

1996

the novel

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the novel

The little girl who has fallen and chipped her tooth,
I am her.
Crying, screaming, needing,
she is me.
And, as water flows off cheeks,
The sky beams blue.
Peach dress dirtied, slip showing, tights torn, and saddle shoes scuffed,
I walk home.
Hungry, tired, filthy, lost,
I surrender to the sun.
Hot, sore,
Dying on the dust.
Baking,
slowly melting away from all,
I close my eyes.
I was the blood splattered horse in the desert.

The rocks in the sharp river, smooth and aged, thirsty for the sun's warmth;
The trees on the peak, burned orange and gold, craving more time to live;
The ethereal wind: shy, world weary, yet pausing to play;
We are one.

He was part of me, that boy in Haiti,
waiting for a boat.
Watching waves break,
crash, fall.
. . . And, feeling the tube give way,
I screamed.
Lifeless,
lungs full,
At the bottom of the blue,
It was me.

The woman wearing dandelions in her hair,
is my shadow.
The baby food on her nose and the toddler in her lap,
powder, blue diapers, baby and all,
They are my essence.

I've been the tax man, the mountains, Mexico and death . . .
I've tapped to the rhythm of trumpets screaming; kick-ball-change on a cilantro night . . .

Oh, I've been so many excuses,
I'm sorry, I . . .
I . . .
And I am silent.

—Sara Brown '99

"Holding Myself" by Sara Brown '99