

# EARLHAM COLLEGE

Earlham College Baccalaureate  
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Like Sunsets and Leaving

A Poem by Caitlin Mariah Flannery '09

It's somewhere between dusk  
and darkness  
and people tell me something's ending.  
A day barrels on towards  
what will meet it,  
and things repeat like  
traffic,  
though not always so dreadful.

In the folds I find  
things—  
crumpled stories,  
some lint,  
a note,  
scraps of  
remembering  
with barely enough time  
to look at them.

It's somewhere between—  
but things are moving,  
like those thick clouds  
across the flat of  
Indiana,  
though not always so threatening.

People tell me something's ending.

I fiddle with the lint  
in my pocket and  
watch the last  
slashes of  
light  
to the faint sound of a train  
that hasn't stopped  
here for years.

This is what happens, like  
sunset, like  
my nails that keep growing, like  
spring that comes back,  
like leaving.

It's somewhere between  
and people tell me something's ending  
but things repeat,  
in different versions,  
altered patterns,  
train cars,  
traffic,  
rows of Indiana corn.

There are twelve steps  
from my porch to the car door  
that I will open  
and drive  
away.

The vanishing point  
isn't straight forward  
so I put words to things,  
to name and find sense,  
to hold still.

But even the word  
"today"  
is not the same  
when I wake  
and say it tomorrow.