

## 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.