

Hannah Isaac

Poem 1

I thief my highs from substances oozing out of the cracks of despair
Like the thirsty begging for sustenance, I extend my arms holding hope to be given
clarity
I reach into the corners of the most despicable of places begging to find prosperity
Why does an orchid coexist in a world drenched in violence
Why can one stare into the sky then look back and not feel remembrance
Why when you look into ones eyes, you can see a thousand words, but when I look into
my own,
I see none

Poem 2

Equivalent to the evanescence of my internal contretemps, the importance of stillness is present
in chaos
The mind may repress endearment until the thick displays of pain are interrupted by
brilliant intercedings of color

A bird born in a cave and never released from it has never seen the moon
It cannot know where the daylight falls, darkness swallows it gradually
As an adolescent that never was privileged with innocence will never be granted emotional
ignorance
You can see a thousand things, but simultaneously only understand ten of them
For we live a life of great mystery