

Dragon

i can't type one word texts
because i always have too much to say
but everytime i try to speak about you
i stutter in failed attempts to bring about the words to describe you
my mouth is sewn closed
my sentences are cut into half
i love you
Right

the vile things that come out your mouth
are swirling around choking me punching me
again and again and again
farther and farther back into the ground
you're supposed nurture
help me to grow
then why am i wilting
why are there grey hairs hidden like brown edges on a green leaf

the hours of 5-7:30 are to be left undisturbed
poke the dragon and she releases a big breath of fire
it hurts

hate getting talked over
but i've gotten quiet
because your voice shakes the whole room
i've gotten good at ducking over the years
i've gotten good at flinching everytime someone raises their hand
i've gotten good at evading capture
dull aches and red marks
it hurts

i spew bullshit to my friends
don't hold your feelings in
i've done a lot of suppressing
doesnt mean im depressed
Just

i'm better at listening to their problems than dealing with my own
because you make them uncomfortable
no one knows how to respond
it hurts

i only cry in the shower
water works as a good camoflauge i guess
it hurts

i know you're wrong
i know you don't mean it
i know you speak from anger
but you come from a place of love
Right

i'm on the floor
it hurts

i know your potential was cut off at 21
not worth it is my middle name
it hurts

it's hard to board a flight that won't leave the runway
i've packed my suitcase three times
waited for the door to click
stared at the stars
looked out the window seat, beckoning me
before rational thought kicked in
i turn around
it hurts

she spoke in metaphors because she couldn't find
words to choose
she spoke in metaphors because she was too scared to say the word
abuse

Seeing Your Friends Cry

i wish i could hold you tight
make the sun beam again
drape my bony shoulders with a cape
that lets me lift you from
the abyss of pain you've fallen into
escape
from being taunted under the strongholds of depression
the clenched fists of anxiety
disrupted by shouts of conflict
heartaches when water droplets appear out of the corner of your eye

i wish my bony shoulder was enough of a pillow to cry on
i have so much advice
rationale to explain problems with solutions but
that's not how it works out sometimes

because
when we fall apart
we're back to the start
and all i can do is follow with what i have
my heart
my embrace
my empathy
because damn your world goes beyond the bubble that determines
the parameters you live your life in
you will get better cuz
i guess there's always a summit
some feelings are never voiced
but felt
i'm here
i'm always here
seeing your friends cry

Thathaya

it was a sunday
a day filled with laziness, laughter and lulling
the scent of homemade waffles wafted by
For the mouths of those not trapped in

Desolate phone calls
Day filled with sullen faces, grim mutterings
The generalized feeling of being numb
the scent of death overtook my nostrils
traveling from across the world masking the smell of waffles that were never made

my dad went into the bathroom for two hours
my brother played with his legos
my mother trapped in endless conversations
and i
just stood

i didn't cry
i didn't ask why
i didn't speak
Because all i could think about
was you

the waterfall that was supposed to flood down my face in droplets made out of pain and
the deficiency of your love
didn't exist
instead my eyes were as dry as the hot, airy sahara desert of
repressed emotions that i couldn't tap into
bc all i could think about
was you

i remember every time the car drove down the dusty red road along your house
Uneven over unpaved roads
you were always sitting outside
waiting
smiling
relentlessly

i remember the first time i rode your motorcycle
every blink i took
amounted to your overactive warnings
you were always there
telling me to be careful

i remember that i've never said more than same set of 40 words to you
you never talked much
but in times like these i can't help but
chide myself for not telling you
about that one track meet or about what stupid thing my little brother did
Why didn't i ask about your life
Why didn't i tell you about mine
and how you gave everything up for your little brothers
in a poverty stricken area of india
Built a life for yourself
why didn't i ask

you didn't speak much
but every three years when i came from my suburban town to the rusty village
you came to say hello and you were always there to say goodbye
but i was never there to say bye

i never even cried
i never said much
sometimes i doubt if i ever truly knew you
sometimes i doubt if i'm every truly sad
sometimes i doubt if i ever truly loved you

because when the tears finally formed
somewhere inside i know
i'm not crying bc i miss you
i'm not crying because of the time we shared
i'm not crying because of your smile your laugh your stories

i'm guesss crying because i should of said more than the same set 40 words to you
i should have spent more time with you
i should of made more memories of you
i only saw you every three years
i should of asked you about your life
i should have told you about mine
i should of i should of i should of

when i was 11
you showed me a little baby buffalo

i named her sunny
sunny for the sky and sunny for your smile
sunny for the look in my eyes when they landed on her
sunny for the feeling she gave me as i wrapped my arms around and squeezed tight bc she
was mine and that's all that mattered and she would never leave
i came back three years later
she's a grown up
has a sunny of her own
and i look for the sun in her eyes and she gives me the clouds
she doesn't remember me
and all i can think about is how in three years when
i'm all grown up
someone will mention your name and my eyes will forget the sun in your smile and
all i'll give them is clouds
i won't remember you bc i'd never had much to remember you by
and all you'll ever be to me
is that grandfather who died

A Poem

this is a poem
If punctuation and the laws of grammar are
left behind
and the words weave together in their quintessential eloquence
as your tongue savers each adjective in every line
while your heart taps out the beat to match its rhythm

oh,
this is a poem
as your mind starts to clear, it's easy to make out a meaning and a truth
through the fog of words, that blinds you for a second until your eyes crinkle together
and you see what it is concealing
oh,
this is a poem
when your heart swells and your mind is clouded by emotion as
the logic and rationality of society are thrown into the whirling wind
and you are transported to somewhere that is not here as there is a spirit, soul
reaching to mankind through well placed words and phrases
as chills run up your spine

oh,
this is a poem
when the simplest of words
incite the deepest of thoughts, emotions and revelations
open your eyes to all the fresh notions the world has to offer
introducing perceptions unlike your own
breaking the molds that everyone has cast for us

oh,
this is a poem
when every word you are saying is being listened to
with the utmost concentration
and nothing in the world makes you more comfortable
than a pen in one hand and paper in another
and the fluency and the power of the words
calms you
that, is when you know that you
are a poet

that is when i know i am a poet
when i am uncomfortable when they tell me to put my hand in the middle as my eyes are
confronted by a sea of vanilla and i am the only chocolate ice cream cone
and the only thing to crush this feeling
underneath my boot
is when I have a pen in one hand and a paper in another

oh,
this is a poem
when they called my parents uncivilized
and anger rises up and stirs in my heart
but i don't yell because i don't
wanna be that girl
and the only way to feel most free, is when i am armed with
a pen in one hand and a paper in another

oh,
this is a poem
when i sit in the same classroom year after year,
the scenery is only thing that's changing
my melanin is marking me the target their eyes that unconsciously aim at
and i can do nothing
but hope to contain the heat that explodes into my cheeks

my version of a blush
with a pen in one hand and a paper in another
oh,
this is a poem
every time I mispronounce a word
a sliver of me wonders if it because english is not our first language
even though I have lived here since I was 2 years old
oh,
this is a poem
when i can't tell anyone about what's happening at home
because I have seen first hand from the country that I came from people who have it worse,
who live worse whose lives are plagued by poverty, sickness
and misery
i don't deserve to complain
when my therapist who will listen is my fingers that grip a pen in one hand
and a paper in another
oh,
this is a poem
when every 89 feels like a cement truck has been dropped on my body because it is
a mark of failure as the stress of not getting into a decorated ivy league
without a full ride
ultimately means of my parents wedisappointment
and to some my grades are a pedestal they will never reach
so I try not to convey my true feelings out loud and only I will hear
how the beginnings of high school led to 5 meltdowns in one week
to someone who is one of the calmest people I know
me
because how can someone who tries so hard be rewarded in the worst way
every ache of stress lingering in the back of my head and the anxiety of each test pinches my
neck
and the only salve that sooth these feeling
is my pen in one hand and my paper in p
oh,
this is a poem
when my heart swells and my mind is clouded by emotions as
the logic and rationality of society are thrown
into the whirling wind
and I am transported somewhere that

is not here
and there is a spirit, soul
reaching to me through well placed
words and phrases
and i feel most myself when there is a pen in one hand
and a paper in another
and the fluency and meanings of the words calms me
oh,
this is my
poem.