

Circumstance

Emily Nye

Yo-yo weather and a clicking mouse
The sound of my neighbor's TV.
Watercolor paints and a dusty room
This is how you'll find me.

Glamour magazine, stark white piano keys
Only a few lights [since we save energy].
High heels, pillows, papers asleep on the floor
Here is where I'm meant to be.

Journal, Salinger, The Gideon's Bible
Billy Collins and his philosophy.
Apples to Apples with pimento cheese
My heartbeat equates theology.

Waking up to a pulsating alarm
Double major with English tea.
Chapel at ten, French at one
But always give me poetry.

My fish named Eric [I knew him well]
Studies of that sheep and her clone
Cap, gown, graduation ring
Breathing this air unknown.

Graphite smears, proud parental tears
Letters for forward thought.
Golden years, the last applause
Exactly what have I been taught?

Chapter closed, candle snuffed out
The last of the Captain's rum.
So turn from fear and face the world.
Let's see what I've become.