

PassionPonka

Professor Mitchell

ENGL B41A

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Girl

Always walk with your head towards the ground,
down

Cover your legs don't you have any
shame

Don't talk to boys you'll make our family look bad, and so will
you

Why did she spend the night at her friend's house do you really trust?
her

Who said anything to you don't speak unless your spoken
to

Clean up after everyone but don't you dare enjoy the
night

Go get an education but don't think your going anywhere with that
knowledge

Hurry up and turn the golden age little
girl

So we can sign off your heart and send you
away

Her eyes

Her eyes hold oblivious tears of pain at ten months' old
Escaping the hands of death reaching towards her
As her mother and father pace from one temple to another
In search of a spiritual healing
looking to water the tree that holds the freshest apple of their eyes

Her eyes crinkle as she and her sisters stay up giggling
Knowing they should be sleeping
As they play a game of snakes and ladders underneath the sheets
Using a flashlight to direct the way
of the slithering sighs and climbing kudos, *shhh mumma will hear us*

Her eyes well up as she races behind her mother's back
Remembering the time, she watched her father behead her
friendly feathered friend
As she spits out the chicken fed to her in hopes of making her stronger
Vowing to never eat the flesh of anything that can cry

Her eyes hold the darkness of the hole she slipped into
Standing, still with her sansaar¹ silently laying in front of her
As she realizes, she would never bury her face
in her mother's chest again

Her eyes shudder in the face of bright lights as her migraines torment her at the age of twelve...

¹ Sansaar; Hindi origin- universe

Morning

I make my way over to the kitchen
And ponder on what I should prepare for the day
Maybe some meatless chicken
Or a lentil soup to keep my looming cold at bay

After I eat both, I decide to take Lola for a walk
The sun is golden and yellow roses bloom
My neighbor waves us over but neither in the mood to talk
Not upset, not in a gloom, just enjoying a silent space other than my room

Returning from our stroll leaves both of us in – oh! The stoves on, I'm always forgetting
The brightness of the morning makes it hard to adjust to setting
The living room is shone through shimmer and green
I race to my journal- inspired by an idea, much like a dream

I put my pen on the page knowing exactly what I plan to write
Someone is at the door, my vision dissipates -- a feeling I truly despise.

Ride

April showers have begun to fade, I look outside and see clouds dark and heavy
heavier than an assignment that has been pending, impending
who knows how long before the sky
will burst in tears again

I unload all the needless items out of my book bag leaving only
7 dollars
Coelho's, *The Alchemist*
windbreaker and headphones, let's see where the wind takes me

As I walk into the dusty garage I see my cruiser shy under the tarp I haven't unveiled
in months, I check to see if she's gone flat. *I would have gone flat too Nat*, I'm here now
I rinse off the dust to reveal her smooth black finish dressed in flowers I had adorned
onto her with a white sharpie

Although mostly gloomy and threatening, there are a few clouds
dripping with gold and
white satin, illuminating optimism within teary-eyed sockets
6:27 p.m., *is it always this beautiful and quiet out here?*

I adjust my headphones and put on The Beatles
As I begin to pedal, slowly but swift
I imagine myself in the strawberry fields they sing of
Wondering if nothing really is real

The wind is cold, and the thunder starts to rumble- almost sounding like a personal
threat: *Go home while you still can, before you're all alone*
But all I can think of is the beauty of being detached from any one place, constantly
floating on; I ride toward the light being shed by the few cotton coloured clouds, that's
where I'll go

You make me...

Looking at you makes me realize that I no longer enjoy my lonesome
You've become my
solitude

Listening to you speak makes me wish I could see life through the lens of your
telescope
Forever directing to the stars

Hearing you laugh makes me want to be able to envelop myself inside of your soul
Like a bumblebee nestled inside the bed
of a gardenia

Tasting you makes me feel like a fever stirring within, waiting to spread to every inch
of a sick body--slowly then all at once
The same way cream mixes into the black mass of your morning coffee

Hearing your silence makes me want to raise the volume of my own thoughts loud
enough
in hopes of getting through to you

Being in the presence of your morose makes me fight the urge to cry
Knowing the tightness within my throat would be strong enough
To wrap its hands around the both of our necks providing instant relief.