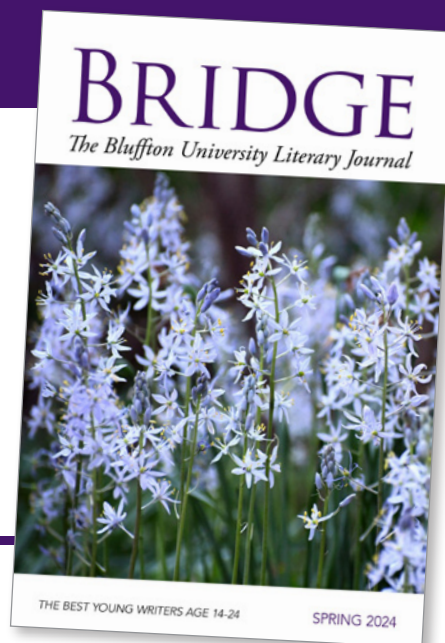


# BRIDGE

*The Bluffton University Literary Journal*



## A MEDITATION ON THE 3RD CONSOLATION OF LIZST

Astra Phoon

when warm rosy lanterns are released,  
they tangle with one another as they rise  
- above the cluttered city  
as bittersweet sky emerges coral,  
the city lights and bells ring in synchrony,  
crafting a melody that swiftly travels under  
horse carts, paned windows, across streets  
- in the form of the despairing breeze.

bells hum another tune-  
at last, she has arrived!  
the grand carriage parks  
and twirling out,  
a maiden in a crimson satin dress steps,  
fan in hand, ceramic mask, glossed lips -  
which kiss the airborne wind -  
adorning her porcelain face.

cheers all around as she enters, bowing.  
the festival is a pompous event -  
a Consolation in its 3rd form plays...  
first, a fortune-  
“Miss, I could never take your money,  
for all that...you do...!”  
“Here here, do take a slip.  
Shake it up, and...”

when night falls, Behold -  
the Truth.  
next, small games, such as  
throwing rings to win a bag of Koi fish.  
as shadows covering bright lights  
move to make room,  
newfound light wanders upon the lady's gown.  
“My lady!  
Would you truly consider yourself

so trivial as to perform-”

Green rings tossed,  
looping upon the narrow mouths  
of the positioned glass bottles.  
“Miss, you are a winner!  
Is there anything else we can provide...?”  
she shakes her head-  
in all her poise, she croons:  
“I thank you, but it is alright. This ... is Perfect.  
a soothing voice echoing through the festival,  
much like waves of

a  
f a r  
and  
v a s t ocean...

lastly, lanterns.  
a pen and an empty lantern are given.  
yellow blobs lighting up  
the night sky fill her eyes,  
as they travel  
across the city,  
perhaps, to another nation-  
a wish to behold.

as the sun falls and the stars come out to play, the festival comes to a close.  
shops shutter, Koi given plentiful food,  
all remaining lanterns collected - Ready for the next summer day!  
when the night falls,  
Witness!

bright eyes as hollow as the galaxy itself, jet black hair, blood red dress.  
the festival comes to an end. on the ground, Ready for the next summer day,  
shattered ceramic sits amidst rumpled tickets.  
singular broken dream sits,  
a Koi flops out of its abode,

heaving its last breath.



**Astra Phoon**

has been writing since she could remember, flowing her personal experiences and memories into worlds of vivid imagery and fanciful wishes. She has published in the Young Mensan Magazine and the Journal of Student Research - High School Edition. She was born and raised in NYC.