

## Two Poems

Maren Schettler

### **Silly–yes–but sweet**

I read the book she wrote in  
Marked with scribbles, scrawls, and lines.  
She annotated every page,  
Before she let the book be mine.

I read the book *she* wrote in  
But cared more for what she wrote.  
The printed words faded away,  
Beneath her penciled notes.

A smiley here, an *oh no!* there,  
A question after every page—  
I walked along beside her thoughts,  
Tracing shock, joy, and rage.

...I knew she kept a pencil,  
Tucked inside her purse,  
For at any moment she just might  
Have inspiration for a verse.

In the margins she would write,  
Bits and pieces of all kinds.  
Phrases, words, and lines she loved,  
Allowed me glimpses of her mind.

I began to think like her,  
Living in each note she shared.  
My thoughts were written in her hand,  
In loops, all messy, emotions bared.

My heart stopped in its tracks,  
When my own name caught my eye—  
A note addressed to me,  
“This!—reminds me of you and I...”

I melted when I thought about  
The fact that she would think of me,  
That I—me!—would be on her mind  
As she read this book she knew she’d lend me.

Did she write for my benefit?  
Did she write as I now read?  
Feeling giddy...a little silly...  
Hopelessly hopeful, I concede.

Page by page, I fell in love,  
With the girl behind the penciled tears.  
I’ll return the book to her tomorrow,  
With answered notes and abandoned fears.

## **The ghost who lost his shadow**

"Oh dear, oh my!  
I just had it by my side!  
Did it run away from me?"

The ghost who lost his shadow cried  
Empty glass teardrops  
That fell, shattered, left no debris.

"What will I do?  
I have already left the living,  
But now I am truly alone!"

The ghost spent all his time with the sun.  
Trying very hard to cast a shadow of his own,  
But had not a soul to shed.

"I'll glow in darkness  
By myself every night,  
And hope my shadow returns with the dawn!"

But the ghost didn't know  
That outside his hiding place, the moon of the night  
Was waiting for a friend like him:

Without shadow, reflecting light.

**Maren Schettler** is a senior studying English, music, and political science. She loves the outdoors and enjoys camping and hiking with friends and family. While in school, there is no end to her frustration with the lack of leisure reading time. Her boxer dog Pacha is her favorite reading buddy.