

# To June

SABRINA  
BAETA

*meet cute*

I shoulder my backpack, head to the back of the room and remove what I'll need for the first day of school. I like sticking to fundamentals, my tools of choice are a gray notebook and pencil. Ah, to a semester coated in essentials. I look out the window, wish I could open it wide, let in the outside. It's a day of colored bricks and textured façades smothered in lectures and nods of understanding. The professor is standing and pacing, drawing and tracing strings of words while students sit facing the board with glazed over eyes. Amid the sea of newly bought supplies, I spy a laptop with a bright purple backdrop. Unlike me, she easily opens a new window and it looks like she's shifted from books to a gif set. I grin at the pictures, a mixture of actors from shows that grew popular after they ended. An extended silence signals the longwinded speech has reached its conclusion and pupils make futile attempts to hide their confusion. They scramble to gather their things while I amble and twirl the rings on my hand, choosing to take my time standing to avoid the loud bustle of the disbanding crowd. I notice the girl from before is still circling the floor and smile softly as she passes my desk. For the rest of the day my focus slacks when I think of the way she smiled back.

*motions*

Wake up, peel my eyes open, go through the motions. Brush my hair and teeth, reach for the first sweater in view and pull it on as I dart out of my room. Warm my hands on the travel mug Blake pours out for me and make a beeline for the door, but not before I hug her thanks. Floor it to my class, cutting through grass paths that leave dew on my boots. Shoot, forgot to bring lunch, I'll munch on vending machine trail mix instead and catch up on political twitter threads. I'm texting and the next thing I know it's the afternoon and soon I'll be done for the day. I place a binder on the desk, find her again, the girl with the gif sets and purple background whose smile I found so familiar. I stare at her and she looks back. Startled, I nod slightly and turn to my MacBook. She gathers her things and brings them to the seat next to mine. We greet each other with muttered "hi"s, swap names and utter out the same questions everyone asks when they begin. As the lesson quiets our spoken exchange, I grin at my new friend and feel okay knowing that not all of my day is arranged.

*what is art?*

There's a part in the semester where every humanities professor decides to conduct a demolition on the definition of art. Pretending to work apart from each other, they smother us in rhetorical questions on the historical concessions made on the constitution of "good." Should this have been the first time I was presented with the paradigm, I might be impressed. But the effect is lessened when I'm lessoned every second on the merit of a song or a poem or a painting, all while feigning interest in the antediluvian fixture. Though the lecture's strictures leave me feeling bored, her whispered words give moments of tedious discernment purpose beyond the discourse. She's the answer to the useless squiggles, she's the lesson learned in stifled giggles.