

Stasia Todd's Poetry (Thus Far)

Stasia Todd

Presented by

My poetic side 

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Nourishment

My stomach turns and flips

The same anxieties I get when I think about things I'd rather deny

Almost are identical to when a plate is presented to me

I want to wipe my tears with the table cloth

And gag myself with polished silverware

My organs plead with me

And my throat requests peace

Every time a meal is replaced with clouds

Fear looms over me

How many cavities will amount during this period?

I pray that my stomach acid will alkalify

Security should not be found in protruding ribs

One day my lung will be filled with day Lillies

Until then my porcelain body will mend itself back together again

floristics

are my hands not soft enough
to hold bouquets of roses
with the thorns still attached
since you cut them straight from their roots

are my fingers not dainty enough
to receive promise rings
that sit right below my pink knuckles

are my cheeks not rosy enough
to receive kisses on before I leave
am I not enough
to have love letters delivered to me

do mauve dresses fit me inadequately
what makes car doors unappealing to open
for me

Do I not remind you of birds singing and willow trees

Am I not a garden
Where your love grows for me everyday

I have turned
all my hate into love
because I think you are enough
great enough
to interlock my ringless fingers with
enough to bleed from my palms
from your roses

and I find that I love myself
in all of these ways

these ways you left so hollow
so I will pick my own roses
from my own garden
even if it hurts

my brain's baptism

My body a temple
my eyes covered by fringe lampshades
to blind me from things my ego would be bothered by
Who would let me get covered in ivy
Clouded by jade
My mind a temple
Clear and organized
Like a china shop before a bull appeared
Each plate
A reminder
of melancholic mornings
And surreal walks under streetlights
My temple
with mended walls
And flowerbeds littered with daffodils
Healing and repairing
Its embodiment
Using every drop
Of rain
To wash itself of evils
So we can be pristine

playing house

Sometimes I forget
how we picked out names for your unborn children
Or how you wiped my tears
Sometimes I forget
To appreciate our years

apricot sauce

Petals seem a little wilted
and not in a poetic way
the cold I feel
isn't warm and inviting
and I still crave
the scent of pine and rain
we didn't keep our deal
we should have locked our pinkies
and made it official
promise me you are sad too
promise me you despise the months
and loathe the weeks

repeating threes

I'd let Gaia kill my old self

and her manifest a fresh version

photosynthesize my skin

then carve my past carotids to rogue my knees

her terrestrial touch

keeps my blossoming heels from Venus

bringing every ambition into fruition

balance beam

How can I have all the love for someone
and all the hate too
how can I dissolve the remnants
and erase the sorrow we gave her
I hope she forgives me
my soul contemplating
if I am evil or healed
back and forth
like a mop
dragging along the mess I made
eventually left clean
if I continue to feel the love
and the hate too

An apology to little girls

as I write an apology to little girls
I remember
the way my little girl with rosy cheeks talks about her stomach
and I remember how beautiful and cherubic her body is
and I despise the way
little girls worry about scales
cursing at the digits
I hate the way
little girls lay on the floor
crunching their tummies
I hope the little girls with imperfect smiles bite down on angel cake
and I pray they never get the idea to bend over ceramic toilets
I want little girls to be aware
of their flaws
and happily accept them
I most specifically hate the way little girls and boys and people
were taught to hate their bodies
bodies that contain warm hearts and kind spirits
I want to say sorry
to the little girls with silky hair and freckles that mimic constellations
and a sorry to the girls with sincere eyes and milky skin
a sorry is not enough to reverse the pain
but perhaps give the gift of my love
to the little girls in need

excuses

I didn't mean to do this
or that either
sometimes I feel hollow
sometimes not a thought flows through my brain
I haven't exercised being a thinker or listener or reader
my thighs have felt
the clouds of vanity
as they downpour from my lashes
I didn't mean to lack clarity
but that's not what comes naturally to me
I apologize for being filled with perpetual uncertainty
the hurt I give
or any radiation of pain
leaves me wondering where we started from
and what you and I
will gain

an old friend

I wish I could hold all my anger
and crush it between my fingers
watch it fall piece by piece like golden sand
all that rage weaves itself
into a rope
embracing my neck like an old friend
and from the ceiling
I'd watch the sand turn into a body of tears
sloshing in the buckets I call hands
I wish I could rip out my molars
so grinding my teeth would be impossible
I'd bite the bullet
with my pearly whites
then maybe I'd successfully search for peace
the waves of content
slowly immersing my mind into a sucked on plum pit

hydrangea

do you love me
in the way
chaos craves redundancy
or
in the way
lungs love to breathe
please consider my love a necessity

lush

I watched as the earth
scattered cumulus clouds across her blue skin
and studied the way menthol and mint fell off of her tongue
the day she turned snow into loss
and whispered spring had begun

prismatic

color me with your brand new box of crayons
cut my ties with your safety scissors
clog my pores with your waxy pinks and purples and greens
as long as I look brand new
color all of me
by any and all means

drain

I've been getting up
and getting out
my tired eyes
pulled open into polluted air
energy seeps
through and from my body
like someone collecting sweet sap from a tree
these tired teeth
grinning at the world
as I watch my wisdom become a commodity

gumdrop tree

care for me
honestly and truly
the way I care for you
promise me, my ghost
will be a bluebird
singing sweetly on sycamores
promise me, my presence hits you
like a lucid dream
consisting of cotton candy clouds
and elusive vapor
picture my love as a meadow
full of candied trees
bringing our joys into fruition
my lips turning into a celebration
for you
vision me beautifully
the way I do for you
endlessly

mourning dew

do you witness my longing
or are you blind to my vulnerability
open up wide and
watch waterline dewdrops fall softly
understand the mist making amends with my cheeks
for your skin has felt
my eyes sear you
like cut glass embracing bared heels

old years eve

I reminisce about how one time
back when I was a little kid
I heard someone call water the universal solvent
and while I stare at the blue wallpaper facing me I really seem to evaluate that statement
that statement that is so widely accepted
does water really wash away pain
does water really wash away the ecstasy
soap is the solvent
that wears away at the grime
that grime of life
the nasty and the alluring
so I've concluded
water is the solvent for all that is natural
and soap is the solvent for the synthetic

bluntness

I've felt like an adult for years
all I've done annually
is analyze and reflect and ponder
I have become my own source of gentle arms
after all of those years of being coddled in a bed of nettles
I have gotten to be a real big girl
and I cleaned up under the rug
and when I become an adult
there will be nothing that gets swept under
it is sort of ironic
that I got my cleaning skills from my mother

polluted tongues

why say so much
if so little has meaning
they must not view lies as moral choking
I learned it is okay to be quiet
and sometimes silent
and I learned it the hard way
because spreading deceit can be
very violent

pangs

I wonder if I am getting sick again
my mouth has seemed to divorce itself from hunger
but my teeth embody an obligated father paying his monthly dues
the bite is such forced support
I wonder if I am getting sick again
purging unconsensually
and heaving aridly
it is been hard to feel hungry
but in reality, I am starving
for a mind full of everything but guilt

Eve's ribs

cut me
carve me
mold me
starve me
turn me into art,
a sculpture
of your creation
regardless
of how I hurt
at least I'd be a piece
of your ideation

dynamics

I hope you feel every conceivable feeling on this earth
I wish you all the hate I can muster up
and all the love I've been stripped of
I pray your future is as sweet as it is sour
For I am so, so bitter
I wish for my shoulders to stay cold
and our gaze unmet
I hope you get reminded of the way I traced your skin
or is the memory of me rebuilt?
I wish for you to be consumed with guilt and regret

voodoo doll

why do I aimlessly
sew myself
attached at the hips
to people who are naive
to my mind and its inefficiency
kills me to continue
kills me to end it
in fact, it kills me to go any possible way
my mistakes mangle my ribs
between my flesh lies
my incapability
to decide
which is worse or better
I find my intuition
and logic,
have not been working together
kills me to prolong
kills me to cut us short
I'll use what might kill me
to heal my mind's colic

fridge

I am fucking freezing
but,
this solitude
and this isolation
is so refreshing
and so relieving
like the cold showers I used to take
or the nights I spent shivering on an inflatable mattress
I am so fucking freezing
but the silence and the frigid air
happily invite and confide in me
like I knew desolation
personally

parallels

Earlier today

I thought about swallowing some of my dad's razor blades

Emphasis, in thought

I relied on the daydream of the cuts that would line my throat

And burn when I'd eat citrus

Earlier today

I thought about how pain is in some ways

A measurement of our aliveness

green house

I feel I've grown old
And somehow wise
I am peeling the layers off of my own ego
Both jaggedly and delicately
Life is so confusing
But I've seen things so clearly
The world is vile and cruel
And time is fleeting
The wise I have tells me to rely on
Philosophy
The old I have suggests knowledge
Of what this grown
And old body has met
I've comprehended that misery is treason
And the truth is precious and sometimes painful
I've certainly gotten older
And learned slowly
About purpose and reason

Ditto

You loved me
before I was me
love clung to your arms
greeting me so unconditionally
I'd never forget about the trees we planted
or how we'd play cards every afternoon
I loved you
before I was me

Hailey Joy

I love how
no matter how warm your heart
or your presence kind
your cheeks and nose
turn the most perfect shade of pink
when it drops below forty
like the cold could consume you

conversation hearts

I have a crush on a boy
he has kind eyes and sometimes
our eyes sometimes meet
and they say soft hellos
my eyes aren't quite as shy as my speech
I have a crush on a girl
that holds me close
with her arms of blue veins
and tells me we will be together for awhile,
and they promise
meadows and lofts
her arms say what I am too scared to