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Seniority's Salvation

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Seniority's Salvation

Victoria Rajkumar

The morning of senior year's birth,
I found my box of memories
Carefully wrapped in delicate white ribbon,
Knotted up like a tightened fist around a guilty neck.

Inside settled, nestled, were
Three years worth of sugar
spice, failed contraceptives, lies, broken
bottles and dried out promises.
You know, everything nice.

The absurdity of my misfortune
Is no cause for alarm.
Let's just repeat the same mistakes
And beat them to death
Until they change their tune.
Like Rihanna did to Chris Brown --
Or am I telling the story wrong?

Hell is serenaded by school bells.
Violent fights in the name of what's right.
(At least this week, according to MTV)
Doing anything to make a rhyme
Without having a reason for the line.
But hey! That was then and this is now.

I'm a senior.
(we're practically adults)
Never mind that "so and so" is a total slut
Or that "him" and "her" are in a gang
Ready to blow the gay out of
the "lisp-y guy" who sashays in pink Vans.

Two girls named Unique act otherwise.
Instead, they write lists of all the chongas they despise
On squalid bathroom stalls; phone numbers and all.
Then wonder why their boyfriends won't return their call.

Naturally, the math teacher fornicated with fractions.
In his attempt to get them to divide,
Another soul died on the inside.
He was never good with numbers,
Preferring to use his fingers instead.
Who said math wasn't stimulating?

It was the morning of senior year
When I found my box of memories
Tied with lily-white ribbon,
In a meticulous fashion -- padlock secure,
As though to enslave a burning demon,
Serenaded by immutable school bells.

Alone in the Crowd

Annette Taylor-Spence

Amidst the buzz of the crowd
With others going to and fro
Somewhere there, is the abode
Of one who is alone—in the crowd

It is difficult to stand out in the crowd
Easier to blend in and get lost
In a private world the wanderer is trapped
Always feeling alone in the crowd

A large family—already a crowd
Add many friends to that bunch
Their presence desired and enjoyed
Yet one stands alone in the crowd

In a world of dreams away from the crowd
Viewing possibilities that may never be
Lost in books, in a writer's world
Traveling in the mind—alone in the crowd