

**Sixfold: Collection of 5 Poems titled 'Jagged Exists'**

***Poetry Submission #1: Haiku***

Rejection slapped

She goes by Mother

I'm not familiar with that name

***Poetry Submission #2: Haiku***

Landscaped zip codes

For mail and also for thrones

Still, the same weeds grow

***Poetry Submission #3:***

**NOVEL LOVE**

This is robust and difficult

At times I struggled to rise up and shine

Awash in the ring that we created, that encompasses

We exist

I adore you, that has not changed

Our life may be simple but it is brilliantly laid in gorgeous stones

A mosaic for the eyes

A feast of our most prized memories and thoughts

It is flawed. But mostly perfect.

Chasing paths is what we do, sometimes quite literally

For running has strengthened so much more than our bodies

And each time you have touched me, I know you have wanted to.

You have always been adjacent.

As hard as this gets, this adventure with you gets easier.

Simply, more complicated than ever

Even the fools can see our love

Even the stars dance above us

When we are not together, we are braided

When it gets difficult, when it gets very, very difficult  
That is when I know that I love you the most  
With massive, mountainous emotion that wildly sprints  
Everything was wrong as we walked together  
Now here is our world  
Boundless

***Poetry Submission #4:***

**TAKEN**

I lost you before I knew you  
Guiltily selfish, I dismissed you  
I carry my horrific actions with tired arms

Sorrow and sorrow and sorrowful days  
Drowning in wishes for you  
A tear-soaked floor and a shirt that's no longer white

All I wanted to be and all the ways I wasn't  
Self-forgiveness is ice on snow  
Useless on a colorless platter

You anchored my head and heart  
I didn't know I needed it  
And now

My feet stand sure  
You're not gone though  
I still miss what you would have been

***Poetry Submission #5:***

**INTERVIEW**

A cunning smile ate her face  
I know this and I know you, she said  
Straight line in a pressed suit  
Assess the assessment

Looming over and tossing aside  
Ever the professional  
Ever the moment  
Conducted and concluded

I walked lightly till the sun skimmed my face  
And I, too, smiled the cunning smile  
A shame  
For she knew so much, so little

My worth grasped in my own hands  
Never to know the gift she gave