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Attachment

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Class of 2009

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Keywords

creative writing, poetry

Author Bio

Eric Canzano, member of the class of 2009, was born and raised in the “garbage dump” of the United States: New Jersey. He began to study Eastern thought in his junior year of High School, which eventually led him to declare a double major in Philosophy and Religious Studies, find Gettysburg Sangha, a campus Buddhist club, and write this poem.

over to Chris in a tiny wooden box. The mahogany cube with gold trim sat on the passenger seat of their Saturn. His Saturn. He took her to a nearby river and spread the ashes on the glass surface, and watched as the smooth river swept her away to the ocean. Soon she would be among the clouds. He smiled as he put the empty box back in the car. It's what she would have wanted.

She had left Pine Valley Hospital as she entered it. With no prince on a white horse, with no magic beans, and without a happy ending. Chris still loved her, yes. And yes, he remained loyal to her until the day she killed herself. But, he eventually moved on and became someone else's prince. Izzie was dead. Now he has a framed picture of a wife and kid sitting on his desk. The picture faces out.

ERIC CANZANO

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Soil, settled firm and content and
Hardened with assurance,
Nestles close to a flower's roots.
Cruel Circumstance,
Indifferent Circumstance,
Inevitably falls on the flower,
Wrenching its passionate body,
With petals streaked with embers of the fiery sun,
Rich with color's caress and wind's stroke,
Forever from its life source.
Soil lingers, thrown askew by upheaval,
Scattered and dug loose, cast out of native land
By abrupt absence of its labored fruition
That lay, from forces ignorant,
Naked and lifeless.
Chance of soothing rain
Mend the fragments to the earth.
Only this liquid grace will herald
Another sprout, another chute birthed
In the midst of decay,
Though it too be cast out
And soil begin its torment again.
What once be undoubtedly solid
In an instant, meet change.