

# *Ygdrasil*

---

A JOURNAL OF THE POETIC ARTS

February 2014

VOL XXII, Issue 2, Number 250

*Editor for this Issue: Patrick White*

*Editor: Klaus J. Gerken*

*European Editor: Mois Benarroch*

*Contributing Editors: Michael Collings; Jack R. Wesdorp; Heather Ferguson; Patrick White*

*Previous Associate Editors: Igal Koshevoy; Evan Light; Pedro Sena; ; Oswald Le Winter*

ISSN 1480-6401

# Table of Contents

## **The Poetry Of Alysia Waters**

# Introduction

First ran into Alysia's poetry about six years ago while searching the web. In her mid-twenties, a resident of Kamloops, she has been writing prolifically, and makes her living as a day care owner and as an artist. I wanted to do a book for her, but, unfortunately didn't get the chance. Hopefully this special edition of Ygdrasil, going to over two thousand cities, will do just that, perhaps in a way I could not have managed on my own. So many thanks are owed to Klaus J. Gerken, editor and founder of Ygdrasil. And she will receive the respect and curiosity her work deserves. There's a hot new writer, not so old literarily, in Kamloops.

She maintains she was influenced by Susan Musgrave. Not difficult to believe as Alysia places herself foremost in a sexual encounter. Not afraid to be wrong. Not afraid to be right. According to her feelings in relationship to a man. She is a living, complex individual not a school of philosophy or a woman's movement responding to a robotic male. Reading her work, one is in the presence of a unique persona who reacts or sympathizes as an emotional woman. She's true to her heart, not the dicta of a school of thought. What's unusual about this work is its directness. She doesn't buff her responses with philosophy. She's wholly there. Blood, body, diction, attitude and talent. She doesn't try to pose or be the embodiment of anyone other than who she is. You can see independence at work. She assumes it. She doesn't try to labour for it. You can see the actions of yes and no. Some responses are common. Many her own. In a physical relationship many men have been on the receiving end of her retorts. Many more have been defeated by her assent. The poems must speak for themselves. I can only do a little here. As I hope I have done. Her work demands the attention that I'm sure it is about to receive.

PATRICK WHITE

---

# Alysia Waters

## I'M GONE

i'm gone.  
couldn't you already feel this?  
can't you speak

yes, i heard you-  
all the i love you's.  
all the roses.

why should that mean anything.  
it's just a ploy in a carefully thought out plot  
society is out to get you-

it already has you in its claws.

do you think you can leave  
my memory will never escape you.  
no matter how many beds in which i've had to live-  
there will only be that one chance for you,

there was just something too innocent about you.

how you feel the love within you.  
telling you that this is right  
that i'm your soul mate

there is no love in my eyes,  
there is only blood on my chin.  
i've tasted you-  
your blood is weak and could never fully satisfy me.

## AGAIN YOU LEAN FORWARD AND TAUNT ME

Again, you lean forward and taunt me...  
promise to create me whole-  
to take away my scars.  
You act like you're the best thing for me...  
like you know me...  
like you belong inside my head.

ha. you wouldn't last.  
the sight of blood-  
you wouldn't last-  
there are no pieces of love in these eyes,  
you fool yourself.

you're digging yourself your own grave.  
i have not put words in your face.  
your soul is far too good for mine.

your love is only figurative-  
you need love  
like a substance to replace breathe

it's what you think you need to keep walking  
your love is nothing  
but the blood that i'll leave in the end.

## **SHE SPLIT HER SKIN**

she split her skin.  
figuratively-  
sick of caring,  
of presenting a front that makes everyone fall in love with her  
fall in love with the idea of her  
ha. love.  
if only they knew that she'd bite like a snake and they'd become addicted.

she's not the angel you dream of.  
she's not here to save the world.  
she's not here to save you from yourself  
she's not here for your existence.  
stop placing her on that pedestal...  
she's only gonna jump off and leave you stranded-  
  
still chained to the bed.

## TODAY I FALL IN PIECES

today i fall in pieces.  
or maybe it is just today that i realize that i am in pieces.  
and the pieces  
aren't even broken-  
fallen whole to pieces.

i have struggled to get this far.  
to feel this far.  
to feel these fingers type across these keys.  
and yet this is everywhere i don't want to be.  
and how can you blame me?  
the taste of blood is always satisfying,  
when there's a fight to be had.

and yet, i'm here,  
hidden beneath a layer of make-up  
i have far but conformed.  
but it is no longer comfortable for me to lie in this bed.  
There is no sleep to be had-

there is never any sleep when an animal lies in bed.

## A BREATH

*a breath.*  
*i have to calm myself*  
shouldn't feel this way. . .burn this way.

and yet. my flesh. searing. scraping back until layers of skin peel...  
only muscle revealing  
bleeding  
and i crawl upon eggshells.

there is everyone  
but you,  
there has always been someone else in my bed-  
i could never commit to you and your naiveness burns me.

Seductively, of course.  
Why else would i stay?

i'm tired of your game...  
i can play it with my eyes shut, so i up the stakes.

Your heart lays fresh and bloody  
Centered neatly in the middle of the table  
Its blood slowly,  
*and yet so quick that for a moment you forget it's blood,*  
*you forget what's real,*  
*and just see a river. a dream.*  
*something you've never felt before...remorse?*  
silly, you shake back to reality.  
The blood of his heart  
slowly darkening the green of the table cloth  
until the whole table is black.

black  
and you never saw this coming.  
you sit across from me with sad eyes  
and ponder just how i got you here.

silly, it was easy.

i just became the true love you've always wanted to have.

and now do have.  
slowly bleeding black on the table.

## I CAN'T EVEN STAND TO LOOK AT YOU

i can't even stand to look at you.  
your breathing makes me want to strangle you.  
and yet you consider yourself the best thing that's ever happened to me.

ever going to happen to me

ha.  
you may think my life isn't on the right track.  
that i have these crazy ideas in my head.  
you say you know that you're right for me.

i say fuk that.

i may not have the life of sunshine and roses-  
i'm not sitting behind the stone of being great.  
i see life.  
create what i must.  
smile.  
have fun.  
live in the moment.  
i want to dream. and live. and have the space to just be myself.  
with all the labels of mistress.  
my life is not less valuable just because i don't dream of being rich-  
just because i don't believe in love.  
you shake your head sadly at this.  
and think that my poor soul must be broken.

it's not-  
i'm just simply sitting on the steps  
refusing to waste paper on tears of regret  
when it's not real.  
no your love didn't reach me-  
i'm still not living your dreams-  
i just don't see how you can sit and judge everyone  
and think you're unjudging.  
i am not depressed.  
nor broken.  
i don't need your hand up.  
nor you to fix me.  
oops. you may not want to touch me- you don't know where i've been.

well, i know.  
and i won't hide from it.  
so don't look at me thru those pitying eyes.  
i'm fine. step closer and i'll step back.  
force me and i'll fight back.

## LEAVE ME, I HAVE ALREADY LEFT YOU

leave me. i have already left you.  
it was a while ago.  
i don't remember when.  
or just what pushed me over the edge of that pedestal you placed me on.

i don't belong to you.  
never could.  
i was just never good at submitting to anyone.

i can make you believe it.  
believe that i'm still here in bed with you.  
that my kisses are still sweet and sincere.  
you can go ahead and keep believing in my innocence,  
that my mistakes are all just in the past.

you can show blind eyes  
to the reality that my past mistakes only dictate my character.

i am who i am.  
and that just happens to be the gurl in another woman's bed.

you see, i never steal-but i never ask questions-  
what good is it for them to tell me  
the bile of truth  
when nothing bars the fate of what's going to happen?

you may look down on me.  
i know a lot do.  
but i will never hide myself.  
i will never bar what my spirit wants to do.  
who it wants to paint with-

my thirst for blood will never be quenched.  
i know that  
and yet i will still bite harder.  
i will still search for the scarlet tears that will finally fill me  
satisfy me-

your love won't ever be a drop in the bucket.

## YOU EAT AWAY AT MY FLESH

you eat away at my flesh.  
slowly. painfully.  
like acid.  
you mind me of acid.  
and yet i'm addicted.  
i need to feel you inside.  
i need your weight on top of me.  
holding me down.  
i feel your pulse  
and yet, you're not here.

i crave you.  
crave the way you bind me  
and bite into my skin.  
i ache for you,  
and all the torture that is you.

i smile as i remember the rhythm,  
the beat of your heart pounding into my chest.  
i rise in ecstasy as i remember the breathing-  
the grasping for breath,  
the wounds the next morning,  
how you had complete control of me.

the next morning? ha. we both know i'm not into cuddling.  
and we both know that i don't need you to keep me warm.  
i'll be back.  
maybe.  
you may have control of me,  
as you slice my wrists with cold steel  
but i will not allow you to have control of my heart  
and whether or not i return.  
or when i return.

i will always be myne.

## A BREATH

a breath.  
yesterday i remember hating your breathing.  
imitating it and laughing-  
my soul couldn't hold you anymore.

there is no happy ending for us.  
i don't see it anymore.  
There never was.  
i don't feel it. and i don't know if it's because i turned away

or because i finally opened my eyes.  
this love isn't fair to you.  
nor me-  
i am not the tramp i've been labelled.  
and i know you have no idea  
i can get away with this and will...  
but first i have to get away from you.

you are not a bad thing-  
you are possibly a great man,  
if there ever was one-  
if there ever were great people.  
but in all reality, you cling to me  
and love me because you think that i compliment you.  
we look good together.  
and i'll be that trophy that loves and adores you and supports you.  
and all the guys will want what we have.  
want me.  
but you could be the only one to have me.  
i don't know if you've ever had me  
i don't know if i've ever given myself.  
life just doesn't flow that way.  
i'm selfish. i want myself for myself.  
you couldn't understand,  
because you refuse to. you see a future.  
a beautiful engagement. a beautiful classic marriage.  
in a chapel.  
with friends and family. drinking in celebration afterwards.  
you see plastic-  
i see sand.  
and toe rings  
and a skimpy white dress  
symbolizing true love-

i don't want your heavy perfumes and roses and candles  
your lack of romance.

i want myself.

## RAIN IS ON ME

rain is on me.  
dripping.  
slowly drenching.  
until my whole being is consumed by the wetness of the rain.

there's no more you  
and i don't know why i expected there to be  
it seems years since you'd look at me  
look at me that way  
your ring is on your finger now  
and there's no more promise of true love.

it's better this way, i just have no place for it.  
i don't want its consumption and politics.  
i don't want the desire for total commitment. marriage. kids.  
it's funny how quickly childhood dreams grow up when they get burned to ashes.  
and then spread.  
quickly.  
i was tainted.  
quickly, i learnt how to jump on top and force him to bed.  
all cute 'n' coy.  
i could be your dream come true.  
just let me teach you. reign you.  
rain on me.

am i really standing here in the pouring rain?  
i look outside and i find the sky clear.  
unwavering.  
not quivering.  
i'm puzzled by the quick turnaround.  
do i remember when the weather changed?  
or has it always been the same?

## I HAD FORGOTTEN YOU

i had forgotten you.  
you and your grief.  
the pain of losing me.  
i guess you are still suffering-  
it hurts to speak to me.  
you fancy me leaving-  
i'd be gone and out of sight.  
but we both know that won't hide the love you felt.  
we both know that the night is what'll break you.

you aren't half the man i thought you were.  
i pictured you logical and romantic.  
swooping down to rescue me.

carry me away. fight for my love.

ha. you're a coward.  
now finding yourself under a rock  
and giving no reason to disguise it.  
i'm not to blame for this.  
for the way you've curled yourself into a ball-  
that won't protect you-  
all your anger. all your drinking.  
nothing will take it away. nothing will help you.  
face it.  
ha. i know you won't.  
your heart doesn't beat that way.  
you are too perfect to have been hurt this way-  
i can't stand it.  
can't stand to look at you-  
want to spit on your feet.  
you could have never satisfied me.

## ASHES, ASHES

ashes, ashes  
we all fall down.

*i did not mean to fall from that starbeam.  
to become that mistress.  
i didn't even turn to another's arms when you left me for another.  
i dedicated myself to proving everyone wrong.*

*that was a long time ago now.  
now i don't even remember our last kiss.  
i still remember the first morning after you left me-  
somehow it stings less.  
you're happy now...  
kind of trying to dig yourself outta the hole you put yourself in.  
but you're in love.  
i congratulate you on that. i have not found another yet.*

*but somewhere i found love in the chase.  
in the charming of married hearts.*

*golf courses are memorable things now.*

*i didn't want to want him.  
to feel his pulse.  
to know his insecurities.  
i never wanted to see the real him.  
that only opened me up to what i knew i would know.  
i would fall for him. i would crave him.  
i would be his lil secret.*

*i was the other woman who had tainted me.  
i know this play.  
i betray myself in the end.*

## I SIT HERE

i sit here.  
quietly.  
nothing has changed.  
nothing ever really changed-  
everything has changed.  
my heart has often been shattered and my body bruised.  
but in all reality, nothing has really changed.

i'm still here.  
still sitting here.  
no matter what threats i make.  
no matter what accusations,  
here i sit.

and here i dream of finding you.  
or, rather, you finding me.  
sweeping me off my feet.  
bashing me over the head,  
with this great, fiery passionate love  
that i just cannot refuse.  
and as i sit here i cannot even begin to realize.  
to let it sink into this mind.  
i still believe in the fairy tale.  
i still believe that someone-  
sum love.  
is going to come and save me.  
and then everything will be perfect.  
everything will be lovely.  
and i wouldn't have to be strong.  
i wouldn't have to be so determined to face everything-  
i'd have a saviour-  
saving me from something i've never needed saving from.

## WEAK

weak.  
my hands twitch.  
i try not to notice.  
continue on.  
i can feel it in my stomach.  
it eats away at me.  
knocking.  
letting me know that it's there.  
it knows that i know.  
thinks i'm silly.  
and ridiculous for not acknowledging it.  
my head hurts  
but i think it has for a while-  
when have i ignored this?  
when did i start fumbling around. closing one eye.  
trying to soothe my soul.

there are no beginnings anymore.  
i can't return to those days.  
that sun.  
the time you held me.  
that time when anyone held me-

you adore me.  
a lot of men do  
and i can't stand it-  
find myself wanting to spit on all of them,  
yank down my shirt and show them my scars.  
i can't stand them.  
can't stand the way they feel.  
no one would know this.  
i'm tired of caring. tired of protesting.  
tired of displaying my character.  
what the fuk do i know.  
i'm just a grown woman with a shattered lil gurl inside.

what the fuk do they all know-  
there are no lies behind these eyes.  
no hidden truths.  
the blood is too vivid for me to conceal anymore-  
i'm whole again.

whole again and wishing for parts.  
and pieces-  
and anything to break up this headache.

## I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

i don't know what to do.  
with my hands. with my eyes.  
you can tell so much by people's eyes.  
not by staring into them.  
but by watching where they land when they talk to you.

i'm tired of eyes lingering on my body.  
tired of the smile that their faces portray when they find me staring.  
they're caught. but they're going to try to weasel out.  
weasel.  
i'm tired of it.  
tired of wanting it.  
tired of protesting it.  
tired of the noise.  
i remember when there was a moment.  
a soft moment. quiet. true. pure.  
we were walking.  
hidden by trees.  
i guess the sincerity was there.  
but twisted at the same time.

we were forbidden.  
i belonged to another.  
but you had the courage to ask.  
and i saw the shyness in your eyes. the truth.  
i had the courage to step out. and be hidden.  
but we had our spot.  
our time. our moment on the beach where you would just hold me.  
throw rocks.  
talk about life.

our dreams.  
i was a fool not to choose you.  
but i thought i was doing the right thing.  
i thought i was just a fling to you.  
i startled myself when i'd still think of you.  
startled myself when i came back and found myself at a table across from you,  
and then in your arms.  
to hear you say *stay*  
and for me to consider it.  
startled to find you crying in my arms  
when your granddad died.  
to find us overlooking the city  
and talking about the child we almost could have had,  
like it was the only hope and happiness in our lives.  
i startled myself to start believing i loved you.

i fell from that.  
you let me down.  
and then there was nothing.  
but now, now you're back in my life,  
and i'll never be able to forget you.

i wonder if i ever want to.

## I LAY HERE

i lay here.  
staring at the ceiling.  
i'm alone, and it's dark.  
i don't regret you.  
i've learnt to look past that.  
look past society's morals.  
and ideas.  
you told me that my independence drove you away.  
that you needed to be with someone who needed you.  
i never used to understand that.  
until him.  
and he didn't need me.

maybe love is giving yourself.

but i want myself.  
want the gurl that is lying and staring.  
so much of her life has past.  
she's not society's idea of beautiful.  
she's covered in scars. never combs her hair.  
wears what she wants. listens to music...  
it's in who she carries herself.  
how her smile lights up a room.  
makes you believe you're the only one in her life.  
i loved her.  
loved the way she was her own worst enemy.  
how she was so consumed by words and emotion. and passion.  
she did everything with passion.  
put her whole self into it.  
she crashed and burned a lot.  
that's when i began to wonder if i really was like her  
if i really loved her.  
that's when i realized that beauty,  
true.raw.beauty.  
isn't always those blond blue eyed prom queens.  
it's those whose spirits have suffered.  
suffered greatly.  
and yet they still stand there naked in front of you.  
daring you to see them.  
the real them.  
it's those spirits who constantly are compassionate.  
who care for others.  
raw beauty is bred thru pain.  
raw beauty never fades.

you're the one who led me to that.  
you're the one who walked away.  
now don't look back and call me names.

it matters not in whose bed i've hid.  
nor whose hand i've held.  
i did it all because i lived it all. with open eyes.  
i was not the one who looked away.

## I SEE YOU

i see you.  
in my mind's eye.  
in my heart. in my smile when i'm hardly breathing.  
or wrapped up in a calculus question.

it's not romantic.  
it's not romantic at all.

and i don't mean to be insensitive-  
but he was my ideal guy.  
the one with the matching ideals.  
and morals.  
and personality that was cookie cutter.

he was the one that i thought would be my forever.  
it lasted a week.  
well, a week to me and a lifetime to him.

that was only the beginning-  
i can't believe i walked away.  
and not only just walking away,  
but slamming-everything-down-and-trashing-the-house-and-stomping-out-the-door away.

and you?  
i wasn't watching where i stepped.  
you're not what i like stuck on my shoes

or anything that i ever thought i wanted.

but yet, here i am smiling.  
smiling like a fool.  
i know i'm going to fall.  
that's what i do-  
i get hurt.  
but this time i'm going to forget about my shoes-  
about my heart.  
my life. my dreams. my ideals.  
and all the ideas of me.  
and just be me.  
me.

that's all i can offer you.  
can you taste me like i can taste you?  
i've heard that smile in your voice.  
i'm not sure if it's for me-  
you are hidden to me.  
and though that's intriguing.  
i'm falling.  
and doing this.

maybe more for me than you.  
because today-  
tonight?  
tonight i don't just lose myself in the moment  
and forget about the world.  
Tonight.  
i come to you with the world.  
with these scars. and not mean to scare you away.  
to drive you away.  
but to show you me.  
me.  
who is smiling right now in a ridiculous way.

## DO YOU REMEMBER ME?

do you remember me?  
somehow seeing you makes my heart skip a beat.  
in fear maybe.  
i never said goodbye-  
never really wanted to but didn't know what to say.  
i'm sorry that i left-  
how i left with junior and that mix tape you made me.  
i'm still in love.  
still listen to it and think of you.  
wistfully remember our walk to the creek bottom.  
where there were bugs and me wearing sandals and your red pullover.

you were so much taller than me.  
i think you could have rested your chin on the top of my head-  
i smile when think of this,  
of when you led me away from everyone to talk to me.  
you could read my eyes  
and told me you could see how someone could be upset  
with not dating me and all-  
i was surprised by this.  
by the way i wanted to feel your kiss.  
i felt it a lot.  
and sometimes i still do-  
in memory.

i still remember brutally murdering the ants  
and how you'd try and save them.  
and how you loved the matrix.  
and movies. and hanging out with your band.  
i think i was jealous of them.  
i didn't know that then.

i wasn't the greatest to you  
i know that.  
you were so full of creativity.  
of life.  
i couldn't compare to you.  
everything was strategic.  
i couldn't fully see you.  
didn't know what i was to you.  
you were smarter than me.

and i was falling.  
i was a lil gurl crazy about you-  
a lil gurl that left you and everything she'd ever known.  
i know she never meant to hurt you.  
still sing songing and skipping,  
the hopscotch boxes are now missing  
and she doesn't know the right road to take  
to find her way home.

## REAL

Real-

it's really you standing in that light  
your eyes framed by shadow,  
your arms open.  
i can hear you quietly breathing,  
rushed as if you don't want to make a sound  
Your cologne lingers softly upon the air  
it reaches me  
and i softly smile and blush,  
in remembrance of that fragrance  
deep within the nights you would hold me.  
Carefully i step forward  
enter the light  
my breath held  
everything is so quiet  
so patient in my mind.  
there is no ending here-  
the beginning long forgotten.

I need you,  
like the pulse within my heart.  
i can feel your soul rising as you press against me.  
The sweetness of our kiss fills me-  
fills the night  
until daylight and the rude awakening of the sun.  
what once was reality,  
is now only hidden in the promise of a dream.

## LOVE IS

love is just a gradual breaking of the heart.

*i guess love is giving yourself*

i remember the way he used to talk to me about music.  
the way his eyes would light up.  
the way he'd get this faded smile.  
he never knew he was smiling.  
i remember hearing him play for the first time.  
the way he held me in his arms.  
the night we sat on the steps in the dark.  
the way everything was strategic between us.  
i remember the night he held me in the car when matt drove me home.  
with the music and people surrounding us- -  
i was sure there was only us.

i remember the nights we'd spend on the phone.  
how he'd be my strength when i didn't have any will left.  
the night when i had to talk him back to life.  
to choosing life.  
i remember the innocent flirting.  
how being known as his girlfriend put this silly smile on my face.  
i remember the moment i said i love you and how he said it right back-  
we did it without thinking.

i remember the days in cam's car.  
the way we were so shy.  
how you'd look at me with those gorgeous gray-blue eyes.  
i remember the times you held me while i cried.  
how we'd never fight.  
how you hated to lose at any game.  
i remember how much you loved me,  
how you hated how much because it hurt.  
i did hurt.

i remember how innocent and naive i was with you.  
how i was roller-coasting downhill.  
spiralling out of control.  
how you loved that about me.  
loved my passion.  
loved my idea of life like it was intoxicating.  
i remember how no one thought we'd be anything.  
how we proved them wrong.  
how you proved me wrong.

i remember not much about you.  
how you held me-  
how we met-  
but i remember when you'd kiss me.

and how screwed up life was for me at that time.  
i remember how you loved me.  
how you opened up to me  
and showed me what life should be like.

i remember looking into your eyes.  
the hope that was within them.  
how you'd hold me like i was the only thing in your life.  
i never knew how true that was.  
i remember our spot at the lake.  
hidden.  
how we'd throw rocks and talk about life.  
i remember how i never belonged to you.  
how i thought i was doing the right thing.  
how i never stop thinking about you.  
still. i do.

i remember how our ideas matched.  
how when you held me, all time and distance wasn't relevant.  
how your spirit matched mine perfectly.  
i remember that summer that we got lost.  
and i eventually lost you.

i remember a lot of times  
that my heart totally lost control in the wrong ideas-  
the wrong dreams.  
believing and following any sort of passion.  
a perpetual smile on my face.  
i don't want that again.  
i really don't.  
i don't want to fall dangerously in love again.  
it hurts too much to even dream of it.  
i don't know what i want,  
but i'm tired of dreaming this.  
of pretending that maybe love could solve everything.  
it can't.  
my heart's tired of gradually breaking.  
of bleeding.  
it's not frightened.  
it's just tired-  
of the continual pumping of love's blood and regret.

## I REMEMBER

i remember driving 12 hours just to get back home.  
just to find out that i don't know where that is.

but somehow i'm here.  
and it is here that i've been staying.  
thinking. dreaming. playing.

i still haven't thrown those cigarettes away.

they seem to be my only friends.  
addiction is a comforting certainty.  
kraziness, i never used to believe.  
thought they were bad for you.  
the devil versus a good life-  
there are worse things.  
broken hearts that kill you from the inside out.  
unmade beds that you so desperately want to lay in again.  
broken paths to dreams that you should never have made.

i sit here. alone. and somehow i'm not afraid.  
asked, are you ready to be alone? i don't even know what game to play.

and after thinking,  
i have always been alone and ready.  
am i ready to be with someone?  
that's the real bleeding truth,  
vividly scrawled upon my arm.  
reminds me of the sexual abuse.  
the rape.  
the nights that i used to lay awake.  
crying. wishing for death.  
the times i could sanely sit  
and watch the blood pour from my skin.

i'm not alone tonight.  
tonight i can look outside and see the world.  
view its ugliness and yet see the beauty in it.  
tonight there are no answers.  
and i know as i try to sleep,  
the questions will be polluting-  
endless questions drowning.

maybe my view is warped.  
maybe that cocaine is really me.  
maybe the lonely night is the real answer,  
the comfort in the reality.  
home isn't anywhere that you can drive to  
strive to find and belong  
it's created. Small stones gathered from the paths along the way-  
wilted weeds from the moon garden walks  
that you somehow stumbled upon-  
worlds cannot contain me. Cannot begin to etch in stone  
what the true love truly is within this heart.

## MANDI

burn.

burn his picture.  
his old love letters.  
they are nowhere to be found.  
he is nowhere near.  
walk on.  
carry not his weight.

keep your mind clear.  
your heart full of passion.  
this world is deadly.  
don't let it taint your mind.

stand strong on the rocks that you believe in.  
open your mind to new ideas and others' choices.

there is no one else like you.  
bask in that sun ray.  
open your face to a stranger.  
keep smiling.

fall in love.  
maybe not with one person.  
but with the people in the world who need that extra support.  
that extra strength.

don't let others' negative energies rain down on you.  
build your own storm shelter and open it for the homeless.

lend a hand.  
Clean up after yourself.  
leave as few heartbroken people in your wake as you can.

don't become me.  
don't hide in the shadows.  
don't cover your wounds with band-aids.  
let them heal.  
realize that weakness is actually strength.  
that you need others in your life.  
don't cut yourself to see what kind of blood you will bleed...

you might not like the answer.

## YOU STARE AT ME

you stare at me.  
they stare at me.  
sit across the table from me.  
question which eyebrow hairs i plucked.

they sit across the table and eat strawberry waffles.  
in the kitchen there's a guy i once knew,  
that still wants to know me.  
you're surprised at my past.  
things i've done.  
things i'm not proud of.  
i'm not sure how they got out-  
were nicely nestled within this skin.  
i guess whiskey was the key,  
and now you stare at me.

go ahead.  
keep looking.  
keep picturing in your mind  
the things i've done in the dark.  
keep imagining me in all the positions.  
all the right words flowing from me.  
i'm not going to open my eyes.  
i remember too well how the bottle was my friend.  
an endless one.  
and how the nights would be a blanket  
for all the things that i've done.  
keep staring.  
i don't want to speak-  
the facts seem like excuses,  
and i'm not going to begin painting for you  
when it's not my blood you're interested in.

## I GREW UP

i grew up under the arms of my parents::  
resentment that grew thru my skin  
like the flowers of unwelcome weeds::  
hate that burned through my blood::  
i smiled at the thought of dandelions::  
i grew up dancing::  
getting dirty being one of the boys::  
::i grew up and thru a connection with an older man::  
too young for his time-  
too old for myne::  
we quickly grew until there wasn't two::  
i grew up and through chaos::  
pain and agony::  
the growing pains of becoming myself::  
::i grew up in jealousy::  
the horrors of being alone::  
and wanting to be anyone but myself::  
i grew up thru nights spent::  
and scars fresh::  
::i grew up in another's arms::  
but it's you that i'm learning with::  
i grew up thru a lot of concrete::  
everything pressing me down::  
me breaking my own heart::  
and now it's stopped::  
i grew up::  
am not done learning::  
but am up far enough to see the sun  
and know that i don't need to know where i'm going  
to be certain that i don't need your hand up.

# Post Scriptum

## **SHE LAYS THERE**

she lays there.  
wakes up.  
hears him breathing on the other side of the bed.  
her eyes lay open.  
the sun's out.  
it's time to get up.  
and just like that she does.

and she does.  
changes.  
leaves the room.  
gets and brings him water.  
runs her fingers thru his hair.  
kisses him.  
lies back in his arms for just a moment.  
and then leaves again.  
powders her face.  
paints her lips.  
she tries to run her fingers thru her messy curly hair.

it's morning again.  
the day is half over.  
she has to leave.  
she returns to him.  
needs to see if he wants more water.  
kisses him one last time and leave him her number.

it's written on pink paper.

but as she walks out the door.  
she doesn't care if he even remembers how to spell her name.

---

# Copyright Information

All selections are copyrighted by their respective authors. Any reproduction of these poems, without the express written permission of the authors, is prohibited.

YGDRASIL: A Journal of the Poetic Arts - Copyright (c) 1993 - 2014 by  
Klaus J. Gerken.

The official version of this magazine is available on Ygdrasil's World-Wide Web site <http://www.synapse.net/kgerken>. No other version shall be deemed "authorized" unless downloaded from there. Distribution is allowed and encouraged as long as the issue is unchanged.

## COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

Submission and comments should be sent to Klaus Gerken, Chief Editor at [kgerken@synapse.net](mailto:kgerken@synapse.net)

Submission must be in the body of an email unless otherwise agreed on.