Cover Letter:

Dear Editors,

I am submitting the following three poems, from my collection *Dusting Off the Photo Album,* “Hide + Seek”, “Beam of Light”, and “leaving” to the class poetry journal.

I am a freshman studying Psychology at Boston University and I love to write in my free time, the only place my work has been published was in Harrison High School’s literary magazine. I hope you enjoy and appreciate some of my work!

Sincerely,
Danielle Vella

Contributor's Note:

Danielle Vella is a freshman studying Psychology at Boston University. She hasn’t had much of her work officially published (unless you count her anonymous ghost-writer blog). She spends her time doing a lot of things, but I’ll focus on scrolling through Instagram poets and laughing with friends, and then isolating herself to recharge her social battery. She told me to mention that she hopes you enjoy the collection *Dusting Off the Photo Album*. (If you do find the blog, don’t attach her name. Seriously.)

Dusting Off the Photo Album:

Hide + Seek
—

I can measure my growth with my hiding spots

at first

it was under the bed
small enough to *slip*
right underneath
between
bed frame
and
carpet

giggles i failed to conceal
being met with a smiling face that leaned down
“Found you”

eventually

i outgrew my secret under-the-bed hiding spot
swiftly replacing it with the closet

sitting silently

enjoying the trick i pulled

from then on

it became my default space
the place that yielded peace
it
was
too

predict-
able

No longer my escape
It becomes the first place they check

I find refuge in a new hiding place
My sister's bathroom

The light filters in
Face glistening
Concerned parents
"Found you."

Beam of Light
—

Glaring light that
s
p
l
i
n
t
e
r
s
the fog
Steering ships with people, cargo, supplies
Like *soft* hands adjust your form

Receiving acknowledgment every 24th
of the month

It becomes so natural
As if it were just another planet that rose

and

set
Slipping into the hori zon

Deep down it knows how essential
How useful
How appreciated
it is

But as years pass
Vines overtake the lantern
The light dimming dimming dimming dimming dimming dimming

the light

b a r e l y

seeping through

Nobody notices
It continues to serve its purpose
With its dying light

Until
one
day

the light goes
out.

leaving
—

I never wanted to leave
So I never planned to
Who needed to leave when everything was right here

She never wanted to leave
So we never planned for her to
Why worry about something she has sworn off altogether

I never wanted to leave
But I needed to leave
A part of my soul ramming at the locked door

What could've been a fairytale
I wouldn't have known
Guiltily trying to convince myself it was for the best

She never wanted to leave
Until she realized she did
Even though she dismissed her desires

We could tell

I didn't think I would ever really leave
Until one day I opened my drawers and all my clothes were gone
I never wanted to leave but I left anyway

(External Poem, not written for this class)

Wisp
—

I love seeing the flurries of
a dandelion puff
It reminds me of
the innocence from my childhood
Someone still believes in
wishes coming true