

A Collection of Thoughts

By Sophia Silver

Love Poem for a Cave

I walk down you

With my hands touching your cold sides

I could walk barefooted down your

Long expanse

And breathe in your musty smell

For hours,

For days,

Breathe in the smell of loneliness

Darkness

I will keep you company,

Read you poems

Sing

And you can be my enormous shoulder to cry on

Then, when we wed

The chairs will be filled with shadows,

Sitting inside you

And I will wear a black veil,

and the darkness will marry us.

I will throw a dead flower to the rocks,

Watching as they scramble to catch it.

Art Gallery

And so we walk down the whitewashed floors,

Hand in hand,

Our mouths closed but our minds racing,

And we lock eyes

And read minds,

A sense of understanding shrouds us,

And we discuss the brush strokes and the colors,

Uttering chuckles at the amusing names of the painters.

And I wonder;

Is the whole world not unlike an Art Gallery?

Different colors, shapes, sizes,

But with one vague similarity that makes connects them.

One thing that makes them a family.

The World is a beautiful place

Remember

The world is a terrible place.

It is.

But it is also the most magnificent place

Think of the sea gulls, gliding swiftly on the air

Like a dolphin in the sea

Remember the sand getting stuck in your toes

The rain coming down, warm,

Creating puddles on the pavement.

Think of unexplored mountains, the depths of the ocean

Unknown to human kind,

But brimming with life all the same

You could discover them

Or change the world.

I realized something when I was very young

You could either be that 'nice' person

Average, living then dying

Taking up space, increasing the population

Or you could be someone

You could make a name for yourself,

You wouldn't be just any face in the crowd

A dandelion next to thousands upon thousands of other dandelions

You could be the rose, mixed in with them

Inspiring the lives of everyone you meet

Making them realize that the world is indeed

A beautiful place

Bleak

A field of snow covers the ground,

Freshly fallen.

Tufts of grass peek out,

Clinging to the dirt as the wind

Crosses the expanse of white quickly,

Tugging.

Pale waves crash into the dull grey rocks,

Filling the air with the sound of madness.

Madness for the white birds screaming in the sky,

Diving for fish.

Madness for the rolling foam,

Like wild horses on the run.

Madness for the few survivors,

Green against the white.

Madness for the dawn that left a

Stray brushstroke of purple

In the early morning sky.

Eternal

The trees stand dark and solitary, packed tightly together.

Like bloody bodies in a heap, while loved ones grieve.

The wind makes them talk, bending their limbs and forcing them to whisper.

Whisper about lost lovers and faraway places, out of reach.

Whisper about the secrets of the night.

All is silent when the wind isn't interrogating, all is almost calm.

Everything stands tensely still, waiting

Waiting for a noise to free them from their stiff bodies

To bring them to life.

To be stripped of their rough bark and freed.

Freed from the bonds of eternal

Watching, eternal waiting

Eternal wondering