

JUXTAPOSITION

FOUND & LOST IN YBK

*Searching through the pages of time
I see myself and smile,
for when I find myself there,
between theme and folio,
I know that I, too, matter,
that I, too, belong
that I, too, was an integral part
of the place that I called school,
a place where I learned and dreamed and
sculpted my identity out of stone into clay,
into a softer substance,
made pliable by the hands of time.
Seeing myself there—
my name giggling in Garamond,
my candid sprawling across the gutter . . .
Seeing myself there—
matters more to me
than I ever thought it would.
Who knew that I would feel such joy,
such relief
over such a simple thing as
finding myself in the yearbook?*

*Searching through the pages of time
I see everyone except myself and shudder,
for when I cannot find myself there,
between theme and folio,
I know that I am too ugly to matter,
that I am too uncool to belong,
that I am too unpopular to be a part
of the place that I called school,
the place where I crumpled and vanished and
smashed my identity into smithereens,
into a harder substance,
made fragile by the knuckles of time.
Seeing myself missing from there—
my name whispering in transparency,
my candid swept into the gutter . . .
Seeing myself missing from there—
matters more to me
than I ever thought it would.
Who knew that I would feel such agony,
such loneliness
over such a simple thing as
not finding myself in the yearbook?*

