

Home

When I Asked my Trauma to Leave

“No. I have inherited this land; it is my birthright. I knew your mother, her mother, and her mother. There are things here that are too strong to be uprooted, twisted things that run deeper than you know. They anchor you to this soil, planting your feet into the native. There is a way to do things, even if we forget why we do them. Even if it makes no sense. Even if it hurts. Embrace the lineage. Join hands with the familiar. Make friends with all the ghosts that haunt your halls. Look at your reflection; see the centuries staring back.”

Motherland

The problem is I've found the key
but I don't know which door it opens
there are secrets inside of me
that I'll never know

I am a series of abandoned passages
and unopened rooms where shadows
collapse over light and dust devours
all of these untouched places-

There are relatives here I never visit
there are things here I can't bring to light
and I guess what I'm trying to say is
there's a reason I'm afraid of the dark

Childhood Friends are Like Open Wounds

Why does it hurt to think about you?
The sweetest things often bleed the most
like ripe fruit in the middle of summer,
these memories are still fresh

I'm the small town you grew up in
you know all my faces and all my secrets-
I'm so familiar you could walk through me
like a pitch black room and know where everything is

You are redolent of summer swims and
sunburns and scraped knees on concrete
(back then you were the only thing
that could stop the bleeding)

As we grow older, we learn that
it's hard to remove the rotting parts
for whatever reason, it's difficult
to separate the bad from the good,
we learn that everything will fade,
and despite how good, one bruise is enough
to ruin the whole fruit

Why I Wrote my First Poem

Because I could see everything beautiful and good walking away from me, and the poem was the only way to grasp its hem as it was leaving. To catch the tail end. To receive some sort of miracle. To salvage. But in retrospect, if I were able to retrieve, and if I were to succeed in capturing all my golden hours, I might realize that memories are nothing more than sentimental projections of times when I thought I didn't have any problems. I might realize that memories are romantic landscapes on which we prop the unrealistic belief that life was better at one time. That maybe the memories are better than the moments themselves, and the poem is what makes it beautiful and good.

Childhood Friends are Like Open Wounds (Reprise)

I am part of the larger sum of everything you blame for who you are now. I am the side character of that movie you watch over and over. I am the comic relief. The villain. Or whatever you want me to be. Whatever makes you feel better. I am redolent of melted ice cream and honeysuckle and heart ache. I am that ragged thing that you can't get rid of. I am ugly but I am what you hold at night. I make you ache with love and hate for a time that was terrible and wonderful. You can't let me go because loving feels like hurting and hurting feels like home.