EMULATION POEM Unit Two/three

DAYSTAR by Rita Dove

She wanted a little room for thinking;  
but she saw diapers steaming on the line,  
a doll slumped behind the door.  
  
So she lugged a chair behind the garage  
to sit out the children’s naps.  
  
Sometimes there were things to watch –  
the pinched armor of a vanished cricket,  
a floating maple leaf. Other days  
she stared until she was assured  
when she closed her eyes  
she’d see only her own vivid blood.  
  
She had an hour, at best, before Liza appeared  
pouting from the top of the stairs.  
And just *what* was mother doing  
out back with the field mice?  Why,  
  
building a palace. Later  
that night when Thomas rolled over and  
lurched into her, she would open her eyes  
and think of the place that was hers  
for an hour – where  
she was nothing,  
pure nothing, in the middle of the day.

**Pandemic Year -- College Life on Hold** by Mayy Carrigan

She wanted her year back

But she saw -- in her mind -- the high school graduation she didn’t have

a college semester so much less than what she had been expecting.

So she dragged herself up out of bed, out onto the Middle Path through campus.

Get to class, take a seat – socially and emotionally distanced -- do the readings, rush back and sequester herself in her dorm room.

Sometimes there were things that started to make her happy –

The convo with the girl from dance class that she thought would be her friend

A moment to stop and pet Mojo, the campus cat. Other days

She wondered why all of this had to happen

When she closed her eyes

She’d see all that she had believed her college life would be

Long nights of deep talk

New friends, good friends, her people

Sharing insights on literature, music, politics, aspirations for the next stage, freedom and space for herself.

Life had seemed so promising.

She’d had a semester that’s all, before reality dawned

Caving in on her. And just *what* was the point

of going through the motions? Why

march on when there was nothing to dream for? Later

that semester when her mother told her

this was happening

for every other 18-year old college student, she would close her eyes

and think of what she had lost

a year gone by – when

her life had been on hold,

nothing had happened for her, in the year of the pandemic.

SAVED LINES --

What was she doing?

Why get out of bed when there was nothing to do?

Why go to class when everyone just dispersed and rushed back to their rooms?

Why be in college if it wasn’t the experience she had worked so hard to have?

Why even keep up the talk with her therapist?

Why dream when there was nothing to dream for?

What was the point?

Later

that semester when her mother told her

That this was what was happening

for every other 18-year old college student, she would think to herself

that she had been cheated

a year gone by – when

her life had been on hold, when

nothing had happened for her, in the year of the pandemic.

Later that semester when her father told her

She was not alone. Everyone else has lost a year

Some have lost their lives, she would think to herself

Yes that puts it in perspective

A year gone by – but

She would get it back

She would find something in that nothing

Something for her future, in the year of the pandemic.