

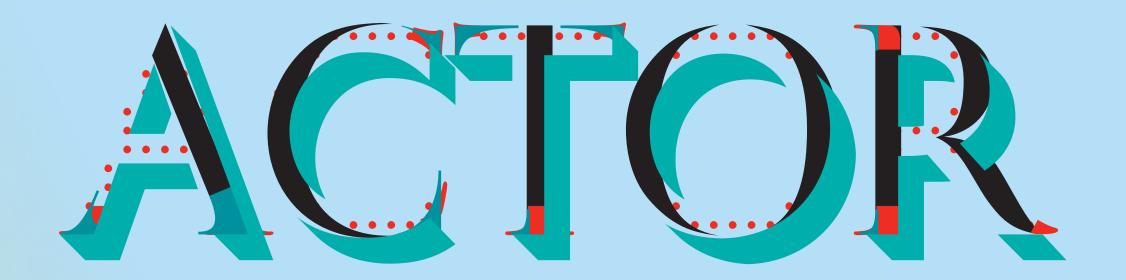
SIREN SONG

the spitting spigot of our needs showers you and showers me drowns us both in our soliloquies and love is quenched momentarily.

by OCTAVIO R. GONZÁLEZ

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, WELLESLEY COLLEGE





When we met on the steps outside Levering Hall in winter, he told me his favorite song was Greensleeves,

his cigarette Gauloises, the writer he adored most, James Joyce, and did I want to come see him in *Le Balcon* next weekend, because

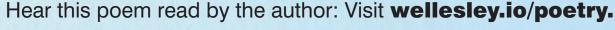
he had the role of Chief of Police, and afterwards, we could go to the cast party at Fred and Charlie's flat but I was seventeen,

still in high school, my parents would never have gone for it, so I declined but not before I accepted a cigarette and a light

saying, Maybe next summer, when I turn eighteen.

by LYNNE VITI

SENIOR LECTURER EMERITA IN THE WRITING PROGRAM, WELLESLEY COLLEGE





ONTHE WEST KENNET LONG BARROW

by LAWRENCE ROSENWALD

ANNE PIERCE ROGERS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

You enter that house. The further in you go
the heavier the darkness becomes, and even
the light of the small scented candles darkens the air.
You come to the wall at the end of the Barrow and stand
beneath the roof of stone, your hands on stone.
You barely breathe; so many dead were entombed here,
the air is thick with them. Perhaps a priestess
is near, unseen in the dark except for her sandals,
silent, unmoving; perhaps you are standing there still
when she departs and blesses the place, her garments
bright in the sunlight.



they discuss at their conferences the dynamics of inequality devote an hour a timeslot or two their skin glows bluely white their teeth we watch from our seats a distance

it will not be me could it be you one among us placed in their histories how could it be me be you no name no face to put a name to

at night what I have felt nurses against me woundedness shame minor humiliations how I longed to have their hair their lives

now each year I cultivate my humiliations
pray they bud on me like the sprouts of an old potato
and while I sleep let me grow my eyes



by WENDY CHENWELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2014



Trust in you.

by MARJORIE AGOSÍN PROFESSOR OF SPANISH,

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

TRANSLATED BY ALISON RIDLEY

Trust in the rhythm of unhurried days.

Trust in a smile and in the time of chance.

Trust in the passing seasons,

Those hours amid the recesses of understanding.

Trust in goodness,

In acts that thwart hate.

Trust in feelings, good wishes...

Trust that no one will lie in the face of love.

Trust in innocent passions

That play in the luminous darkness of days.

Trust in the future with the clarity of the past.

Trust in the silence that tells us so much.

Trust in order to live in a state of grace,

In the spirit of cadences and intuition.



When does the moon turn full?

When I tell it stories of love.

When does the moon begin to wane?

When I stop speaking of love.

What do you look like in the dark?

A horned, lit, and petrified tree on a shore.

To whom do you turn when in pain?



by SUMITA CHAKRABORTY
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2008





EXCERPTED FROM

Gases and junk have in common a lot: Both expand to fill up all the space that they've got!

* * *

Like a magical photon so boldly behaves, Be bright, be quick, excite, make waves!

by MALA L. RADHAKRISHNAN

WHITEHEAD ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF CRITICAL THOUGHT AND ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, WELLESLEY COLLEGE



let me come
to you
like the snowflake
who knows no
borders

no more idling
no more hiding
let me jump
into
your life
pure

white like eternal snow Never melting

let me be the warmth of winter.



ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE KOREAN BY **CHERYN SHIN**WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021

눈송이처럼 너에게 가고싶다 머뭇거리지 말고 서성대지 말고 숨기지 말고 그냥 네 하얀 생애 속에 뛰어들어 따스한 겨울이 되고 싶다 천년 백설이 되고 싶다

- 문정희의 시《천년 백설같은》에서 -

HOMAGE TO MOON JUNG HEE
ORIGINAL AUTHOR

I can follow her directions if I listen without thinking.

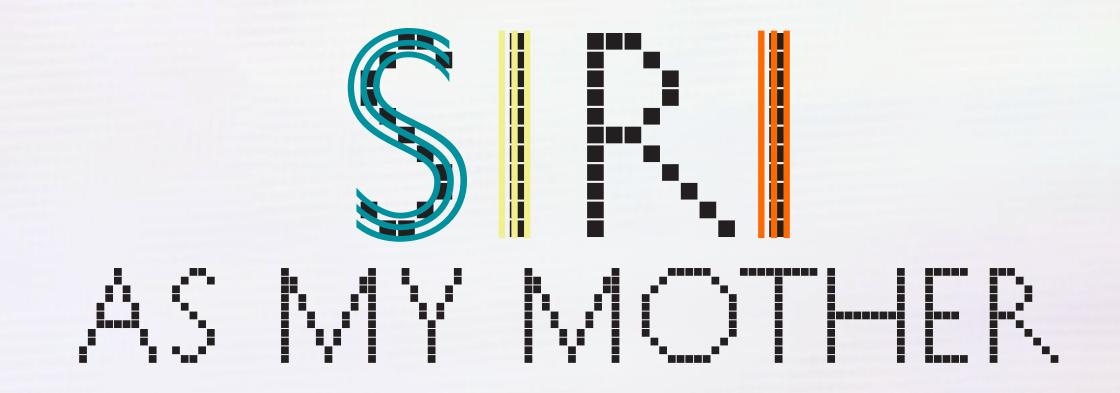
Sometimes she gets confused about where I am, thinks I'm on a different path, then tries to correct me when she's the one who is wrong.

She doesn't drive, but insists that her way is the fastest route. Her guidance doesn't make it easier. She's never been on this road.

During rush hours, she likes to tell me to turn left onto a busy street at an intersection with no stoplight.

How am I supposed to do that?

She repeats herself then waits for me to figure it out.



by PAMELA L. TAYLOR ASSISTANT PROVOST, INSTITUTIONAL PLANNING & ASSESSMENT WELLESLEY COLLEGE





by HEATHER CORBALLY BRYANT

LECTURER IN THE WRITING PROGRAM, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

If a girl can be a goddess, then she can save her own life, and the lives of others also—She will be true to herself, and to no one else—if she can be a goddess, then she can be Real, she can write her way back down the path away from evil—she can write her own

Story, the one unique to her—she no longer has to wait for someone to rescue her, to Set her free because she is already free, free to pursue her own desires, her own dreams, Free to set aside her own nightmares—she can expel the demons that have been bestowed

Upon her—she can open the books, touch them with her fingers, learn them with her heart, From the start—the world's here to see—in front of each of us, a world as an eternity—
There for the asking—if we look at what is right in front of us, then we can begin to rewrite

Our own stories, finding freedom outside what the world has already told us we should be.





"Adult Luna Moths don't eat; in fact, they don't even have a mouth."— Fairfax County Public Schools website

Two Luna Moths land on the leaf of a sweetgum tree To watch people pass under a flickering streetlight

They glimpse a man in a cowboy hat and a ball gown Strolling alongside a figure in a poodle costume

Amused, one Luna Moth turns to the other and says Absolutely nothing





by HALEY CHEEK
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2020



IF WE'RE HUNTING GAZELLE, WHAT DOES POETRY GET TO BE? the fear shatte the fur puffec

by EMILIE MENZEL
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2014

the fear shattered okapi the fur puffed doe the russet color of a quick coati coat

re-adjust your arms inside your sleeves reach your wrists for your pockets watch a sparrow on the edge of the little salting hill

you can't jump in red tusked and fighting demand animal ordinal rearrangement like a brute, rush the prey you know nothing of leaping

