

# the return of the poetess

mercurial voice

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*dedicated to the thoughts inside me i can never let roll off my tongue.*

## summary

and this is how it was always meant to go.

flutter

i cannot get air

Jameth

martyrdom

my intensities

She, who shall not be named

rotting soul

rescue

the immovable lighthouse

**and this is how it was always meant to go.**

darkness to darkness to darkness,

onset to middle to conclusion.

and am i wrong for wanting a conclusion even if there was no completion?

and am i wrong for sacrificing honor in the name of retreating?

the dreams were delusions,

there was never a resolution.

and back to the beginning,

i go-

## flutter

i am wayfaring my way out of my own head.  
i know not where i am going,  
i may also know not what i am doing.  
but--i know what i no longer choose to do:  
i will never again become intoxicated by my own self-sought agony.  
my eyes are opening.  
my eyes are opening.  
flutter, flutter.  
close, open. close. open. open. open.

## **i cannot get air**

i cannot breathe because you are a thief to my air.  
inhaling at quarter capacity, my limbs are losing circulation.  
and i, i lose my mobility.  
i cannot get air, i cannot get air.  
i cannot grow, i cannot grow.  
you think the shadows you cast are awnings--  
but i keep telling you-  
you are intercepting my sun.

## Jameth

a corridor took shape seven years ago,  
and brought to me- an ally who never lost my trust.  
but in equal measure to the greatness of his loyalty:  
is the bite of his wit,  
and the might of his fight.  
he is the champion of his own story,  
and the hero to many more-

the above is about my dearest friend, it's true.  
Jameth, just know this one is for you.

## martyrdom

our souls have bordered too closely, and i am losing my sovereignty.  
my loss of autonomy is my doing, not yours-  
but isn't that what happens to a mad woman in love?

your eyes fall blind to this desiccation that is overtaking me.  
why beg you to notice my love when you fail to see i am dying?

is this what martyrdom feels like?  
if i loved you any less, maybe i'd know peace.



## my intensities

my hulking mind weighs me down again.

i turn to you, and start:

"sooth me." "calm my storms." "embalm my wit with your words."

i pray for you to parent my intensities.

*my intensities.*

i do not want to abandon myself anymore.

## She, who shall not be named

when my own utterances beguile my own mind, She usurps.  
fork-tongued and starry-eyed-  
intuitive for all the wrong reasons-  
She awakens for preservation, but stays for vengeance.

no one knows how to love Her,  
and no one knows how to hate Her.

## rotting soul

i kept my gaze fixated on others,  
and wondered why my vision was obstructed.  
like quenching my thirst with saltwater,  
i was killing myself.  
"who am i to them?" my rotting soul would ask.  
i died a thousand times over for people who cared less.  
i don't want to die anymore.

## rescue

when the fever finally broke, i reached for you.

i extended my (now firm) hand for you.

you were covered in dust; you were shivering and emancipated. you hadn't seen light in years.

so, i bathed you, i fed you, i combed and braided your unkempt hair, and i opened a window.

the light came in.

the light came in.

all this time later, and you survived.

your eyes watered at the sight of the light.

you thought it'd never return, but it did. and you, so glad you held on.

## the immovable lighthouse

in the beginning, the surrounding seas were dark.  
and i was the immovable lighthouse.  
no pain, all gain? i confused ignorant bliss for a loving embrace.

my lantern, overwhelmed. quickly, light metamorphosed fire.  
my surroundings ablaze, my eyes were forced open.  
when i confronted reality, i leapt out my tower into the sea. and drowned.

"stop treading! stop navigating!" the waters demanded.  
choking on saltwater, i gave into their orders.  
and quickly found myself lost at sea.

i drowned every night for six years.

when six years had spent, i rose to the surface.  
six years underwater? i was a sailor returning home to devastation and isolation.  
my comrades forgot me.

but in the loneliness, in the darkness I long neglected, came a resolve I had never imagined.  
i explored the dustiest, darkest corners of my mind and conquered every fear.

what is there to fear when you've already survived a drowning?

i slathered my guts on a table and rearranged them into a charcuterie board.  
i no longer write this piece as a sailor hiding in her lighthouse.