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A Late Night Tribute

Lauren R. Barrett

Gettysburg College, lbarrett@cnav.gettysburg.edu

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Author Bio

Lauren Barrett is a freshman from Ellicott City, Maryland, and loves all things having to do with writing and the outdoors. She is a member of GRAB staff and an officer in the Peace Club, and enjoys writing poetry and short stories in her free time. She hopes to be an English major and a Philosophy Minor, and likes climbing trees, going down the ocean, and reading autobiographies. Her favorite color is green.

to the pantheon of flavors. "Tonight's Forecast," the sign beside the machine read. "Cold and creamy." A prophesy?

The girl turned and navigated the sea of tables and students back to her seat. I wondered briefly whom she worshipped -- the food, or the Creators, those imposing figures who stood behind the Plexiglas alters and delivered nourishment as the supplicants lifted their trays in prayer. They had benevolent smiles and a ubiquitous presence, but one would expect a bit more terrorism from heathen gods, a bit more commanding about besides the ominous plaques that prohibited sternly the removal of certain religious idols from the place of worship: THE ONLY FOOD THAT YOU MAY TAKE FROM THE DINING HALL IS ONE ICE CREAM OR ONE PIECE OF FRUIT.

I looked back at my salad musingly. Was I too a member of this cult and did I simply not realize it? I obeyed the mandates. I removed no prohibited food. I left no trays upon the tables to call down evil spirits when I departed. I placed the silverware within the designated vessels. I came each day at the times of worship and gave proof of my identity to the door guards, then went daily to bow my head over a laden plate and give homage with my satisfaction. Did this make the blue-clad Creators my masters, or had they themselves been Created to serve me? Perhaps I am not meant to know. Who can fathom the vast mystery of the universe? Eat, drink and be happy!

LAUREN BARRETT

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I remember the drive to your house.
There were only four lights and six roads of separation,
 but every midnight ride home
 showed me that was too far.
There were afternoons that I spent
 in lust with you-
 the bedroom on the left,
 the door always closed,
 the shades always pulled so the neighbors couldn't see us.
I remember the end,
 and how few tears I cried,
 and how sorry I am for that now.