

Interview Fantastique, Albert Niu '23  
Gold Key

Come on in,

He says with a polite gesture, professional smile, powerful handshake

textbook techniques to tune

my performance level, but he doesn't need to

my strings are loose enough, I'm already drifting

Away.

Dim as the lights are, they still pierce

my eyes, suddenly my resumé has become

handcuffs, tying me to this interrogation chamber.

"How's senior year going?" and I already want to plead

the fifth, his voice knocking on my soul like

the Fifth of Beethoven.

Exaggerations, emphasis, embellishments

I'm a politician presenting my platform

in rapid staccato.

I remember how I used to mock politicians

for their fraudulent falsetto.

Fatigued, I clench the plastic cup and  
perform an act of drinking  
when there are really two drops left  
trying to hide the anger  
from reporting my life, majors and minors  
to a complete stranger.

GPA? Talents? Leadership?

I'm the finale of tonight's show.

I paint my face white with success and put a  
big red SAT score on my nose.

Enter the clown, he is painting, while singing, while juggling, while  
solving calculus.

And... that concludes our interview, he said,

It's been a pleasure. But it has not: he has barely a

sixteenth rest before

the next student walks in with

the same grades, same stories, same

cursed enthusiasm.

Bye, bye, bygone days

when life was a largo, not a presto

and my self wasn't on constant display;

when, deceived by naivete,

I believed that if I simply worked and prayed

I could have it my way.