

Poetry Compilation (2021-22)

Daisies

For three days straight, I had been asked to mow the lawn.
It isn't much of a lawn however.
An eight by five trapezoid of grass, with a scrawny tree at its center.
I make a point to remind everyone that it is not a lawn,
but a swale,
a demarcation
of the two-way asphalt road
and the coral colored sidewalk of my neighborhood.
Like the cracks on my sidewalk, I too cracked under pressure.

I cut the swale

I assemble the contraption used to cut the grass.
A thick, metallic pole, and at the end a spinning disc
with a thick polypropene string.
At a high speed, it becomes a blade that cuts down
hundreds of green grass stalks. Though I show grass no mercy, I always stop the mower when I
see a daisy.
I pluck it from its stem and set it aside, saving it from massacre.
But I realize the other day that I am doing no service to these flowers.
Instead, I prolong their end.
So why do I feel like I am doing a good thing?
I mean, it was death by my graceful hand or by the sweep of a blade.

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Aircraft

My nose
Is pressed amongst the double paned window
So thin,
Yet it's the one thing
Preventing the oxygen from escaping its circulating confinement,
And my lungs.

Stare at the pitch black
The demarcation of the thrashing ocean and night sky blur
You wouldn't even know the waters were there
If it weren't for the razor thin layer of cloud,
Hovering between them.

There's 20 minutes to landing and I'm still
Suspended thousands of feet in the atmosphere
Preparing for a rapid descent, I *stare*
I wonder how it would feel to be suctioned from that window
Into the biting air

Knowingly I'd plummet,
But I can't help to think

That I'd float like a leaf

And *EXPLODE* into rays of light on the surface of the black waters

lighting up the currents,

disappearing into the night.

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Box

My hands are like yours,
Dry and cracked
And my nails nonexistent because I chew them off.
When my fingers become stubs,
And my knuckles become sore,
I gnaw off the skin on my lip and cheeks.

Work

Earn money

Work

Earn money

Work

Earn money

Yet I can't spend a dime on myself truly.

My car needs gas
My school needs parking
My feet need shoes, and I need books

My little change I stuff in a blue box
There for a future I can't yet picture
Because I know I'll need it and that you won't be there
You never have been

I am gone for work and school before the rooster crows, waking you up.
And I come home to see my blue box to be open.
I should have just spent it on stupid things,
Because it kills me to know it sits in your pocket.

Poetry Compilation (2021-22)

Antiques

I love the antique market that's on the busy street
I drive there after gathering my earnings of that week

My dry fingers rummage through a filled, dusty chest
And though the trinkets bring me joy I still feel bereft.

An old man stops me in my solemn tracks.
His name is Chuck, and he wears a straw hat.

He tells me all you need is two of something to be a collector,
his sharp eyes pull me out of my contemplation specter.

I notice that I am searching for tiny little clocks.
Small ones- I wonder if he has any in stock?

Why I look for them I don't know, they draw in my eye.
They endlessly tick as the time passes by.

But these are all broken, rusted beyond repair.
The one thing they were made to tell withered them bare.

Time withered my soul, and I too feel broken.
Why I do I sit on this shelf? I want my purpose spoken.

As I'm digging through items that belonged to the past,
I hope you think of me like your treasure unsurpassed.

Pull me out from beneath items forgotten,
And cherish me once again.