

My first home,
A cage, soft
And malleable.
A curled fist, a tumble
Of lashes, clement
Skin. My mother
Has tethered me;
For 9 months,
An artist.

UTERUS: AN ODE

by MEIYA SPARKS
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2022

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

TRANSFORMATIONS

by ANNABEL THOMPSON
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2019

a frog buried in mud
is only waiting

she'll be out someday
and return to her pond

a chrysalis
is a craft

not a mistake
but something the moth

needs to survive
and me?

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

VINTAGE

by ANGELA ZHAO

WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2021

Decant my heart
and you'll find
blooming in the warmth

a note of longing
fermented in a barrel
of feigned indifference

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.

POETRY
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My child. She's crying.

I swoop her on my lap and cradle her,
like how I dreamed you could.

In two beats per heart bumps,
I thumb her leg and sing to her,
like how I prayed you should.

with no compass, no sail,
I search for words to tell her,
like how I hoped you would,
have done for me.

MISSING

by **ADRIANNA VALLE**
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2019

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MY MOTHER'S HANDS

by **JESS LIST**
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2022

papier mache-ed pink,
clasped around mine

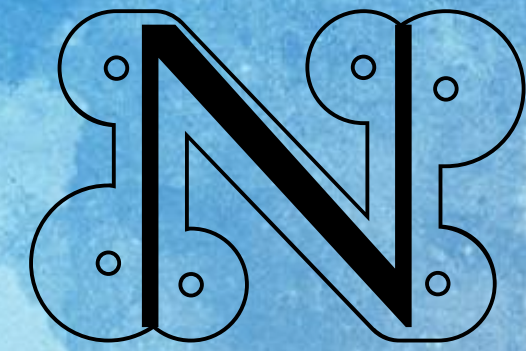
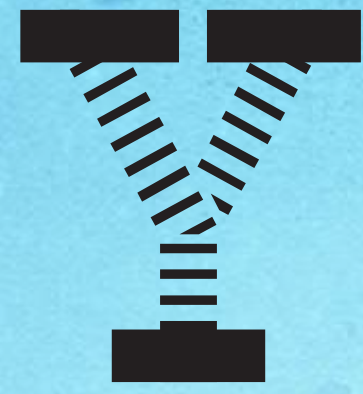
delicate skin clothed iron veins, that
flowed with the same blood as mine

yellow gold, battered by love
circled your finger and fits mine

creased blue palms, stitched at the seams
wore callouses to soften mine

rainbows danced upon her hands, and
painted the surface of mine

Hear this poem read by the author: Visit wellesley.io/poetry.



by WILLIAM BURKE
POLICE DISPATCHER, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

They said she was a hound mix, a hound but mixed with what?

It really did not matter, she was a pretty mutt.

I heard she was abandoned, or lost or ran from home
but I'd keep her safe and warm; she'll never be alone.

Now we walk together, this pup and this man
We have grown to love each other, as only best friends can.

And when the day is over she jumps into my bed
and on the pillow next to mine she lays her furry head.

So I buy her food and toys to keep her occupied
and when I sit down on the couch, it's she who's by my side.

Right behind and underfoot she will not let me be
I got a dog, a rescue dog, but who was rescued? Me.

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POETRY
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WANT ME TO READ IT?

I copy, and paste | Letters kerned colored type set | Hear words come alive.

by **SOE LIN POST**
DIRECTOR OF DESIGN, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

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