

Fever

Giselle Arbulu Langevin

It's late.

My head turns and sees the hour
late, late for unconscious parking
so surely late for critical essays.

Smell of cappuccino and sweat
touches the tip of my nose
hinting a world of delirious GPAs
whispering of masochistic internships.

oh, the ozone layer is amiss
no, human rights are distant ghosts
ah, MLA style gives me no comfort.

Teacher's lips move slowly, something about—
the ancient but powerful Samurai
Japan, kokus of rice,
but alas, my scholarly eyes
are fixed on cold walls
painted
with varied career aspirations.

Raise my hand
I want to ask myself
“Question!”

Am I good enough?
Will I graduate?
And when I do—
will the world welcome me as a forgotten child?

Homework: describe your answers during your lifetime.
Double spaced, cite your sources. Use clear, concise ideas.

Hushed flutter of book pages
irritating noise of metal chairs
hurried souls transporting
their fevered essence to another class.