

The Lamp Digest

From the Perspective of the Honors House Lounge Lamps

Samantha Fuchs

In a little blue lounge, down the block from the bus,
Stand two happy lamps making a bit of fuss.

“We get students tomorrow!” Left cried in delight,
“We’ll see young, eager faces!” She gleamed, glowing bright.

“There’ll be parties and game nights and all around fun,
Plus some snack time and naptime, when finals are done!”

Left glowed with a hum, and Right just rolled her shade,
“You know that’s not all for which this house has been made.

“We’re a program of Honor, a house of success,
We’re where students come to prepare for their tests.

“There’ll be laptops and notebooks and books for their classes,
Not chances for students to goof-off their asses.

“There’ll be meetings and screenings of movies and art,
And lectures for learning outside normal parts.

“We give light in the evenings when essays are due,
Or math problems or research reports; projects, too.

“All of these are for studious practice and work
Where students can be proud of their handiwork.”

“Yeah, I know, and that’s cool, but I still see the joy,
And the vision they bring, and tomorrow, oh boy,

“It won’t be just grades and assignments done here
It’s their writing and painting and fun times all year!

“Your stuff fits their work professionalism,
But I see way more of the students’ holism!

“It’s the work and the play that makes life worth the grind,
Creativity and academics combined!”

Right gave a sigh, said, “I see some of your point,
But I still wish you’d use less exclamation points!”

Memory Solstice

Sam Walder

The cornfields here are so fertile they grow skyscrapers.
Neon flows through the rain-streaked windows
And chipped ivory statues shout from beer to beer.
I have to clean my apartment, but first
I need to watch puddles form on the pavement below.

Later, moonlight meanders
Two thousand miles over the great plains.
Dreams crash from the stars and seep into the soil
Awaiting harvest.