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In the Spaces

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In the Spaces

Cover Page Footnote

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EMILY RYAN

IN THE SPACES

found my childhood today,
hiding in the spaces.

between the rippling shadows
made by maple leaves
in summer sunshine;

between the snowflakes
falling lazy, fat, calm
in winter's white abyss;

between the breaths
when I hear, "I love you"
from four hours away.

it was hiding
between the leaves in piles
built with frosty fingers,
and blushing cheeks.

there in the silence,
before I fall asleep,
it dances above me.

found my childhood today
in the white spaces
of my existence.

STACY COLOMBO

REBEL WITH A CAUSE IN MIND

"This was a momentous step forward, and I decided to push myself one step further. I cut my hair."

—Lucy Grealy, "Autobiography of a Face"

The long flowing locks of brown hair fell one-by-one to the gray linoleum tile. In small bunches the length of my full, bountiful mane began to inch away—shoulder length, above the chin, tightly around my ears. The teeth of the cold, black scissors gripped into the last few sections of uncut hair, and my teeth rattled as the scissors grazed my scalp. My legs bounced on their toes as my hands ran down the length of the black cape to dry the moistness off my palms. My mother smiled—Am I doing the right thing? With a swift rotation of the designer's chair, a new woman stared back at me in the mirror.

It's not me I see,
a stranger to my naked eye—
rebellious nature