

# AN OPEN TABLE

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*This is in light of your teachings, Dana Herman and Sarah Kay.*

*Without you both, I would not be writing.*

## About the author

I am a 17-year old who fell in love with poetry in 2015. Since then, I have had an on-off-again relationship with writing and performing, but recently I have gotten back into watching Button Poetry on YouTube and performing with my local poetry society I am in love all over again. I want to have a place for my poems to exist in. One that is accessible and organized, which is why I have started this ebook, but I am also starting writing for me. I started publishing for the public- to hopefully reach someone and inspire poetry within their lives and I believe I have done that. In truth, I do not want to live without this craft and I hope you come to feel the same way. I hope you enjoy.

## summary

Anxious Reflection (a sonnet)

What If?

1,2,3...

Pages in Passion

LTMS:

why you should always water your flowers

1.

the aftermath

## Anxious Reflection (a sonnet)

The floor boards let out a whining threat,  
as I count the seconds and my breathing.  
I'm no longer stable; I begin to sweat.  
This tension I endure, is unceasing.  
I reach for the answer, but I go into shock.  
This floor is crumbling  
and my bones begin to lock.  
This wallpaper is mumbling  
and down my body goes.  
I'm curled into a question mark, waiting for this house to foreclose.  
-m.

## What If?

I could be the ocean

and that idea frightens me,  
but if I think more openly,  
I can begin to agree  
that I could be the sea.

Troubled waters won't set my mind free  
and I can feel a storm building inside of me,  
while I try to sleep  
so maybe,

I am the ocean

and maybe this is just a hyperbole  
or an extended metaphor,  
but can I win this war  
If I'm falling through a trap door  
that I can so clearly see?

Not me.

Maybe the idea of honesty is easier than an actual truth,  
because my lies imply I'm in disguise  
from my own soul...

Have I lost all self-control?

I cannot be the Ocean.

The Ocean works as one;  
It's connected to the land  
And reflects the midnight sun.  
It's chaos and serenity;

a balance I'd like to own,  
but because I work alone,  
that desire is merely an undertone.

-m.

## 1,2,3...

First,  
you must look within yourself.  
Peel away the wallpaper and  
Let your cracks show;

It's time to remove your bandaids.

Second,  
Get comfortable with the stares;  
Imperfections are so often criticized,  
But you must see that they are all raw beauty;

It's time to let yourself grow.

Third,  
Bruises heal and so do scars,  
So let them...  
Sometimes that means they will linger and maybe  
Not even fade, but that's ok.

Fourth,  
Be kind.  
Be kind to yourself and  
To all others;

It's time for the world to change.

Fifth,  
Realize you're going to not like the same things after awhile  
And  
After a while,  
You may find you are interested in some foreign ideas and people and places and....  
You must take it all in, but be careful,



Because the world takes advantage of  
Ignorance;

Don't let it steal your curiosity and passions.

One more thing...

Guard your heart with a lock and key;

You can open it to whomever you want,

But remember to share your soul, never give yourself to another entirely.

-m.

## Pages in Passion

I am like a book,  
You'll have to read me page by page  
And even then, you'll have to decipher and interpret.

You'll find out who I am by not  
Judging me through my covers.

I will open, but not if forced.  
You may leave me on the highest shelf to collect dust once you realize you have paper cuts.

I am like a book,  
Filled with typos and incorrect grammar,  
With yellowing pages and stains in my creases,  
but I am still  
intact.  
My spine may bend, but I won't break easily.

You'll find out who I am when you  
Stick around to patiently peel apart my stuck-together pages.

My mind needs unpacking and the truths within must be brought out from time to time.

Some pages are blank, but that doesn't  
Give you an excuse to fill them in,  
Because they're mine and being blank doesn't necessarily mean empty. Not exactly filled with pain  
nor symbolizing death,  
Simply potential to be filled by the author.

I hold the pen, I write my life and if the pages are blank, don't question them, because I can't fill  
them in quite yet.

I am like a book,  
My purpose and meaning evolve with time.

My ink may dissolve if I'm immersed in water, but I've always saved myself before I've drowned.  
Before there was profound damage.

And when I recover, of course I'll have scars, but what authentic book doesn't?

My pages will be stiff and my words may be unintelligible, but even so, it's merely a few words from  
my story.

-m.

**LTMS:**

You guard me,  
arms wrapped tightly around me,  
you tie in loops to hide me in the rabbit hole around my abdomen to burrow within my ribcage.  
They're coming so you pull tighter and I pull away.

Away from shadowing myself,  
away from you,  
away from them,  
I pull away from me.

Letter to my soul: you protect me when I'm tempted to reach out to have my fingers become the pen. Leaking my blood

on the line to sign away my life to the contract of a cigarette.

I sit in clouds of regret from the things I have done and I now, want to burrow within, but I have allowed my fingers to leak the blood, and this time, the contract had choices.

As I engraved each letter of my name into his skin, I gave a promise that day to give him my bones.  
A rabbit hole that I was no longer able to hide in.

You held the door with your sharp breath of words that cut through my flesh.

You break each joint in my feet, for I am not used to this. My body has fallen into your gravity and I am unable to pull away.

Your beliefs, structure me, your eyes, study, your fingers cross lines I had painted in acid and you wipe it on your collar as another brick from my walls come out. The cement becoming loose and this time, string will not fix this. Glue will not fix this.

No matter how much you say sorry, you will not fix me.

I have given parts of myself that were still becoming. I am still becoming and you were the first thing I decided would help me become...

My mistake.

Letter to my soul: I let him go and you are still drained of choice to move on, but it won't always be this way.

-m.

## why you should always water your flowers

They say April showers bring May flowers,  
but it's April and there's a

drought.

Come May, any seeds that took root will shrivel and recluse back within their

rooms.

-m.

1.

i have had this emptiness for so long,  
you just didn't fill it.

- the realizing

## the aftermath

You're boring, you say.

I am the calm after the storm, I reply.

-the aftermath