

# MELANCHOLY

Mollika Hossain, Class of 2019

Vitality abandons me with the blink of an eye  
And I become a generic statue, unrecognizable to self and others  
Devoid of the charm and quirks  
The silence haunts my mind and seeps into reality  
Expressions become crafted from intentionally etched folds of skin  
Still unable to conceal the cyclic but familiar vacancy that keeps revisiting  
But, alas, I wait endlessly for winter to depart and hope for spring revival  
Only to continue shape shifting from flowing warm current into a giant immovable iceberg  
My heavy limbs frozen into a thick solid sink deep down  
What floats is an impenetrable wall for those that sail in my direction

# THE THING I COULDN'T SAY

Sana F. Azam, Class of 2021

I sat by your bed while you were sleeping  
The shrouding sheets felt cold for a June day  
And stone hard despite how easily it  
Sunk with you, shriveled, skeletal.

Maybe it was foggy that day—maybe my glasses  
Clouded from epochal respiration—smoke—spirits?  
A man coated in white, shadows trailing his feet  
Iron clad in black. Time of death—3:44pm.

Gone. All in a final sigh of breath.  
From the wracking seizures of your body  
To your last wisp of air—deafening—  
The room's air, heavy on my shoulders.

Hands burdening mine own, squeezing me,  
Pulling me away from you—stolen.  
I thought I could say farewell  
When I sat by your coffin.

*Sana Azam is a medical student at the Florida State College of Medicine. She completed her undergraduate studies at the University of South Florida in her hometown of Tampa.*

## SONORAN FLOWERS *(opposite)*

Amy Hollen

*Amy Hollen is an illustrator and graphic designer based in Tallahassee, Florida. She grew up in Arizona and continues to be inspired by the southwest. For more, visit [amyhollen.com](http://amyhollen.com).*