

EMILY YANG • poetry

The Girl with the Chestnut Hair

Drifted through a sky deeper than your blue eyes
Ran through woods the same color as your long chestnut hair
Through summer nights warm as your smile

Laughing, laughing, your tinkling chuckle
Like a bell, like a bubbling, gurgling stream
Lively as you

I really like:

Your flickering gaze
Meeting my eyes then darting away
Then shyly looking back up

Your big smile that shows the tooth
That you broke when you were ten
Dancing at a birthday party

Your laugh that reminds me of
Belly flops into chilly water
During sunny spring afternoons

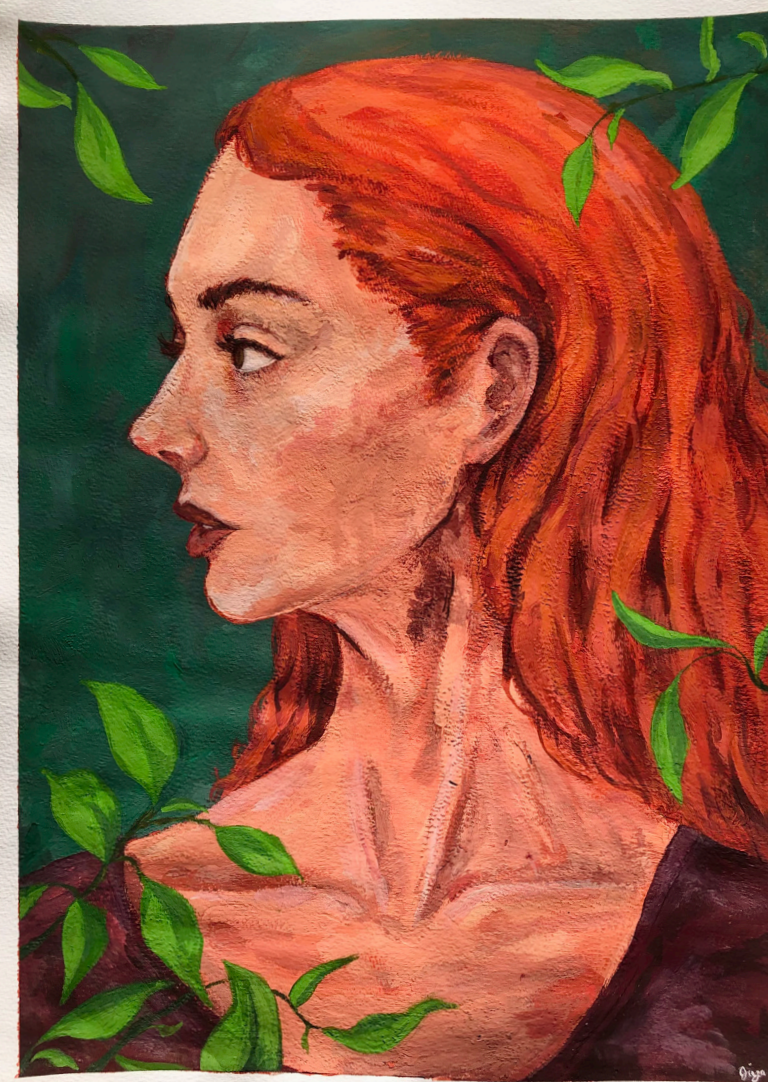
I will always remember:
The way you consoled me
When I cried
When we lost that championship game

The way you lit up
When I told you
I read that book you recommended

The way you laughed
When I whispered dad jokes
Into your ear on long car rides

The way your gentle voice
Gave me a million butterflies
Melting me from head to toe

And I will always remember
The way you beamed when you told me
About that offer from the school three states over
And how my heart sank
And sank and sank and sank
As I rested my forehead against yours
As I looked into your sky-blue eyes
As my hands played with your long, chestnut hair
As the sun streamed in through the window
Warm, warm as your smile



JIYA SINGH • paint

Bonsai