

Christine Surka

Opening

Now when it's too
Bright churches peak
Into the sky; steeples
Pierce its tiny skin.
Identifiable shapes,
Coloring book
Houses – I am
Glass and clear.

How about
We ruin plans.
Get off
(at the wrong stop)
This life is a brick.

Move-Out

No one's awake to tell this
To: the world is full of light-up caves.
The leaves were layers
Of popcorn the night
My room disappeared.
Bags leaking down the steps,
I'll wonder how the walls hum.

We're good kids, vacating
Soundlessly. I watch the fridge
Flood the gaudy rug, worksheets
Scrawled with failure.
We're good kids, pruning
Our school reports. We have
Nothing to wake up for

But the tremors, keeping
Us awake. Stiff books,
Plastic bowls, yarn rugs
Sit stuffed together
Wrongly. I skip,
Losing the pinpricks
Of your reality. I skip
So the pinpricks lose me.

Relative

I slept here once.
I ate glaze at white-washed
Counters.
I dreamt here once.
The emerald stairs
Tumbled to linoleum valleys.
And the basement was pleasantly haunted.

We hid
In pearl bathtubs, diamond shower stalls So they'd never make us Go.
On the walls
They stuck gaudy stars
Wishing their lives would glow.
I crept
Into droopy caves of velvet.
I slept
On lushly carpeted foyers and dreamt
About glass ceilings.

I thought
The world shut off
With our last giggle. I thought
Only we were hiding.
When the reigning chandelier glistened
Even in the dark-time
I thought
It would never break.

Christine Surka is a student at Brandeis University studying biochemistry and planning for a career in research. She is involved with her school's publications, particularly the literary magazine Laurel Moon where she has had numerous poems published. Recently, she has also had poetry published in Void Magazine, Words-Myth, and elimae. Christine also enjoys photography, painting, running, and mountain biking.