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Healy Poetry Prize

English and Journalism Department

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Synesthesia

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“Synesthesia”

By Rachel Blood

I think that
Cotton candy
Tastes like untainted summers of hope and carnival lights,
And popcorn smells
The way you feel
On the green corduroy couch
Seven years old, dog at your feet
Family on all sides
Watching Disney reruns in the age
Of commercial breaks.

I think that
Peppermint flakes
Taste like Christmas and a live fireplace and the warmth of home,
And pumpkin pie
Feels like baking
With Dad two times every year,
Stifling laughs as he tickles you
Behind the counter while
Mom makes you pose for the Facebook page
You pretend to hate.

I know that
Nourishment comes
Not from the picnic table plates on the fourth of July,
But from the ones
Who feed and clothe
And love you, tears and joy both,
Who plant their wisdom like small seeds
In the soil of your mind
And watch it grow and give it sunlight,
Food for thought and heart.