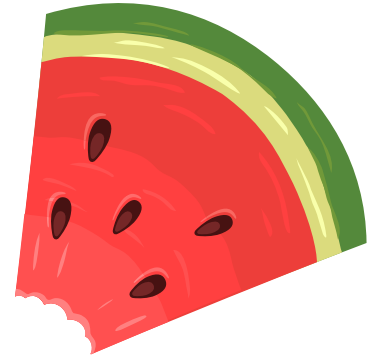


Portrait of a Watermelon in Technicolor

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see: how we move sluggish and shadowed through this world.
listen: behind every bandaid is a half-inked memory
 of violence. and behind every memory the haze-hardened sound of hands cracking
 open. maybe it's the moon-drunk air, maybe it's the asthma, but something
 about this place makes us feel like dreams, hollowed
 with potential and waiting to be rediscovered. listen: maybe we'll find the body
 at the center of this watermelon. maybe we'll discover the chill
 of a staircase in winter morning light, creaking dizzily at our touch. maybe it'll be nothing,
 but it's okay because life is a dream, and we're doing our best
 to fill it. listen: we are looking for a place to plant our roots. we are digging deep
 through cyan-sickened soil and finding a place where the stale stories of yesterday cannot reach.
 we are flirting with the idea of being buried for these sins, or at least passing
 together through the slick film of history. my friend, my mirage,
 in the glass between our fingertips we are no longer afraid. the body is only as beautiful
 as what it touches. in the cleaved snapshot of a rind caving
 into two, we are tending to a garden of weeds in the valley
 of a hand sharpening into static, together. and time cannot touch us now. ■

