

Things I Don't Understand

Poetry.

Poet? I am not
In the business of weaving words
Into anything but the intricate plots of my fictions,
In the business
Of unweaving words
To pry out meanings beyond idle imaginings.
Using diction creates
Powerful images of lust and distortions of policies
In the business of oppressing
Beautiful souls written into or out of history
In the business
Of depressing souls
Carefree in a world where carefree is falsity.
Poet? I am
Not, yet.

Childhood.

Screaming shrilly to friends across the field,
No, across the kingdom –
No, across the *queendom* as I am the queen.
Dragons transform into winged horses green
In color and in nature.
Us, mighty tens in battered tennis shoes
Paint our world in vivid striking hues.
Father says no, child
You have no concept of reality, reality

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Is the only truth of this world. Lethality
Of adult *guidance*.
Squashing the ability of youth to transport
Oneself is in essence a wish to deport
Growth of nations.
Abandon happy lies
Against a world of dragons and winged
Horses above islands delicate ringed
With child-borne truths.

Death.

I cannot grapple with Death who has a grip so tight
On the ones I love and the ones I might lose
In the next days of the forever drawing to an end.
Crash, bang, splat, hang,
So many ways to meet him and yet in the end
Only one, truly. His tightening fists continuously
Apply their hold to my lost, lost loves and I cannot
Understand why they leave
Why they cannot stay, they are so young, my young.
I want to tell them they do not have to join him,
They do not have to fly away.

Death Part II.

They are beautiful, kind,
Wise and creative with minds of gold like halos.

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So annoyed, car won't start.

We loved them so, their generosity
And their never-ending humor radiating
Through high school hallways.

Can't wait to go to the concert today!!

Such a tragedy, such a loss
Has never been known before today.
Mourning may never end.

Day 2 Selfie Challenge: On A Park Bench.

I miss you, you were my best friend
Even though I haven't spoken to you in years.

Count down the days to graduation everybody!!

Two weeks shy of graduating.

#GetMeOutOfHere.

Just wanted to celebrate the end of confinement
In a portable-cluttered prison,
Internment.

High school is seriously a prison, shit!

Stuck in the forever of death, now, trapped in youth.

Me.

Pleasant conversations are lost on those who introvert.

I cannot extrovert because though I understand

People, I don't understand people.

I can tell you how to handle

Personal struggles of misinterpretation.

I cannot tell you how to handle personal

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Struggles of misinterpretation

For fear that you might misinterpret my garbled nervousness.

Anxiety ravaged heart flutters hopefully,

Vein-hands wave frantically as I am approached.

How to respond –

Respond how to respond when you cannot respond.

Nerves, hormones, a bucketful of adrenaline -

The next big energy drink

Coursing through veins and other parts of the body

That I did not care about in high school.

Test taking queen, I am

Your test taking queen but not your Homecoming Queen.

Maybe this result is the result of acne

Maybe it is the result of a resting bitch face like ice cold

Malice. Maybe it is the result of ignorant interactions,

Maybe I was born with it.