

ODE TO THE OUTBOUND

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

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

AN EXCERPT FROM

“IN
CASE
NO
ONE
HAS
TOLD
YOU
TODAY”

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

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

POETRY
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AN EXCERPT FROM

“THOUGHTS ON JOY”

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

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

SONATA

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)

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

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.

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.


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AN EXCERPT FROM

“UNSEASONED”

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.



RECIPE

by **CAROLINE CATALDO**
DIGITAL CONTENT DIRECTOR, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

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.

MARCHING

by **CATRINA CHEN**
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

DREAM

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.

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

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.

SEA CHANGES

by **MATILDA BERKE**
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