

## ALICE TEPEXCUINTLE

Alice would come to skool rainy and covered in motorcycle gear, shaking her fine blond mind out of a darth vader helmet. I could tell from the first poem she brought to the creative writing class — a poem that as I recall took in the desert in a kind of Wim-Wenders-movie way — that here was, is, a poet. Then there were the waitress/truck stop/animal-and-vehicle poems, a semester's worth, and their terrible sincerity. This terrible sincerity teeters between goofiness and seriousness, but finally approaches seriousness. And then, with a few little kicks, it retreats. So back and forth we go, tracing and re-tracing a ground, like the pouring of a sand painting, with Alice's lines, which are of the skool of the visionary-with-language. Her insistences drive us deeper into wildernesses of phrase or geography. Oh Alice, your swimming angel waitress' face absolutely lights up room 148 in the C Building! The tragedy of burdens is your insight, your song.

— Sharon Thesen