

# Anthology of Aziza S

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

Pencil or Pen?

Road Work

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To Grieve Means To Have Loved

they reside within

## Pencil or Pen?

It's late and again,

I write these words expecting my mindset to change  
My confused, scared, indecisive, nihilistic brain.

Forgiveness seems too easy,  
I don't buy into "God" nor his son.  
Seems easier to accept faith  
Rather than accept guilt from millions of sins  
I've done.

Of course, life isn't fair...  
God can't control everything,  
but it is natural to assume different, right?

Suppose my ideas are wrong and  
I continue to worship as if there are no flaws...

How long would it take me  
To again, become sick  
Of the prejudice and intolerance  
Religion permits?

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What do I live for,  
If it is not to live in the Heavens?

My existence is odd and off the rail.  
So an afterlife consistent of black  
Is better than all the regrets in life I'll get since  
I feared hell.

I will forever doubt God  
But when I commit suicide,

I'll squeeze the trigger,  
Say a short prayer,  
and cry.

I don't believe in anything.  
But,  
I hope God forgives me.

My time could arrive any minute,  
I'm not sure when.  
Till' then,  
My faith will continue to fluctuate  
As do my choices of writing with  
Pencil or Pen.

## Road Work

my self given wears and tears began to stitch together with each tender touch  
though it wasn't love, only lust

he caressed my physique carefully,  
my thoughts roamed endless possibilities

rivers that flowed from my eyes ran dry  
he sat in awe while he poured asphalt into the potholes of my soul  
saying all cracked sidewalks of my dreams had to go  
each night as we laid with each other  
hard moments became easy

he came with a rope and crane to rescue me  
the jackhammer he used, unearthed my bad beliefs and broke through my insecurities

but i was familiar with the platonic bulldozer that awaited me

our invisible contract had a termination date  
my infrastructure was good until September  
i thought i could handle it all and never call it love,  
now i sit and question whether i was enough

i failed my inspectors test  
and i am under construction yet again

## Grandpa's Boots

I remember grabbing them after your service  
Leaving in a hurry, being nervous  
Time after you has been a bit of a blur  
But three years later, I didn't know where they were  
I had moved around so much in an attempt to flee  
The inescapable homesick feeling I had inside me  
Through months spent somber and confused  
I lost them already? your last pair of shoes  
The search will never end  
So I must stop looking for them

## Tired

Tired of waking up with no sleep

Tired of the fatigue

Tired of being grumpy

Tired of migraines so paralyzing

Tired of feeling annoyed

Tired of boys

Tired of stomach aches

Tired of self-hate

Tired of heavy breaths

Tired of constantly needing rest

Tired of tight clothes

Tired of endless scrolls

Tired of being obsessed with food

Tired of daily bad moods

Tired of counting calories

Tired of trying not to drink

Tired of sex

Tired of no sex

Tired of looking for love

Tired of wanting no one

Tired of my mother

Tired of my father

Tired of never ending problems

Tired of causing them

## To Grieve Means To Have Loved

Her chest caught fire every time she thought of him. It used to happen uncontrollably: in the middle of the aisle while grocery shopping, in her silent car sitting at a stoplight, seeing any absolutely unknown random old man. There were times she wanted to put it out as she thought the fire grew too hot. She tried water then fire foam then alcohol then sex then pills. Nothing worked. She learned she had to sit with the fire and that it would die on its own each time. Sometimes it took 45 minutes. Sometimes it took 6 months. As time went on, the fire appeared less and less. And years later, she found herself buying newspapers to crumble and place under the kindling. She stroked the matches and added logs to stoke the fire for however long she wanted. She realized the heat of the fire, though it might scorch her skin, would never let her forget him. That they could dance again in the shadows of the smoke.



## they reside within

i miss my grandparents  
then i look in the mirror,

i still see their cheekbones and  
their big eyes as  
their reflections stare back  
through my own skin

they're always here  
and they forever will be  
a part of me