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The Vernal Pool

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

**RAVEN MARCHELL MORELLE
IMAGINE**



THE VERNAL POOL

ISSUE ONE, FALL 2014

MY IMAGINATION; RUNNING AWAY FROM ME

While playing Barbie dolls I lost my imagination. It fell from my head beside my bed and crawled like a baby tyrannosaurus on the floor. It opened the yellow door and braved the rainy outdoors just to go out and explore. It climbed a tree and whistled at me through the rainy downpour. My sight lost what happened next, but I pray it will come back to play in my head and never get lost again. Since it has left, I guess I could watch some TV instead. But the TV that my dad tried to fix is dead so videogames on the laptop it is, and that is if I can find my charger. The one with the yellow top and bent-up knot. The one underneath my twin bed with red covers hanging next to the pencil who lost his shaved head. The pencil who once drew pictures of tyrannosauruses wearing leaf hats because they were afraid of showers—meteorites—imagination in their heads.

SEVEN O' CLOCK

At seven o'clock on a Tuesday the TV talks about the weather; the couch cuddles with me because it's scared, and the remote kisses my hand because it cheated on me with my sister. The blanket screams for my hugs because it's jealous, and the carpet whines for my touch and not the cat's rough scruffs. The fridge so desperate for some attention exposes all of its goods like the whore she is, and the microwave winks its eyes at me for my love and affection. In complete lust my body listens to the TV in boredom, snuggles with the couch for the last time, and my hand massages the remote in exchange for channels. I give the blanket a huge hug so it can shut up and tease the carpet with my feet's touch. I consume the refrigerator's goods in earnest and flirt with the microwave's number for personal touch. How can I ever leave the things in my house that treat me so good?

THE CONCERT

The crowd at the Madison Square Garden in New York City explodes and the beat of a thousand drums drop. My favorite rapper of all time, Drake, makes time stop, and my heart takes a plummet and goes rickety rock. The movement in my body jumps and skips to the repeated tick tock of the clickety clock. Yet the rhythm of the song is slowing down my mindset against the boom bop; it is causing my eardrum to climb my veins to Mount Everest in retrospect. Intense is my intensity that strikes up the courage to ask the hairs on my forearms to stand up and brave the nerve-shaking thrill of the concert. My eyes bloodshot as the red tomato in excitement, and my mouth yelling out every word. *Started from the bottom now we here!*

MY NATURAL HAIR

Coils and spirals collided in a pattern and sprouted from my head. It had a general meeting and decided to soak every moisture known to man. It balances on top just to keep its appearance. And it dodged everything I wanted it to do like stay flat when it's supposed to. I told it to do as I say or I will tie it in a knot. My threat didn't budge it. My hair is a champion, a rebel, and narcissistic ruler. It takes no shit, and looks like shit when I'm in ruins.