Somewhere Thuban Is Fading

By Rosebud Ben-Oni

For Carolina Ebeid

We enrolled at barbizon
   Knowing full well
   We’d never look like
   What was promised
   Cue carol of the bells
   Cue a demo on the casio
   And the security of two-way
   Escalators setting the speed
   Those early mornings
   In our mall school
   The store’s silver grills
   Some mannequins left
   Half-clothed
   We’d taunt them
   With our imagined summers
   In london paris rome
   We weren’t please and thank you
   Walking with books on our heads
   No we were going to devastate
   Greek shipping heirs
   At every port of call

Yet when our bus broke down
   And we trudged the shoulder
   Of highways
   Single file
   Dodging cigarette butt and horn
   We shook off those mornings
   Studied
   Their defenseless
   Indifference
   The blinding surface
   The quality of electric
   Without being alive
   We knew that there
   In only hot pants
   The ideal form
   Plastic
   Most would take a bullet for

   While at 16
   We were already trash-talking
   Our prayers never went beyond
   The second floor
   Light-years away
   From the last word
   That distant somewhere
Where a boat loses course
The north star forsaking
Its name to another

Source: Poetry (March 2015)