

# LOVE CYCLE

## 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

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



# ACTOR

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**

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



# ON THE 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.

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



they discuss at their conferences the dynamics of inequality  
devote an hour a timeslot or two  
their skin glows bluey 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

# IN PRAISE OF HUMILIATIONS

by **WENDY CHEN**  
**WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2014**

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



# CONFÍAR

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.  
Trust in you.

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



*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?*

# NIGHT QUESTIONS

**by SUMITA CHAKRABORTY**

**WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2008**

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



EXCERPTED FROM

# THINKING, PERIODICALLY

**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**

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



*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.*

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 —

# SNOWFLAKE

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

**HOMAGE TO MOON JUNG HEE**  
ORIGINAL AUTHOR

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).

**POETRY**  
POETRY ON THE T



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.

# SIRI AS MY MOTHER

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

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



# READING LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

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.

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



“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**

# STATIC INTERFERENCE

by **HALEY CHEEK**  
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2020

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](https://wellesley.io/poetry).



# IF WE'RE HUNTING GAZELLE, WHAT DOES POETRY GET TO BE?

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

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit [wellesley.io/poetry](http://wellesley.io/poetry).