

American Sonnet for the College Student

Zoe Hanquier



My dime-pinching fingers pick the fancy ice
cream,
all whole milk and speckled vanilla. I've
learned
all the ways to make chicken: garlic and
lemon,
basil with pasta, taco-style, cloaked
in a tortilla. I eat my soured yogurt in bed,
communing with Hamlet, Ophelia,
and the ambulance sirens. The air smells
of weed and smog, so my window stays shut.
Existing here isn't so bad with the Christmas
lights, the potted plants padded with
sidewalk
dirt. Here, there is no question. I will
suffer the study-filled nights, the back pain,
the lit laptop, the red-rimmed eyes.
No ache is so sweet as hunger.