

**girl on the bike**

poem and prose by Raymond Tu

Sally;

Kind, endlessly giving. Spunky haired,

bright colors and bold strokes  
on murals in New York City,

‘Gooood morning! You’re listening to  
Hot Sauce by Spider,’

Well Traveled (1626 Miles).

Lover of lemongrass chicken and mint chocolate chip ice cream.

She creates worlds in her writing,  
smiles with her sayings,  
homes out of houses.

She feels ready to take on the world,  
she fears no person, no place.

She gives unwavering rays of sunshine and  
unconditional love.

Resident of coffee at seven and sleep by eleven;  
belongs to bike lanes and trails everywhere

Sasz

## **An Analysis that Could and Would Never Do Justice: Sally Sasz**

My friend, Sally Sasz, is perhaps the most beloved person at this University. These past few days, stories have been shared, essays have been written, photos, videos, audio files of Sally have been read, seen, and listened to. In remembering Sally's full and fulfilled life, alongside Sally's classmates, her closest friends, and her family, we all agree that to everyone, Sally was the kindest soul, the most selfless friend, and 'the girl on the bike' with the beautiful hair and perfect posture. I describe her hair as 'spunky' because I wanted to use Sally's own words. She loved describing off-kilter, unconventional, quirky things as 'spunky.' She had a lot of other sayings and writing habits that would make people smile and laugh; she loved semicolons, she used 'darn' instead of 'damn,' she would say 'that's nuts!' when surprised.

I have always admired her unrelenting passion for the arts. She was a writer, a painter, an artist of various media, an advocate for arts curricula in public education... the list goes on. She interned for the NYC Public Schools and Thrive Collective and worked alongside community residents to plan and paint murals in Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Harlem. She cared deeply for children and worked alongside kids in both New York and Chapel Hill, in various art and art history programs. She was a radio DJ for WXYC and did an early morning show called 'Hot Sauce,' where she called herself 'Spider,' because she had elegantly long arms and legs. Sally also interned for the Turner Carroll Art Gallery in Santa Fe. She loved Santa Fe. She forgot about a bag of gummy bears in her car and it ended up melting into this colorful, messy conglomerate of gelatinous, amorphous goop. She and her co-worker had the ingenious idea of turning it into an art piece. She called it 'Well Traveled (1626 Miles).'

During the spring semester of sophomore year, I practically lived on the couch of 314B Brooks Street, where Sally's home was for a year. Sally loved Vietnamese food. We shared our love of

Lime and Basil together. At Brooks Street, she would make this amazing lemongrass chicken that she would without a doubt share with me and her housemates. She also loved mint chocolate chip ice cream, though she was very disciplined and in-control of her sweet tooth. Her housemates agree that she really made the house feel like a home. Literally, because she supplied many of the cooking supplies, kitchen utensils, paintings, and furniture pieces in the home, but also figuratively, as she was such a warm, loving human.

In my three years of knowing Sally, I've also come to love and admire her confidence and fearlessness. She took on every challenge in stride and was never afraid of putting herself on the line. She was not afraid of asking a boy out on a date nor was she afraid of any mountain, pass, or trail. She carried herself with so much confidence, yet she was always humble. She never spoke ill-word of anyone, even if they (in my eyes) deserved it. She always radiated positive energy. In describing Sally, so many people have used the word 'sunshine.' From the moment she woke up (at the ungodly hours of 7 A.M.) to the time she went to bed (a modest, unthinkable 11 P.M.), she was all smiles.

I know this poem and this analysis would never do her justice (no words, paintings, recordings, or videos could), but I hope you've gotten a glimpse of the beautiful soul that is Sally Sasz.

--- Raymon Tu