

On the train alone—unbothered, unharried, untouched, wonder: what are we but the encasement of souls, and what is life beyond the bounds of skin.

The creation of self from the tracks beneath your toes is transit, is limbo—wild restless free.

Unmoored, untethered, middle ground, **T**.

When life is laid out before you, and you do not have a road map.

Now is when you choose which way to go.

by SARA LUCAS
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2022



AN EXCERPT FROM



In case no one has told you today
Be gentle with yourself
This year
This life
Coat the jagged edge of your voice
With honey, a light sweetness
That may begin to heal

In case you have forgotten
To let yourself be soft
Enough to display the thumbprints of our world
Let 1000 flowers bloom from your mouth
Do not be afraid to say
Notice me. See me. I have meaning.
And the seeds will bury themselves
In others.

by REY SPIKENER
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021

AN EXCERPT FROM

by SARAH NNENNA LOVETH NWAFOR WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2020

If I were to come back as anything
I'd want to come back as the first ignition of a flame

See how joy is the lesson we learn when we watch its flicker?

How air teaches us what it means to caress a lover's existence

To allow for the fullness of passion without demanding temperance—

Nature's example of what it means to love without ownership



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by CLAIRE CHEEK WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021

In the summertime I think of you you, vous, tú, the forever melody mumbled in my ear, verano storms rumble in the distance as I lay my head against the cool earth still dreaming of you (cantabile, cantata)

your voice in my ear
(adagio, addolorato)
sing me softly to sleep
(piano, pianissimo)
a tear down my cheek

(lacrimoso, legato)yet a reverie of hope(fantaisie, finale)

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by SOPHIA SACO WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2022

The melting pot has long since boiled over, an overflow of bitterness;

They lack ají, they lack color and themes;

They fear what was once the land of dreams and prosperity;

The West is not the gold mine—the Western World is broken.

My rice and beans are tasteless and I have been stripped of identification at the borders;

My only coronas left are the ones in Spain's collection as a prize for their conquistas;

My cumin is my cumin because it is colored too.

Tell me why I should remain calm Because all I see is unseasoned logic.





I grab the leather bound photo album, kept safe through four generations. Papers float. One names citizenship in a new home. The other is worn, folded, perfectly aligned. Halves peeled apart reveal his tight, foreign script.

I trace the characters of the recipe one, by one, by one. Falling, rising, sliding, separating each letter with the precision of his craft—
hoping I might understand what it meant to know the Lithuanian baker in Southie who made this place feel like home.



by CAROLINE CATALDO
DIGITAL CONTENT DIRECTOR, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

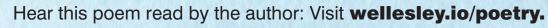


To new-age moment makers:
This is how it feels
When history adjusts
To make room for you.

A reminder:
Reasons change,
Revolution stays the same.



by CATRINA CHEN
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021







by DAN CHIASSON
LORRAINE C. WANG PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH,
WELLESLEY COLLEGE

What happened to Hibbing, Minnesota, they asked Dylan.

And Dylan replied: just time.

Time is what happened to Hibbing.

Imagine outlasting time,
appearing on the other side
of it, relieved, like
Wow What Was That All About:

a dream, I had the most horrible dream, spoke the shepherd; and the lass replied: no matter now, we're here now, quiet, love.



As a vessel vanishes,

it goes in pieces—

timber folding inwards

over the round edge of the sea.

True mercy bids it be this way:

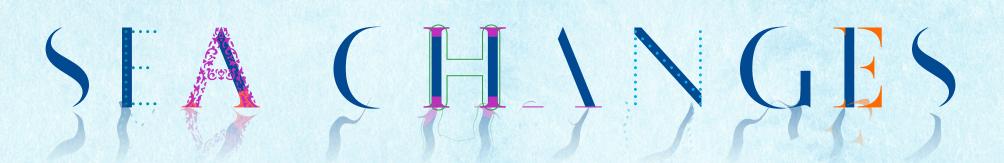
leaving the sky no less serene,

no ship-shaped hole in the horizon.

We could be built like that,

plank by plank by plank.

Only vaguely aware of missing.



by MATILDA BERKE
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021