, and the sun sets,
but the memory lives on.



Break Blues

Sydnei Easley '12

It's 10:25 and I head for the door
At 10:25 my stomach is sore
Once it starts to grumble I can't take it no more

I run to the dining hall it's so far away
I run and I run there's no time to delay
A crowd's at the counter they're blocking my way

I elbow the masses I'm almost there
"Come on, try to stop me you wouldn't dare!"
Now they elbow back smear fudge in my hair

I can already taste it so rich and sweet
I can already taste it that warm winter treat
Too bad it's down on the floor by my feet





Kitten Blues

Lisa Jacques '12

It's 3 in the morning and I can't sleep
It's 3 in the morning, I want to weep
I wake up my mom, and she yells, "Count sheep!"

Back in my room, I'm huddled in fright
Some claws flash open and then close tight
White fangs gleam in the faint moonlight

His yellow eyes dart to and fro
His black tail swishes, lithe and slow
I hear his hunger begin to grow

I run, and slip on a map of Great Britain
I step on some paper and trip on a mitten
I scream in terror, it was just my kitten



Jessie Duncan '13



Casey Schuller '12



The Goodbye Blues

Rachel Stoddard '11

"The man outside the corner store alone
Does not want to be bothered," says my dad.
But who resists the lure of the unknown,
Especially when the unknown looks so sad?

I drop my dime into the old tin can,
And suddenly his smile starts to grow.
No longer strange, but just a business man,
He says he'll start the song out nice and slow.

A cautious strum or two is all it takes
For me to know I've spent my money well,
And as his fingers strum, the old head shakes
Oblivious as the crowd begins to swell.

His hands now fly across the metal strings,
Their pulsing veins alive with music's joy,
And from those hands, once old and broken, springs
The song of a young girl and hopeful boy.

The twinkles in his eyes the only clues
That such a boy and girl had ever played,
Those old man's hands playing the goodbye blues
The same that once let her hand slip away.

He played until the cup was full of change,
But wouldn't hear my pleas to play one more
When he'd made from the notes that he arranged
Emotion and a dollar sixty-four.



The Slide

Rachel Stoddard '12

Intimidating—no, impossible—
It towered over me. I put my foot down.
A mother's words can only go so far,
And bullies' taunts so deep. God knows what power,
Unreasoning, could make my put-down-foot
Land firm on that first rung. And then the next.
Impossible. I only wanted down,
To end this tortured trek to what was sure
To be the end of me. I breathed, restarting,
Looking neither up nor down, my gaze
Fixed on the metal, clinging for my life,
And summited the steel leviathan,
Though it was not my body nor my will
That brought me to the top. My small heart beat
And pounded its tiny cage, but all was lost.
Go back go back go back I begged myself,
But the strange puppeteer ignored my cries.
And cut the strings. And joy replaced my fear.
Smiling, laughing, I flew, my grateful squeal
Aimed nowhere, though I know it was received.



Madison Beres '11



MAN HITS SNOOZE 892 TIMES— And strolls into work 5½ days late!

Claudia Heath '11

This is what everyone is talking about. That Lon Jenkins (that's me) fell asleep early Sunday morning and didn't wake up until Friday afternoon. They say I hit the snooze button eight hundred and ninety two times and on the eight hundred and ninety third time my alarm started beeping I decided to get up and go to work. Do you really think that on the eight hundred and ninety third time that my alarm went off I just thought to myself, "Well, I guess I'll go to work now"? Of course not. Now I'm not even sure of how everything happened myself after I fell asleep Sunday morning, but I am telling you the straight truth when I say that last week I was doing less sleeping than a night owl. I can tell you that much.

I'm glad I got to miss almost a whole week of work and not get in trouble for it because of this here article. I work the ticket counter down at Waxhaw Cinemas six days a week. Friday night and Saturday matinee are my most busy times. These days I don't get a moment's rest, and Jack is always fussing about things not running smoothly. Last week Rhonda left the popcorn machine popping when she went to the ladies' room. When she got back there was popcorn flying out of there in all different directions like little balls of fire. When I heard her shriek I took my mp3 player earbuds out and yelled, "Duck and cover, Rhonda!!!" I was laughing and Rhonda was cussing, and then Jack showed up. I said, "Jack, there's no use crying over spilled popcorn," but his face was redder than an angry Looney Tune.

On the weekdays I sit in that little booth in between shows and just think about things. I'm good at memorizing slogans and movie quotes. Sometimes Jack lets me think up the quotes for "Name That Movie," the little quiz on the screen before the show starts playing. I can remember all the regulars for this theater. Mrs. Mason and her two kids on Saturday afternoons, old Mr. Berkley and his lady friend, Jane Boatwright. I can remember some of the one-timers, too. Like that woman who looked like she had just walked out of Breakfast at Tiffany's and into the humid, slow town of Waxhaw. She had this itty-bitty dress on and her hair piled on the top of her head like a cone. A cone that didn't even move when the breeze came by. She said, "I'll have one ticket for The Notebook," and just strolled in all by herself.



Grace Benjamin '12

I can remember all that. I can give good directions and, you wouldn't guess it, but I'm a pretty good singer and I know all the lyrics. The saddest song is "Just to See You Smile," and I know every word. I can draw, and cook a pizza, and play yankee doodle on the harmonica. But if you said, "Lon, did it feel good when you first learned how to play yankee doodle?" or, "Do you really mean it when you say 'enjoy the show' over and over each day?" I would just shrug, because that's the thing. That's the thing about counting change, and quoting movies, and singing "Just to See You Smile." When I am lying in bed at night, and I can't fall asleep, I wish I could remember something that makes me feel good, not the lyrics that run through my mind like a broken record, over and over even after I am too tired to try and stop them.

Now here's the story: last Saturday after a horrible day at the ticket counter and getting in trouble for listening to my music, I had to go and get a drink or two at the bar. It was one of those nights where I sat on the corner stool, brooding over my life because it is really just a stale cracker. And I decided to leave soon because people start whispering, you know. But when I finally walked home it was Sunday morning, and as soon as I climbed the mountain of stairs to my room I fell fast asleep with my Waxhaw Cinema vest still buttoned.

And I'll be damned but a moment later I was eight years old again, sweating in the summer heat of my parent's gravel driveway, with my daddy holding that shiny, new bicycle. Now in the back of my head I thought that this must be a dream with the smell of honeysuckle so

strong and the sun glinting off the bike making my eyes hurt. But when I picked a blossom and sucked the sweetness out, my tongue tingled with the forgotten taste, and it sure felt real. Now I knew how this moment ought to end because I had been there before. I was so excited thinking that I could ride the red RoadRacer to school and baseball games and to the creek. It had taken a long while for Daddy to unscrew the training wheels, and I was about to have a fit sitting there on the dirty white wooden steps in front of the house. Then he said, "Lonny, climb on up here." The black seat was hot and burned



Dorcas Antwi '12

against my legs, and I suddenly felt like I was up a little too high and the gravel looked white and sharp in the sun. Daddy started me down the little hill of our driveway, saying "Steady, steady," and just when I thought I was getting the hang of it, he was letting go of my handlebars, and the bicycle was swerving into the briars. I remember him saying, "It just takes practice, Lon." He was smiling, but it looked like he was laughing, too. I remember saying, "I hate you, Daddy," and picking up a piece of gravel and throwing it at his gut, you know how kids do when they realize that someone's laughing at them.

But here I was with my daddy who I haven't seen in 21 years, and he said, "Ready, Lon? It just takes practice." And I am standing there nervous as a cat in a room full of rockers because I already know what's coming. Then I count it on my fingers. Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. My time left with Daddy is four more years. So he starts pushing me along the bumpy driveway, and we are going faster and faster and I am pedaling like there's no tomorrow (even though there is, I already know what it's going to look like, but I pedal like there isn't). People say, "Don't sweat the small stuff," but it's the little things that stick with you for a real long time, like this memory of riding a bike. Anyway, we stayed out there all afternoon, and after I learned how to ride a bike

we went in for dinner, and the dishtowel that said "Home is where the Heart is" was hanging on the faucet just like it always did, only this time when I was washing up I knew how to ride a bike.

We don't even finish saying grace. Next thing I know I am not in my parents' house anymore, but I am standing in the corner of my high school prom in that burgundy suit my mama bought me, watching Agnes Anne dancing with her friends. And I had so many sweet things to say to her, just like the first time I was there, fifteen years ago. But all those high cotton boys thought she was uglier than homemade sin. I remember one of them whispering in my ear as she was walking up to me across the basketball court, and when she asked me to dance I said, "Why don't you make like a prom dress and take off." Now this is what they had told me to say, and I remember when I said it how she looked at me, tilting her head and raising her eyebrows, and I especially remembered it knowing that ever since then I have never found a girl prettier than Agnes Anne.

She sure is a sight for sore eyes, and I don't mind being back here by the refreshments again, watching her sa haying up to me in that midnight-blue, silky dress with her brunette curls falling all down her back and swaying as she walks. Roger Mac leans over to me and says, "This'll be hilarious," but I'm not really listening to him anymore, especially since in twenty years he'll be in jail for pilfering change from all the parking meters around town. But Agnes Anne sure looks pretty. When she asks me to dance I take her out onto the floor and we dance to "Blame it on the Boogie," and then I tell her that she looks nice. She blushes a little and starts dancing with her friends again, but I don't mind. What I would have given to dance with Agnes Anne, and I finally got my chance.

Something is beeping, like a clock ticking through my life as the gym disappears and I'm sitting in the front pew at the Tree Of Life Lutheran church on Main Street. The room smells of carpet cleaner and magnolias, and there's a grape juice stain on the front of the preacher's robe. I'd only been in here a couple of times, and since this clearly was not my baptism, I knew it was Pop Pop's funeral. Pop Pop was mean as a snake, and he smelled like dill pickles. I was twenty-one years old when Pop Pop died, but when I was little he had told me that by the time I was twenty I was going to be a druggie with no soul. Well, I guess he was right. I had smoked hash a few times behind the 7/11 with my high school friends, and it just so happened that when Pop Pop kicked the bucket on Saturday night, I was in no condition to go to church the next morning for his funeral. I had expected my mama to be madder

than a wet hen, but she just looked at me with watery eyes and sighed like I had knocked the breath out of her or something.

I haven't done much drugs since then, and I didn't like sitting there again next to my mama feeling like I had broken her. As the preacher began talking about Pop Pop's resilience in the face of terminal cancer, I tried to put my hand in Mama's. It was smaller than I had imagined, but I guess I have never really held her hand before. She took it away real quick and scooted towards my uncle on her other side. I didn't know what to do about that, so I just kept sitting there and tried to have some sympathy for Pop Pop, who I had never liked anyway.

Just then I was back in my grandparents' old house, lifting boxes of war memorabilia for Mama. In the eerie emptiness of the big house, I thought about my memories that kept coming, and sometimes I would get a second chance, and sometimes I would just botch them again. The bike, prom, my first job at the Grab 'n Go. As I was moving boxes out of the bedroom and down the dark hallway, I just kept thinking about Pop Pop being hard of hearing because of a bomb that exploded right next to him during the war. I bet everyone else died, but Pop Pop's hard head saved him. He always said, "Lon! You speak up now! YOU HEAR?" Mama wanted me to enlist pretty soon. She couldn't stand watching me do nothing all day and I was twenty-one without any future of studying at a university. After Daddy died, I didn't care much for studying. I was lifting these boxes of uniforms and letters and an old musket, and none



of it really interested me except I found this book, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, wrapped in Pop Pop's lieutenant uniform. On the inside flap in my grandma's handwriting it said, "To Walter, come home soon." Well I never did like Pop Pop and I don't understand why my grandma loved him, but even so I had to admit that her note was just as cute as a bug's ear. So after I had emptied the attic of all them boxes I held on to Huck Finn and read him cover to cover that summer. I hardly ever put it down because it was such an adventure. I could tell by the way my mama looked at me on Saturday nights, when we were sitting in the den and she was playing the piano and I was reading, that she wanted to ask what had gotten into me.

Being back in my daddy's leather chair, reading while she played a waltz real lightly on the piano, made my feet tingle it felt so right. Reading Huck Finn again, I fell to thinking about the people I knew. I read my favorite part, where Huck first meets Jim, knowing that in ten years I still won't have a friend like Jim, but thinking that maybe I should talk to Rhonda at the concession stand more often. She is from Brooklyn and doesn't know a cow's lick about how to act in Waxhaw, but I bet a pretty penny she's got a story or two to tell. There is a muffled sound of something beeping, and Mama stops playing and looks at me confused. Things start disappearing, and so I tuck Huck Finn into my shirt so I don't lose him again.

And now I'm in a place I don't want to revisit, driving along the snaking road into Waxhaw at dusk. I was the only car on the road, and through my open window I could hear the tall grass whoosh when I drove by. Sometimes I notice when I'm driving that my headlights make it hard to see the stars. I'm going 55 in the 35 mile per hour zone, rummaging in the seat beside me for my flip phone to call my boss and explain why I am running fifteen minutes late to work, when I recognize this night in my memory. But before I can slow down it's already happening: the mama deer, the baby, I'm cursing again and now I'm screeching to a stop just like I did three years ago. I get out, already knowing what I am going to see, and it's the same. There's blood on the pavement and the baby deer standing there, shell shocked, looking right at me. I must have spooked her into running into the road, out of the safety of the fields.

Well I remember thinking that I had best get on to work because I had already been late that one time last week, and remember getting in the car and watching the baby deer standing by her mother fade in my rearview mirror. But when I got to work Chris yelled anyway, spitting in my face and what not, and fired me. So this time, when I revisited

the night, I guessed that paying my respects wasn't going to hurt no one. I went over there real slow so as not to put out the little guy, and I touched the doe's muzzle to see if she was still alive. Her nose was soft and a little wet, and warm air was coming out real light and slow, so I guess she was still breathing. For a second I just couldn't move, because her life was escaping in her breath, and I could feel it linger on my palm. Well I ran back to my beat up Toyota and tried to find my flip phone, thinking I could call an animal police like I've seen on the shows, because they would know how to help. But as I was searching I heard beeping, like a bomb at the last second before everything goes to pieces, and just then I slipped away from that memory, but my palm was still moist from the puffs of her breath.

At first I was confused because I thought maybe I had been transported into the future instead of the past. I was in my Waxhaw Cinema vest at the ticket counter, but my body felt tired and achy. I hear the previews running on the screen behind me: "Coming June 15...What happens if the world ends tomorrow?..." I guess having revisited my twenties it was hard to come back to my aging body. It had been heavily used for thirty years. Not much else lasts that long. But I glanced at the date on the movies board, and saw that I was revisiting a day about a week ago, on a Saturday afternoon during the matinee



showing of most of our movies. I heard a commotion in Jack's office right before he came marching across the lobby towards me, with a temper hotter than a pistol, and a steamboat of a woman riding his shoulder. "Lon! Mrs. Stevenson here says her ten-year old boys were admitted into 'Bride of Chucky' this afternoon and are now scared as hell and won't leave the house! Need I inform you on our policy regarding R-rated movies?"

"No, sir," I said, and I remember saying this same thing last week, cause Jack always scares the dickens out of me. The truth is I daydream a lot when I run the ticket counter, and Mrs. Stevenson has some awfully sneaky boys. Every week they come in here and buy a movie ticket for "Chicken Run" or such, and then they sneak into a different theater when I'm not looking, which is a lot of the time, honestly.

Just as had happened last week, Mrs. Stevenson was inches from my face now, her powdery cheeks and waxed eyebrows so close I could see individual pores on her skin. "Mr. Jenkins! Would you let your own son see 'Chucky'? For Christ's sake, I don't think you give two shakes!" Well last week I was too busy thinking about her scary arched brows and the sweat bead on her top lip to really hear her at all. I remember mumbling and hanging my head because I wasn't worth this much attention from a respectable Waxhaw woman, but this time I found it awfully peculiar that she ask me how I would treat my own son, because I don't really have no one to think about but myself. I guess that's a good thing because looking out for myself is hard enough, or so I'm told.

When I came to, my alarm was blaring just like Mrs. Stevenson's voice, and it took me a while to come round to the notion that I was lying on top of my covers, smelling higher than a hog. It was dark, and I couldn't see much of my room, but there isn't much to it, really. When I moved in a few years ago my mama told me that she was going to help me fix it up, but we never really see each other, and I reckon she forgot. I have a dresser, a bed, and little nightstand where I put some magazines, my alarm clock, and a glass of water.

At first I thought I was in another memory, because I often wake up alone like this, staring at the room that I can't see, but I know is there. I lie here thinking about stuff that I can't recall a skinny minute later. Before I know it, hours go by and I haven't slept, but I can tell the morning is coming because I start to see the outline of my dresser and all the lumps of clothes hanging out like slumped bodies. I knew I was awake when the room began to darken, and I looked at the date and time glaring in red on my alarm clock. Well I declare, at first I was



Pete Mihalcik '11

as confused and surprised as a newborn baby. Five days I had been sleeping! But after my dream, I was ready to believe anything. Sure enough, I had traveled back through my whole life, be it what it may, and now I had surely lost my job after missing a week of work.

First thing first, I washed up and went to the Cinema with my uniform on so I could apologize to Jack and tell him that I had overslept. He didn't believe me until later when this here article was published in the Waxhaw daily. I had really ruffled his feathers, but after my time travel, I had bigger things to think about. I went to the superstore and bought a green Trek bicycle, and sure enough I rode it right out of the store. I kept on riding, I don't know why, but Waxhaw is a small town and it only took me thirty minutes to get all the way out to my mama's house on Sweet Bay Drive. When I climbed the porch steps and yelled, "Mama!" through the screen door, I heard her say "Lonny?" real surprised and then she hurried to the door and gave me a big smile. I hadn't seen her at all this past year, but she looked spry as a grasshopper, and she could still cook up a storm, too. That was her first order of business, to give me a grown man's supper, and then she sat down at the table with me, and I grabbed her hand. It was small like it had been at Pop Pop's funeral, but still pretty strong. I said, "Mama, I was thinking you could come fix up my place with me, because I get awfully tired of waking up with nothing to look at," and she said, "Well, I think I can do that."

And so tomorrow we are going to Lowes to get the hardware and such she says we will need. And tonight, when I am trying to fall asleep for the last night in my empty room, I wonder what I will be thinking about. You know, I can remember lyrics, and repeat them over and over. I can say the presidents from first to last, and I know some of their pets' names, too. And this article will tell you that I am a man who slept through his alarm for 5 ½ days and no one even thought to wake him up. But it won't tell you that I have never been able to remember my daddy's face, and that I never realized how feeble life was until I felt the breath escape from that doe's muzzle. This doesn't seem like a happy ending like in the movies, and I don't even know if it is one, but I can tell you that it is a good beginning, and that's the part the article doesn't tell.



Serena Woodward '12



Liza Bayless '11



Untitled

Alec Hill '12

It's strange to think how easily I'd tuck
Myself across the seat, and softly sink
Into the swaying of the sweltering bus.
The slightly rattling glass that cast sun's glint
In yawning lines, its humdrum click—they served
To sever my connection to the road,
The one still rolling up beneath our wheels,
Reeling in the stripes that flitted by.
In this fantastic stillness, the whole world—
The speed-blurred earth, the towns and other cars—
Split off into a separate universe,
But parallel. And I would dream of us
As bubbles floating smoothly on, with more,
Far more, than lane-dividing lines or cones
And lights to keep us all on our own path.
My friends seemed strange; their empty chatter formed
A vacuum for inspiring inward thoughts,
Until the heavy sigh, and swinging stop
At home. The heave of slowed momentum drove
into my thoughts, and cautiously I stand,
then flee the strange and lonely submarine.



Casey Schuller '12



Curse on Miley

Sydnei Easley '12

Curse you thin, obnoxious Miley—
Why must you always be so smiley?
Let Kanye interrupt your speech
And hold your trophy out of reach;
Enraged, you'll yell the *7 Things*
Disney'd never let you sing—
Words Hannah never would have spoken
Leave your sweet image *Good and Broken*.
This *Hoedown Throwdown* on live TV
Will get you sued by the FCC,
And when you go to see your lawyer
Smoke bombs will go off in the foyer.
(Though assassins, in the gloom,
Will stumble into the wrong room,
And when they try to take your head,
They'll slice Joe Jonas' off instead.)
You'll have to watch the life you thought
The *Best of Both Worlds* go to rot.
I see you someday walk the street,
Known to no one that you meet;
The cars drive by, but do not stare,
And one throws gum into your hair.
Now as you sit in the barber's chair,
Those auburn locks that *Can't Be Tamed*
Are clipped across the floor in shame.
Now you'll truly rue the day
You *Partied in the USA*.



The Dollhouse

Lisa Jacques '12

By the light of the dripping candle
Illuminating the yellowed dust,
Her hands encircle the hammer's handle,
Rough and covered in crimson rust.

Brushing the roof-tiles like they're brail,
Her fingers skim the raised green shingles
Then bring the hammer down on nail.
Thunk sounds in the garage and lingers.

The dollhouse is finished except for the doors.
Her frail hands feel their way inside,
Moving across the textured floors,
And the smooth walls, from side to side.

Feeling to find where the wood's not tame,
She visits it all with a finishing touch,
Then leaves a sign with the house's name
Leaning against it like a crutch.



Robin Kim '12



The Blanchard Place

Lisa Jacques '12

It wasn't supposed to happen like this. Two boys
crouch behind a bush in the dead of winter.
Their scarred knees touch the frozen earth
and turn purple from the cold.

The candle wasn't supposed to tip. Its flame
shouldn't have touched the blanket—
aged, yellowed, and heavy with dust. But it spread:

to forgotten books scattered about
the decayed floor; to paintings of dead
Confederate soldiers preserved in stillness; to once
stylish, now rotten, antiques beneath thin sheets.

Now everyone in Little Folk, Virginia
gathered around the outskirts of the hill
to watch the red and white sirens bringing trucks
as dirty glass windows exploded.

The boys sat and stared.
Open mouths exhaled puffs of white steam.
The thick black smoke rose from the heap
and tickled the underside of the sky
while snow dusted the ground.





The Syrian Café

Kristina Kassis '11

Is like a hive, the smoke as sweet as honey,
Bright in the evening, full of buzzing guests
All laughing as if everything is funny,
Both the clever and the ill-timed jests.

The citrus sting of hookah makes them sneeze,
And lingers in the stillness of the night.
Yellow moths like flowers dot the trees,
Ethereal yet living orbs of light.





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