

1993

Dorm Fire

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Dorm Fire

The officer held her gently
By the elbow, as if, had he let her
Go, she would melt
Like the pictures on her wall.
Which now, evaporating,
Sent strands of devil's hair
Drifting through the smoke, lingering
Above trinket boxes, once silly and pink,
Which her aunt sent when she was sick.
Inside, letters from teenage boyfriends
Who openly and naively gushed
With adolescent desire, became the dust
Which slipped through her fingers as she
Clenched them in her little girl palm.

— Lisa Marie Antonille '95



— *Untitled*, Carrie Horner '97