

Poetry Contest – January 24th, 2023
HEARTFELTS COLLECTION.

I. OTRA VEZ – THE DESTROYER AND THE CREATOR

otra vez
there she is
with her head in the clouds and her heart in her hands.
she rains the tears of sorrow and pain
yet repressed vexation boils strong in her veins.
conflicted between being morale and being irrational.
though if there even is a middle between the two,
she embodies all of one and then emerges as the other,
a dual.

otra vez
she gives a piece of herself in everything she does,
she was
determined and anxious to see the beautiful seed that she planted sprout
and evolve into a self compelling, imminent kind of love that remembers who planted it,
but then again,
it was
planted in 2 parts love, 1 part fear
and another part a dream of justice to the broken hearts in her many lives before this one.
and as the wait goes on, much longer than long,
the line blurs between excitement and anxiety,
now fearful of ever trusting anyone to tend to a seed they never planted in the first place.
or maybe they did.
maybe they gave you an ounce of hope and sold you a world of dreams
and you took it and planted it in your heart of gold and gardens
just like she did.
but there's this thing about eden,
this rage that comes with seeing a world that was to be a place of growth instead falling at the
hands of death again and again
and again

otra vez,
now she finds comfort in desolate land
she finds warmth in the flames that scorch the earth
she becomes whole and nourished in dry, cracked endings
ripping
apart the earth,
no longer fearing
destruction
for with destruction breeds room for

creation.

once again,
she is the destroyer
and the creator.

II. HOUSE OF BROKEN MIRRORS

i looked for a home in you,
confiscating dry lands like natives and the white man
instead i yearned for what i did not have,
so i will
settle myself comfortably
in the center of your mind
and set up mirrors all around the corners of your thoughts to envision me
i remember vividly
how i found my way into the depths of your mind,
blackened spaces kept dark
but for me you shed light over your deepest scars,

unintentionally
leading your head to align with your heart,
but along with your love you gave me the reminiscent pain of old marks,
and it consumed me,
just like how i consumed you
with a reflection of our memories..
and yet the fracturing in those mirrors mesmerized you
while the sharp sorrow of your scars became embedded into me.
so i
sit on bleeding knees,
hiding tears from my cheeks, attempting to keep up this false sense of me
because i built this home of fallacy
inside of you
to find my peace,
though the darkness of your traumas slip through the cracks of these mirrors
broken,
a reflection of my own insecurities.
and for months now i have pleaded and begged just to be released,
but these fragmented mirrors will not let me forget
that i built this house on the foundations of pains and pleasures,
so for as long as i am on your mind
i am trapped inside of you
while stuck inside of me.

PT. 2

i shattered the glass inside of you,
breaking through the corners of your mind
yet i am not sure whether the worst part
is that the fractured glass is only but a reflection of me
or that i shattered the sequence of your heart from the inside
i played the part, danced and adorned you,
searching to find myself in the darkness you made comfortable,
couldn't find a way out
and the terror excited you.

III. BREATHLESS

i couldn't breathe into me,
intoxicated by my own poison,
an indescribable high that cuts when i bleed.
i am
in the deep end, blind but watching
myself drift off
away from me
falling fast asleep,
couldn't move my feet—
sinking into synchronicities, deep
deeper than my own fears,
bitten tongue, holding back my own tears, i am swung
back around your finger of absence,
dark pictures painted for accents,
voided thoughts swinging by a slip knot,
still can't breathe so i just stopped.