Flawless Fantasy Made Reality

Sophomore English

When the drama really begins to gnaw.
Barriers broken down by the mundane,
the unnecessary tedium we called
the social gulag.

He ran into the darkness
when jubilant celebration struck,
only because his supposed lover
danced elsewhere.

"Why cry over that fleeting love," I asked him.
"We’re here to dance,
party like you’d never believe!"

Days after, he tried dragging me down,
justifying his passions.
That’s when I played pass notes
with Kasi as the go-between.

Improper grammar,
incorrect spelling,
yet the promise was there.
We were definitely going to be friends.

Junior Chemistry

The first time I heard those words.
“My best friend,” you said.
Gina stood there smiling,
whisked from forensics
just for an introduction.

Our other friends sat around desks,
exchanging chips and gossip.
While they hooped and hollered,
You gave me an earbud

Ready to blast Lil Wayne.
Instead, Anne and Nancy Wilson
took to the streets,
and kept asking about love.
Unrequited messages
On a one-way superhighway.

Regardless of unanswered e-mails
or the lack of phone calls,
you spoke in genuine honesty.
You defied the exchange value
low grades usually provide.

**Senior Prom**

One year since we last saw each other.
I messed up a potential date,
courtesy of a digital watch
and an inability to relax.

I told you all this,
And you stood there smiling,
telling me,
“Well, I love you
for who you are!”

The camera flashed,
A digital image of us,
Arm in arm,
light blue silk and an olive green tie.

**Somewhere in Time**

Everyone’s on Facebook
And so were we.
We kept in touch,
but only briefly after graduation.

We worked,
We studied.

Dogs barked
and non-Bolsheviks moaned.
The medievalist envisioned
A revolution against Wall Street.

**Brio Expose**

You carry lipstick and hair curlers,
and I keep Samuel Johnson
stuffed in my satchel.

The keyboard clicks
while you touch-up
another theatrical masterpiece.
Powder, papers, and lip-gloss
smeared all across the carpet.

Final paragraph.
Time for the photo-shoot.
Brackets removed,
I conclude another narrative
While you lash out your phone.

I publish,
you upload,
A portfolio that goes from
Flawless to Fantasy.

Eastern Exposure 2014