

# 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)