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## Letter from Campus

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## Letter from Campus

### Author Bio

Beatrice Slevin-Trigo is a first year student double majoring in English with a Writing Concentration and Business, Organization, and Management. Writing has always been part of her life, and she hopes to become a published novelist in the future.

## Letter from Campus

BEATRICE SLEVIN-TRIGO

There's a lone lamppost standing by the sidewalk,  
That flickers brokenly with a droning crackle,  
Its flaking neck bent downwards in a slump,  
So that its sole white eye can fix onto the floor.  
It only sees whatever happens below it:  
The tops of heads and sneakers,  
The leaves scraping against the ground,  
And flecks of shimmers in the concrete.  
It doesn't even know what the sky looks like—  
A pathetic and pitiable existence.

Did you know, that if you light a fire under the clouds,  
The stars come out?  
They don't like the smoke of the sunset,  
So they crawl out from the black,  
Blinking and bleary-eyed.  
They look out silently from their reach,  
And listen without words  
To the spluttering chatter of the lamppost  
That is crying to be noticed.  
The stars watch the scene in exasperation—  
Watch the futile elegy performed  
In buzzing monotone and exhausted flickers  
Until the light of day comes back  
And the white eye closes,  
Without even knowing  
That it had an audience at all.

Did you know, that the pond at the back  
Is empty at night?  
All the birds have gone to sleep by then,  
But there are still ripples in the water

Where they had played in the afternoon.  
All is silent, no movements are made,  
And the pond is very black—  
Nearly still, nearly nothing in the dark.  
Still, as the tips of my shoes  
Blur against the crunching leaves  
As I walk around the void,  
I swear I can hear something chirping.  
Something warbling to be seen,  
Like an insomniac bird,  
Or a stuttering lamplight  
With no company.