Walking Lake Waban

Leaves wave hello, arms outstretched
beckoning.

At first I think they’re calling for
my attention
reaching for me in the wind.

As I look, though, they are talking
to each other.

whispering
dancing
embracing

I hear outlines of
their conversations
as they rustle up
against one another.

My presence is disruptive,
but not unwelcome.

They acknowledge my eavesdropping,
but are unconcerned.

They communicate
on a different plane,
a frequency in which
my ears are not tuned.
Today I skipped Spanish and forgot to study for my CS midterm, but I’m meeting Katherine Ruffin to talk about my final project for printmaking. I had a long conversation on the phone with Ellie and I get to see Tina Fey tonight at Northeastern.

I’m also skipping WZLY for the third week in a row - not good.

But. It’s ok to miss things sometimes.
It's the perfect day to be wrapped in bed watching a movie or drinking wine, but outside students are making their way to class as normal. They are undisturbed by the weather that wraps itself around us.

The clouds hang heavy overhead, exhausted by the weight of the world on their shoulders. Raindrops fall carelessly and without reason. The clouds are warm, sticky.