

# The Chimaerid



**BU** College of General Studies

Spring 2011

Chimaerid (K-EYE-MI-RID) – The chimaerids are a group of fish, named after Greek mythological beast the *chimaera*, a monster put together from the parts of many animals. Our magazine also is put together from many parts and includes the talents of many types of artists – poets, photographers, filmmakers, painters, prose artists, etc. We’re that kind of fish.

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Photo: Naomi Lomba-Gomes

**The Chimaerid** is dedicated to the memory of our long time supporter and adviser, Dean **Bob Emery**, "... a true friend and a good writer."

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# I Hear B.U. Singing

I Hear B.U. singing, early in the morning  
As the coxswains sing their ruthless song to pilot the rowers down the unruly Charles at the  
break of day;  
The studious child singing their dreary morning song to their 8am class,  
The CAS student singing to Calculus class, deriving derivatives and integrals, asking herself  
when she would ever use this in life,  
The young engineer singing the songs of Newton and Galileo, as they sit in their labs,  
As the a cappella group, In Achord, sing jingles to their esteemed audience at the Tsai  
Center,  
The SMG student's song has an almost eerie feel to it, as they imagine the world in their  
pocket,  
As night falls on Boston's pride, the hockey players sing a song of the days of yore  
As they go out and sing their song to foes from Chestnut Hill University.  
As the day goes dark, and the very friendly girls go out to party they sing their songs and  
roam the campus of Commonwealth like specters.  
Latching on to anyone who will try to get to the source of their howl.

2/23/2011

**Roman Ilnicki**

**“Boston” (An Imitation of Blake’s “London”)**

I walk fast-paced down the Avenue,  
Near where the Charles River does flow,  
And avoid every person’s view  
Marks of chaos, eyes down low

In every footstep pounding on the sidewalk  
In every angry drivers’ spiteful beep  
In every person’s mindless talk  
I find it impossible to sleep

How the housekeeper’s cry  
Every closed Church appalls  
And the cursed soldier’s sigh  
Runs in blood down the White House’s Walls

But through the lamped streets I hear  
How the students’ drunken curse  
Blasts the parent’s disappointed tear,  
And afflicts with plagues of the Grade hearse

**Rachel Hopkins**

### **“Passion” (An Imitation of Bronte)**

Some have gotten a crazy delight,  
By daring unstable sorrow;  
Could I take your heart tonight,  
It won't mean much tomorrow.

Could the warrior struggle earn  
One lustful glance from your eye,  
How this fleeting heart would burn,  
But it's motivation to try!

Welcome nights of no sleep  
And days of blistering cold,  
Could I trust that you would keep  
The secrets I have told.

Tell me, if with glistening bands  
I roam to somewhere far away,  
Will you go to those distant lands  
And let your mind ever stray?

Bass low and loud, a stereo sounds afar;  
Plead me—plead me go  
Where hearts and minds engage in war,  
On endless dance floors.

Crimson has dyed the light's waves  
With spotlight stain, I know;  
Where dead love lies,  
Yet, I willingly go!

Though there's always a high cost  
Of freedom-living,  
Gladly I'd join the doomed host,  
If such a request were given.

Passion's strength moves my arms,  
Its ardor stirs my life,  
Pushed by human force that dreadful charm  
Should stop and sink in wild alarm,  
Like moths to temptress light.

If at war, I seek you love,  
Dare you turn aside?  
Dare then my fire reprove,  
By hate, and maddening pride?

No—my will could not control  
Your will, so vast and free,  
And love can't tame that haughty soul –  
No—tender love for me.

I'll see no triumph in your eyes,  
Behold, no proof of change;  
You'll leave, no one finds a prize,  
Always out of arm's range.

I'm fine when all the game is up,  
The anticipation growing high;  
The end not until in our empty cups  
The night's dull drops only lie.

We know love crowns with no sweet reward,  
Hope does not blossom large,

I could draw the sword,  
But will never perish in the charge!

**Rachel Hopkins**





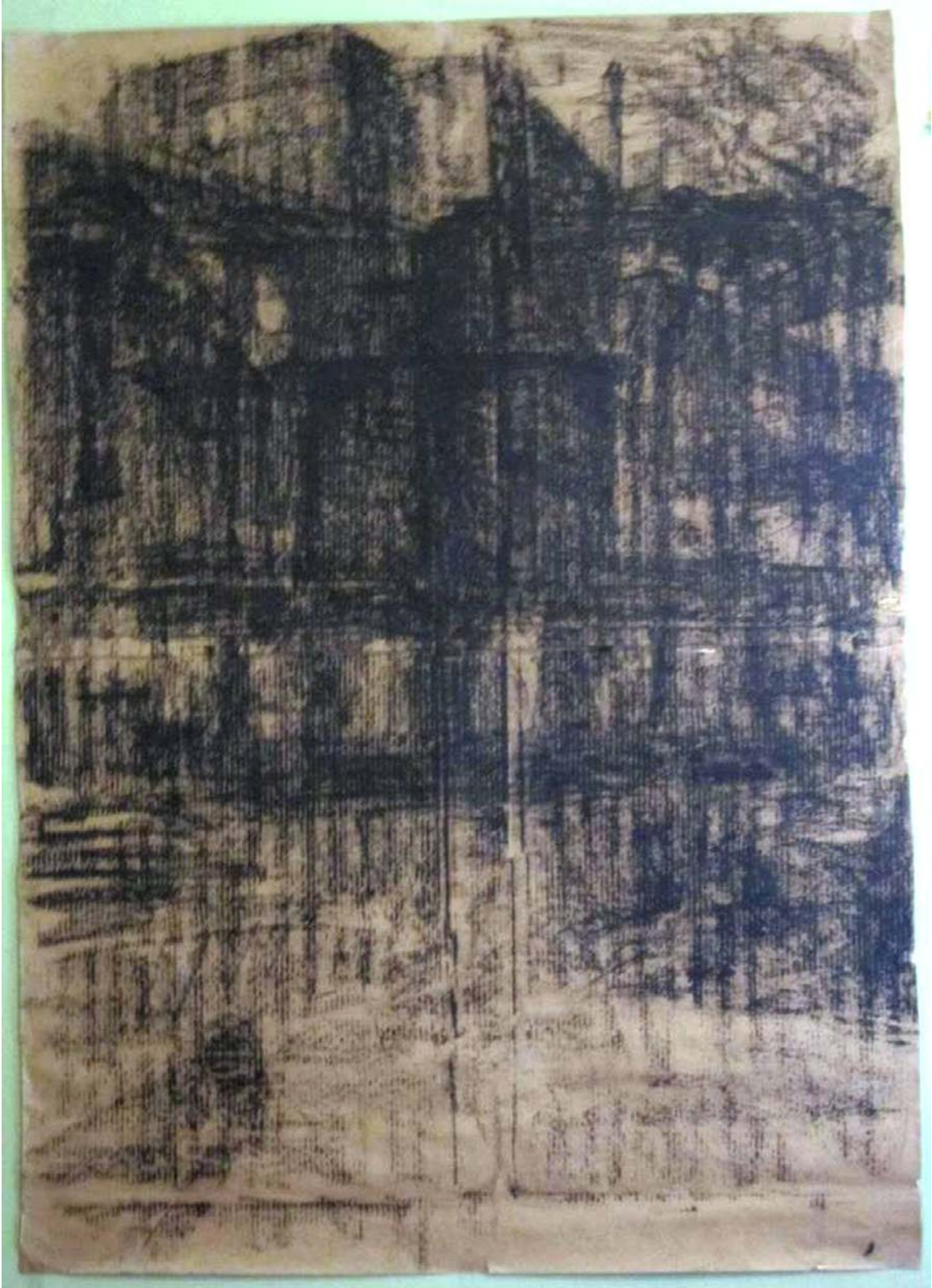
Casey Nulph

**“I Hear BU Singing”**

**(Re-interpretation of Walt Whitman’s “I Hear America Singing”)**

I hear BU singing, Rhett’s bark echoes down Comm. Ave,  
Those terriers, each bustling to arrive to class on time,  
The professors passionately speak as assignments continue to flutter out from their mouths,  
The students stare out of the window as their minds run free,  
The pedestrians hesitantly scurry across the street as flying cars pass by on the roads with no  
concern for those crossing,  
The policeman waves as he stands in the street stopping the cars, drivers impatiently curse,  
The jogger’s song, the delivery man parks at the meter, or  
on the curb or loading dock,  
The blunt rhetoric of the volunteers, or of the activists,  
of even the volunteers,  
Each continue on with their individual tasks,  
The day belongs to work-but the night belongs to them-  
fun, friends and happiness,  
They enjoy the ending of the day in warm company.

**-Marc Orlandella**



Liz Dimant

## **“ Boston”**

I wander thro' each brownston'd street  
Near where the charter'd Charles does flow,  
And recall every face that I meet  
Marks of confidence, marks of depression.

In every scream of every Student,  
In every Freshman's cry of fear,  
In every accent, in every dialect,  
The mind-faked handcuffs surround:

How the College student's cry  
Every working, studying person a-pressured;  
And the quiet professor looking tired  
Flows in blood through university walls.

But most through the city streets I heard  
How the young and the old look around in pain  
All types of adults running to catch trains,  
And blights with snow and dirty puddles

**Jeremy Lowe**



**Tony Pham**

## **Whenever you**

Whenever you came near,  
The wings of my heart wildly fluttered,  
Making everything clear;  
There was something I never muttered.

Whenever my gaze fell upon your frame,  
And you revealed your smile to another,  
I hung my head in shame;  
My body began to shudder.

That is when I came to the realization,  
This was the end of my suffering.  
I was just another complication;  
Nothing.

Whenever your melodic voice,  
Penetrated my ears with its warming tone,  
I knew I had a choice;  
To stay or leave my comfort zone.

Whenever my tears rang out through your phone,  
You had sent comfort to me,  
With not even a groan;  
It was then I wished for you to see.

But how could you?  
Blinded by a foolish eye,  
You know not what is true,  
But what is told with a sigh.

Beneath the teases laced with sarcasm,  
My heart lay tucked away,  
Until another will make it spasm;  
For there will never be a day;  
That I will ever say,  
It was you.  
It has always been.  
The words "I love you,"  
Could have been.  
But they won't ever be,  
For you will never see me.

**Brittany Szabo**

## **Closest Thing**

The heat from my tears,  
Caressing my cheek with utmost care,  
Is the closest thing I've had;  
To the warmth of love.

The way my heart pounds against my ribcage,  
When anxiety draws near,  
Is the closest thing I've had;  
To the flutters of adoration.

The emptiness that tears at my soul,  
Slowly dragging its nails across the underside of my skin,  
Is the closest thing I've had;  
To the longing of someone.

Anyone.

**Brittany Szabo**

## **Rainy Day**

As my tears turn to rain,  
And fall upon your window pane,  
Will you ever see,  
My pain?

Peaks of glorious confidence,  
Glimmer against those eyes.  
Those lips smile tenderly,  
As if I'm something,  
Anything.

For you,  
There is nothing I wouldn't do;  
To stay wrapped in your warmth,  
Even though the chances are few.

As the rain begins to fade,  
And dry upon your window pane,  
Can't you see,  
You light my heart aflame.

**Brittany Szabo**





Savanah Walsh

## Complications of the Heart

On a warm late summer evening a dark blue truck sat in an empty parking lot belonging to a fast food restaurant. Inside the truck two people sat close to each other. A fair-skinned young girl with a dark brown lustre emanating from her hair sat on the driver's side. Her eyes of a deep blue and blazing orange in the middle were fixed upon the young man next to her, a swarthy and lean type with a distinguished look. The boy, crestfallen, lifted his head and focused on her face.

He thought of her perpetual beauty, her soft, innocent lips and her voice. Her voice offered something that was clearly absent to him anywhere else in the world.

“What’s wrong, huh?”, she asked.

“I don’t know, just sucks”, he replied in a heavy voice.

“Well, I got you something. I don’t know if you’re going to use it or not.”, meanwhile reaching into her purse she clutched a black framed object. The boy, engrossed in the mystery of the gift, attempted to cover up his excitement by keeping a straight face and reaching for the gift only once handed.

It is a picture of them. The boy relaxes his muscles and they exchange whispered phrases. The feelings that overcame the boy were mixed, a sense of nostalgia for one year ago when they met, sadness from having to leave, and joy for the gift.

However, the young lad straightened himself up physically and put his arms around the girl. He knew something had changed. There was a progression in this connection of souls, it was more than a connection; it was a balance. He, unrealistic and bold, she, analytical and genuinely motivating. Her influence was the source of much of his laughter and joy in the past months.

He realized how long they’d come, and how long there was to go. “Take it day by day” was his first plan, but as always, the effects of love take hold strongly upon the heart and mind. He gleamed with joy and told the girl he loved her. She replied with an innocent yet alluring “I love you too.” As they held each other the boy caught glimpse of the gift over her shoulder. The shiny black frame around the photo of them, him in a summer coat and a baseball hat on a couch with her on his lap dressed in a dark navy velvet dress. Her skin was a creamy white, complemented by her bright eyes. Her brown hair floated onto her shoulders while she revealed only a glimpse of a smile.

They both let go with an air of confidence, as if they both knew something but were either too fearful of its gravity or so confident that it was needless to say.

“Let’s go to my house”, he said in a casual fashion. As they pull out into the street the girl looks over at him but he’s lost in to visions on the other side of the window. He thinks about the drive, the following year, and again, does not take it day by day.



**Colin O'Neil**

## Window Box

In kindergarten we did a project where we made a book. I made mine about how much I wanted a cat and how I would be able to take care of it and I deserved it. It opened on the wrong side and had more spelling mistakes than words but it convinced my parents. The owner of a nearby pet store had a cat who had just had kittens. There he was, the last kitten left of the litter. We brought him home and he fell asleep in my arms and I was in a really uncomfortable position, but I stayed that way because if I moved I was afraid I would wake him up. We still have pictures from that day; my mom took more pictures that day than she did at my high school graduation. I am wearing my tie-dye t-shirt and magenta leggings and my big round glasses, smiling bigger than anything and holding my new cat up for the camera; except in the one where he is sleeping in my arms. In that one I am as still as statue because I don't want to wake him up. My dad told me that if he let me get a cat he would have to be the one to name it. He chooses Nick.

When I was six, I dressed him up in my doll clothes and wheeled him around in my doll's stroller; and he would let me. He looked so cute in the little dresses and bonnets and my six year old self could not get enough of it. He wasn't like most cats. He loved people and was really more like a dog than a cat. Even my dad, who was so opposed to the idea of having a cat came to love him.

Then I came home from college for Thanksgiving. It's the the first time I'd been home since I left. I see Nicky and pick him up and he is so skinny, he hardly weighs anything. Then I see how he is not eating as much and he is acting kind of funny too. I ask my parents what is wrong and they tell me how they haven't noticed. I guess its like when

your best friend gets a haircut and you don't notice, but when the kid in your class that you never talk to gets one, you can't help but notice.

I had never cried over death before that day. I guess I had never seen the death of someone who was closer to me than my cat. We got him when he was just a baby and he had been a part of my life longer than he hadn't. That cat was always there for me, as silly as it sounds. I guess I liked how he couldn't judge me like people could.

I'm trying so so hard not to cry while we are at the vet, but it's happening anyway. The vet is putting the shots in and once he puts the last one in I know that will be it. It was this moment where he would be alive and then this next moment he would be dead. I could never see him again. I would only have memories and that was so scary and now I was crying. I couldn't believe I was crying over an animal. A cat, it's just a cat I kept telling myself. How could I be crying over a cat. I felt ridiculous. I am holding his little paw and petting his face methodically with rhythm to try and stay calm. The last shot was pumped into him and I hated how there was no going back. I was trying to keep my cry silent but my mom is standing there blubbing louder than everything. I start wondering if the people out in the waiting room can hear us. I kiss his head for the last time and then we have to leave. After it was over we were ushered back into the waiting room with all the people waiting there with their live animals; it's just a normal day for them. I run through there with my head down so nobody can see me crying and I pull my mom along with me, because I can feel her lagging behind and I feel people staring, especially the little kids. We get to the parking lot and my mom just stands there and she is crying so loud and she just shouts his name out. This is the first time in my life that I realized I need to comfort my mom and not the other way around. It was so difficult and weird to me. It was a foreign experience. I have never seen my mom cry like this. I try to put my arms around her in a semi-half hug

and tell her it will be OK, even though I was having a hard time believing in what I was saying and we just stood there in the parking lot crying together and for the next few weeks I can't talk about him without holding back tears. I try to remind myself how he was just a cat. I feel so silly crying like this over a cat. I just don't believe that I could be this attached to a cat, so attached to something that I have never even had a conversation with.

A few weeks later we got this little box in the mail. It was Nicky. His ten pound frame, his emerald eyes and his striped fur had been transformed into this little bag of what ironically, looked like cat litter, inside this tiny three by five wooden box. All I'm thinking is where are we going to put this? My dad puts the little box on the window sill where he used to sit because it gets lots of sun. He is half joking about it being there and I right away start listing reasons why it can't stay there but after a while I realize, that even though this little box looks all out of place there, and yes it is a little weird; actually it's a lot weird, but I like it.

**Sara Shilling**



Isabella Spence

## **To Loss**

I've lost it; I've lost it  
The shimmering in-between  
The leaves have fallen on the ground  
And I know what it means.  
The tide has turned  
The sky is grey  
The leaves are lost, all away  
And I know what to say.

**Isabel Spence**



**Winter is love to me**

In one moment your breath froze on the glass  
And in that moment  
Your breath, you were so perfect  
You belonged to the eternity of the ice  
And all I was  
Your witness.

**Isabel Spence**

### **Summer's Overrated**

Forget this cloying sweating night  
I long for a day of bright cold white.  
To breathe air so crisply pure  
To disregard all, but the whirl  
Of snowflake's dancing in the air  
And nesting; melting in my hair.

**Isabel Spence**

## All mine

I thought  
some distant *they*  
were pouring a stream of me  
into grey concrete  
I wait  
for a mystic force to chip me out  
and piece by piece  
*Oh, heroic*  
glue myself together

When I feel at home  
I whine pout scream  
and the whole world  
certainly  
Owes me every single dream  
certainly  
The milk white sand is mine  
certainly  
His muscles and her spine  
all mine

I thought, I did,  
*trapped*  
they trampled over me

Bubble gum and gobs of spit  
The fucks and shits that drop  
So plainly from their  
So-called putrid lips

I dream the dreams of dreams  
But nothing comes but nothing  
But steam

So where the cloudless sky  
Meets the simple sea  
waveless and serene  
*spumante, pumice*  
a glowing smudge  
balmy on the screen  
ten thousand bodies floating  
Arms spread wide to see

I thought they wanted me  
to be  
or to be me

*mountain build statue glass  
shining parody pink flaming gas  
ancient star priceless gem  
the value of a flower stem*

Tinny teeth till tricks  
And sell expedient flicks  
Placard glee doles doze  
And the rain falls  
And the traffic hums impatience

Go here! Go there!  
It'll all be settled then

But surely, if you dare, you'll  
Wind up where you  
haven't already been

But surely, if you care  
The world rots  
beneath your golden glare  
from the poison of pretention

And surely, in your snare  
They'll all be beaten, send  
send send me your plans  
And it'll all be settled then

Yes, dear, the future is near  
So near, dear, can't you hear?  
The tickle tock tick of the dime  
The envy of the swine

all mine all mine all mine

**Melissa Papalcure**



**Ben Goodman** Chair

## The Nightmare of Consciousness

By **Brandon Wood**

On a beautiful afternoon about a week before Spring break I was sitting at the foot of the MLK statue in Marsh Plaza quietly reading for my ethics class. A professor that I recognized from the School of Theology was walking by with a group of students from Morehouse College. In passing I only overheard a small part of a conversation in which one of the students was complaining that he hasn't been sleeping well because of nightmares and the professor stopped and turned to the student, looked at him right in the eyes and said, "Be careful, the worst nightmares come when you are most awake," and continued walking.

My eyes erupted open and my mouth gaped from the power of the professor's words. When the group was about 30 paces past me, a violent force ripped through my backpack and in my hands I possessed a paper and pen. This is what followed:

Reason puts together the most frightening things because we are forced to confront them with our *intellect*. What sets them apart from the random, visceral, non-intellectual images of dreams is that *make sense*.

In our conscious life we have seen the terrible massacres of millions, the horrid raping of souls, the impassionate lust of hatred. These are not sterile images that creep into our bed sheets and taunt as we sleep, a mere trick of our imagination, but the painful strangle of reality.

As we go deeper into the rabbit hole of the torture of our history we are faced with the beckoning, agonizing question of *why?* Our reason grinds this question into our minds, ripping away all conceptions of what is good, all what is right, all what is just and we are faced with the miserable reality that *our reason can be tricked too*.

No person in their right mind would allow for such atrocities: the genocide, the blood boiling screams of pain, the violent terror of rape, and the hardening silence from the ones that can help.

We beg for the sleep and “please god let this be a nightmare! I am just asleep, I am just asleep, I am just asleep...” And that is what many do. They hid under the sheets and let the boogie man pass them on by. They tranquilize themselves to ignore the unpleasant reality that this world is a crude hearted bitch and will all go away when the drug kicks in. But who can blame them? There seems just no way to delay that trouble coming every day; Cain keeps Killing Abel; our human consciousness is stuck on loop.

But burying the head in the sand will not last. The nightmare will come and push you deeper and deeper into the earth until you are six feet under. We can't run from the problems. We must face the nightmare, but we must not stop there.

Genocide is not the ultimate end, but the wrong turn. We can use reason as a tool for good, not one for self-destruction.

Do not run from the creeping darkness of our consciousness—confront it. Question it. Challenge it. Fight it. Learn from it.

The boogie man can swept from the shadows—we first have to stop hiding from it.

## **Sleepless Thought**

By **Sean Marria-Nelson**

I twist and turn across the surface of my twin-sized bed, trying to find that comfortable spot that will eventually lull me back to sleep. I figure that the sheets on the left side of the bed are too hot so I roll to the right and flip my pillow over to expose the chill of crisply untouched bedding. I lie there for what seems like an hour, in reality only ten minutes, trying to clear my mind of all thoughts leaving my mind blank, a black obis to drift off into. All of this usually puts me to sleep in a couple of minutes. Why isn't it working now? It is 1 a.m. the night before the big SAT exam, why am I so awake? I ate early, went to bed at 10 p.m., and I am not nervous. What is a poor J.R. Fisher to do?

J.R. Fisher, just another regular teenager trying to make it through life the best he can. Well, at least I think I, J.R. Fisher, am a regular teenager. Two parents, a couple of sisters, both older than me and out of the house, a good entourage of friends, some of whom play football with me, others who are just classroom clowns like myself, better grades than most but nobody really seems to notice. Pretty regular and boring huh? There is, however, more to me than just those small snippets of what people identify me by. The nature of what makes me J.R. Fisher is the culmination of many experiences and events that have taken place throughout the course of my eighteen years of life. This is just one of those experiences.

I finally run out of fresh bed space to calm my nerves and decide to give up and start the mental inquiry to figure out why my body insists on torturing me on this most inopportune night. Maybe I need to go to the bathroom or get a glass of water. I get up, walk up stairs to the kitchen, fill up a glass with cold water and drink it to get the bowels



flowing to make sure that I actually need to go to the bathroom before I make the long trek up ten steps to cold harsh porcelain waiting for a companion. As I sip the water I realize that I am surrounded by the utter darkness of the house, which is only slightly broken by the neon glow that come from the refrigerator monitor and a small night-light placed just to the left of the sink in the kitchen. When I finished the glass of water, I stand in the middle of the kitchen leaning with one arm on the tiled counter waiting for any feelings that would lead me towards the bathroom. Nothing.

Now I feel more awake than before, but I need to get some solid sleep so I can be rested for this test. That is what all the teachers and tutors told me to do. “The number one thing you must do J.R. before the test is to make sure you get a solid eight to ten hours of sleep.” While these voices are echoing in the darkness of my kitchen, I stair blankly out of the front window, which is directly across from the kitchen, which overlooks the rolling mountains that face my house. I can see the circuit of streetlights running up and down the hills like the lines on a checkerboard. One of the windows is open and yet even with no shirt on I am not cold. It is a temperate night, which are usually the nights I get the best sleep. I went to bed drowsy to make sure that I would fall into a deep and peaceful sleep but now I am more awake than I was during the day at school. As I turn to put the empty glass in the sink I accidentally knock over a bottle of pills sitting on the counter. I wince when the bottle crashes to the ground, hoping that the noise did not wake up either of my parents. I bend down to pick the bottle up and realized that they were my A.D.D. pills.

These pills are what center my focus during the day and unfortunately they do this by keeping my brain extremely active and awake. I must have mixed them up with my acne pills, which I take before bed since they make my skin very sensitive to the sun and do not impair my sleep. These pills on the other hand are active for twelve hours. This explains why

I could think about all the events that lead up to me going to bed as well as realizing all of the conditions I found myself in like the window being open but still not feeling cold. As all of this rushes to my head and starts making sense, I come to the conclusion that I will not be going to sleep for another eight hours. The battle is over. Now all I can do is wait until morning when I should have been waking up oblivious to the time that elapsed during the night. This begins to make me somewhat antsy and stressed. How will I kill the time? I don't feel like watching television, nothing good would be on at 1:30 a.m.

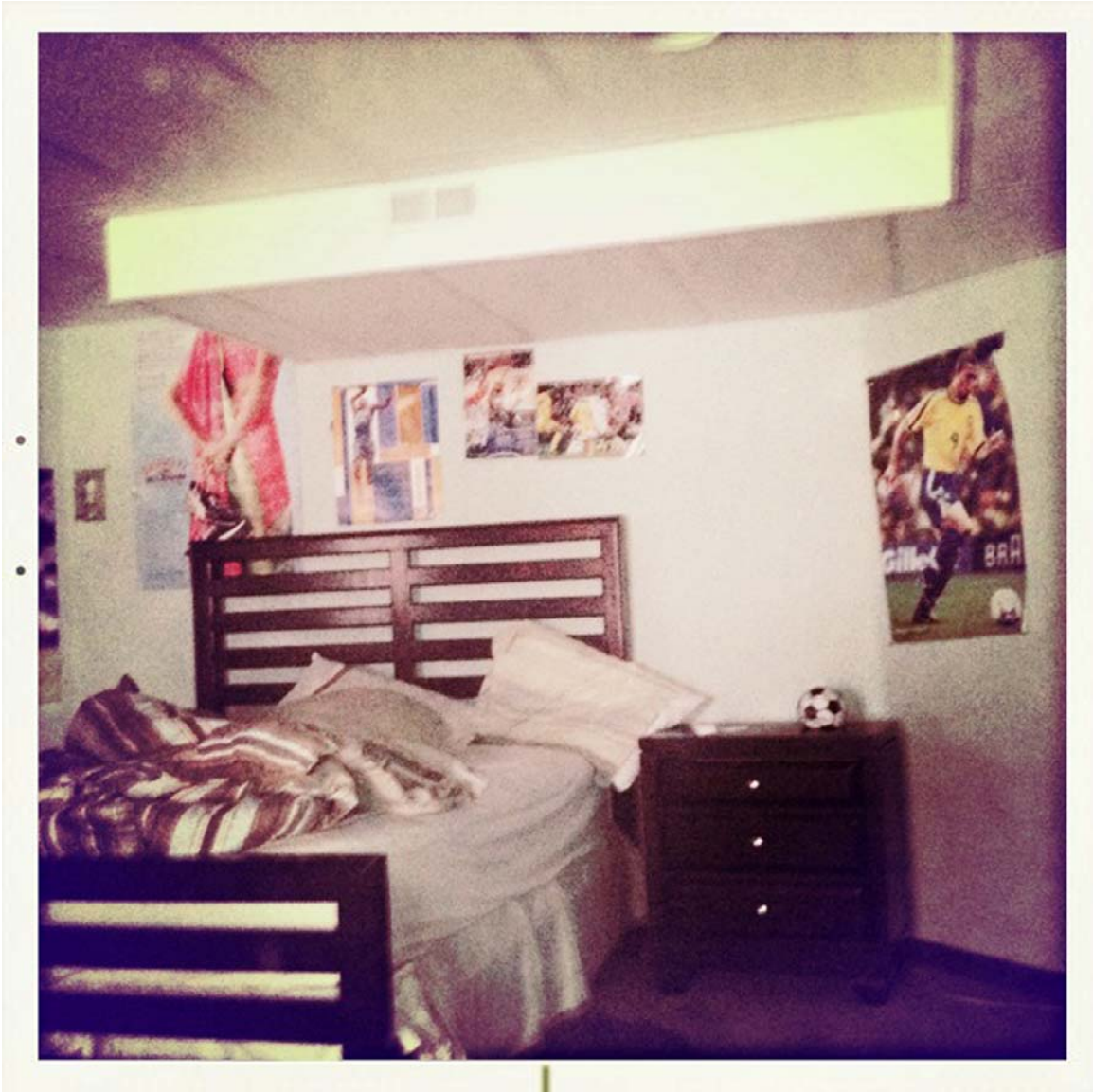
I make my way back down to my bed room to fetch my iPod so I can listen to some slow music that might make me somewhat tired, but mainly just clear my mind. Right at the moment I picked up my iPod from the desk sitting to the left of my bed my room was lit up by a bright white light. I start to look up thinking that maybe one of my parents heard me and came to check on me, but I am forced back into complete darkness, the light leaving the room as fast as it had come. This white light was unlike any bulb in the house, which emit a more orange glare. Standing in my room in silence I begin to hear a small rumble that slowly becomes louder and louder until I feel as if my ears are going to burst. The loud rumbling persists for two seconds and then drifts off. After my initial shock trickles away with the mysterious grumble that sounded like mountains falling from the sky and smashing into the earth, I realize a thunder and lightning storm has just rolled into the city.

I tip-toe upstairs as fast as I can, to not wake my parents, and make my way towards the front window that overlooks the mountains. The mountains are still there, but only half of them, the tops of the mountains are slowly being swallowed by the fleet of clouds marching across the west side of the city. This is amazing to me because the last time I had experienced a thunder and lightning storm in the city was when I was a child of maybe eight or nine years old. Leaning up against the window frame watching the clouds move like a

swift heard of cattle, another white flash lights up the sky, accompanied by the same loud rumble two seconds later, the same rumble that had startled me in my room. For some reason this act of nature calms me. There are no police sirens and lights streaking across the city, no cars or motorcycles revving their engines as they pass on the freeway located two blocks beyond my house, just the sound of the wind. It feels like I am the only person alive at the moment and mother nature is putting on a beautiful show for me.

After watching the clouds move in and out, tracking the flashes skip throughout the clouds from left to right; I start thinking about how I wish my friends or my parents could be there with me or have the same experience on their own that I had just had. It is almost romantic in a way, which makes me want my girlfriend to be there with me instead of hundreds of miles away. It reminds me of the holiday season and in movies when people cuddle up in front of a fireplace or light up a Christmas tree. This is my fireplace. Every time the light flashes to light up my face and the rest of the city is as comforting as the warmth from a fire.

When the clouds march off, exiting the city I get ready for the day, clean up, make breakfast, watch a quick movie, and resurrect my father to give me a ride to the testing site. While I am doing this I have a sense of new meaning. That thunderstorm was out of the routine that I had been following for weeks on end. The routine that wears all teenagers down into depressed drones. For some reason this gave me inspiration and energy that someone may not feel everyday unless they are the age of a toddler expecting a new adventure with every new day. Sometimes an unfortunate mistake can lead you to a valuable experience that you will cherish and remember for the rest of your days. This is one of the moments that make me who I am. The series of events, mishaps, processing and thinking, overall experience, are the reason why I am J.R. Fisher.



Shershah Atif

## **One Day**

One day  
I crashed my jet ski.  
Riding along  
To a chaotic song,  
Broken down and alone.  
Thunderous waves behind,  
Along with stone ahead,  
Worries of the future came  
And left me with their dread.

The Sun turned and gave her grin  
To me,  
And again I could breath.  
Resting on the shores of  
Flagrant adoration,  
I let my soul fill with her warmth.

Not before long I felt reborn  
In the rays of heart's admiration.  
Reciprocated the inundated  
Hum of heart's elation.

Yet, still the clouds came  
And took away my Sunshine.  
Even though,  
in my mind,  
I knew this day would come  
My heart still held it's delusions.  
That One Day, I may again see the Sun.  
One Day

**Jonathan Heilman**



**Mathis Baucher**

# Great Expectations

As I look out at the frozen Charles River  
I feel despair like a shadow was dawning over me  
This shadow seemed familiar, yet gave me a shiver  
It was almost like it was a part of me, looking at me fiercely

This apparition was of me, but not the me that I turned out to be  
It was the superior athlete, the soccer player  
The great scholar that my parents longed to see  
A god among men, as infallible as a glacier

As I walk through the streets of Beantown I feel my soul unfed  
All of the greats that have inhabited this city, this legendary city of lore.  
JFK, MLK, the prior glory of the Pats and the Sox, even those slaves in pre-med  
Will my previous failures chain me down to the floor?

My next four years here will shape me for the rest of my life  
Only God can help me in this struggle, 'cause all I am is a pawn  
To fulfill the expectation that everyone expects and not be a lowlife.  
Time will tell if the night is always darkest before the dawn.

January 2011  
**Roman Ilnicki**