

COTTON CANDY



Juno Lee, Class of 2018

I didn't understand it. The park was empty, except for this cotton candy vendor. I had already circled the park twice, between naked black trees, crunching damp gravel on the trail. The overcast blanketed gray and blue and even the songbirds seemed to whisper today. But here I am, silently watching this whistling smiling hulk of a man, delicately twirling his wand of sugar into clouds of pink. I could hear him through his tangled dark beard, talking about the newspaper's font being too small or some shit. My eyes fixated on the ever growing spinning tumor and I couldn't move away.

Travis Bontrager, Class of 2018

Over the stinging aura of freshly mowed grass,
the sun beats down with an audible glare.
The line stretches far from the shade,
a cotton candy cart offers little cover.
a swirling pink web appears from the dry air,
wrapping, growing, spinning, enticing.
Only a crumpled dollar more for the jumbo,
a painted mouth over a sick stomach follows.

Denise Go, Class of 2018

We sit at an aluminum
table, taciturn and unapologetic
for our refusal to participate
outside windex-sprayed
screen doors. The
cotton candy, sickly sugar
processed and twisted
into capricious gossamer
threads, makes me
self-conscious of my
femininity—fleeting, confined,
melting in your mouth
to escape its own form.
Of course, it's pink.
Because who would
ever decide that something
so fragile like your branded
and commercialized
womanhood could be any
other color?