

Listen for One Last Whispered Goodbye

listen for one last whispered goodbye,
secrets and stories, guarded and kept;
a part of you, a part of shanghai.

a taste and nuance for others to vilify,
complex truths long to accept.
listen for one last whispered goodbye.

bamboo bends, you personify.
do not snap, you must protect,
a part of you, a part of shanghai.

stretched eyes hard to identify.
line drawn, boundary overstepped.
listen for one last whispered goodbye.

snow sits heavy, leaves solidify;
hope spring will resurrect
a part of you, a part of shanghai.

you won't forget, smiles testify;
an identity, an awakening overslept.
listen for one last whispered goodbye;
a part of you, a part of shanghai.

Sticky Note Poem #4

I am of the masses.
So what if I'm a median
that's just someone?
Some affair of a little salt
a little pepper, some lint
in a pocket,
someone with a name.
Some crunchless leaf,
Some chapstick under
a couch cushion,
something between teeth,
nails, toes, something
in the crack between
a stovetop and the wall.
My handwriting leans as
anyone's would.

Mercy Venus

A glass sponge by the name of Venus's Flower Basket thrives in only deep sea environments; it's not made of the same glass that transparently separates us from outside the house. It looks like someone quickly but carefully used a hot glue gun to drizzle the glue onto a flower vase and then magically slipped the vase out from under the glue after it cooled down; thin spindles overlap to make a fragile but structured tube.

For a species that prides itself so much on being not like other organisms, we still react to the intricacies that we create for ourselves out of survival. Inside the house, contained by window glass, drinking glasses are put into the cabinet on the far left of the kitchen. Delicate whiskey glasses are my favorite for their simplistic shape but intricate texture. It is a shame that my heart had to stop every time they hit our countertops with angered hands, loud voices. Two fighters in the ring, the kitchen, slamming cabinets and cups. Stressed glass, stressed air.

There's a species of shrimp-like organisms that symbiotically live within the Venus Flower Basket sponge. Stenopodidea. Two of the shrimp-likes venture into the crafted, narrow holes of the glass sponge at a juvenile mating stage in their life. They are ready to be together. They are ready to create together. And they must be because their commitment is more consequential than prenuptials and rings. These shrimp-likes grow, but the gaps in the basket do not; the couple's growth will surpass Venus's.

My house's glass trembles in the wake of thunder, but that wasn't what my survival eventually trained me to fear. Thunder scared me at first. I used to tremble with the windows each time the night turned to day; lightning is dangerous and the sky's cracks and grumbles made sure my bones knew. With time I let go of the crutch of crawling to the master bedroom, clutching a blanket, and I began to look forward to the cleanse of a deep storm; a phenomenal reset. With time, survival trained me not to listen for thunder, but for whiskey glasses; I slept to the weather and listened to the way drinking glasses were set down. The way cabinets were closed. My skin depended on knowing the force with which one walks and why, not the weather.

The shrimp-likes eventually grow past their physical ability to leave the basket, but their children start the cycle again. The offspring are small enough to leave through the gaps of the glass-like structure, and eventually find their own partners to grow with. The original couple stays in their glass house until their deaths. They are trapped, but it is hard to tell if they view it as being trapped. The shrimp-likes give the sponge leftover scraps of food while the sponge gives the shrimp-likes protection. Between the shrimp-likes themselves though, perhaps a different trap ensues.

I fit through the doorway. I will never not fit through the doorway. The original couple will never not fit through the doorway. Yet there are invisible glass fibers crafted to make my leave difficult. There are different glass fibers keeping the original couple from leaving. From leaving each other.

Venus, your threads are difficult to see, difficult to pass.

Venus, wait for me, let me make my path.