

# Graduation

*by* Anthony M. Powers

a light breeze slips in through the window,  
whispering,  
paling in comparison to  
the shirtless neighbors grunting  
and soaked in p.b.r.  
and the guy from across the street,  
the one who went to finishing schools his entire life,  
is still  
down  
stairs  
and is drinking my 5th beer in the past 20 minutes.  
and one of my roommates just walked past my door  
with that skinny, pale girl on his arm.  
and my roommates' parents have given the others cards  
stuffed with checks  
or twenties  
but i was left out of it  
because at the very least  
they knew my parents wouldn't give much,  
although i think there's more to it than that.  
and i'm almost out of cigarettes,  
and fireworks and sorority girls  
scream  
from down the street.  
and still i smile  
because tonight  
over the dull roar of college life  
and the echos of shallow ecstasy,  
masked by the ringing of security sirens  
and the giggling of pretty girls i never kissed,  
i hear a voice  
like soft thunder

reminding me  
this  
is  
the  
end.

