

2015

Solitude

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Gasper, Marissa. "Solitude" (2015). *Vázquez-Valarezo Poetry Award*.
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Solitude

Marissa Gasper

I wish it would rain

too bright, too light, too heavy
I miss the sharpness, the sting of winter
that little sliver of sun that creeps through the rice paper
go away

nothing
then a path
then a cliff overlooking the ocean
a bucket of warm water
heat sinks from my head
down my arms to my
hands
then my stomach digests it
a smile
submerged
this warmth is pleasant
I chose it
unlike the invasion of the sun
be this place real or not real for me it is safe
now
just for now

if I were to disappear in this place . . .

if I could run here
live here
enjoy life

I poke my responsibilities with a stick from
where I sit peacefully
gross

don't think about that add slip
don't think about money or finances
pour another bucket of warm water
immerse yourself in it
breath in breath out

ebb and flow
push and pull
tranquil

the smell of peaches and plum blossoms
the scent of sweet pea and lilac
the scent of the sweet saltiness of Waikiki
the earthy milky scent of hong kong tea

what do cherry blossoms really smell like?

sinking into the liquid perfection
hiding under the crystal heat
never coming out

breath in breath out

Sun filters through rice paper
hair fwoosh when I brush
pink yoga pants, so like her
the milky film remnant on the rim of my cereal bowl
melted snow imitates a waterfall
the Do-Not-Disturb sways just outside
the way fingers dance around an instrument
or typing
hands draped over the hilt of a sword
the sway of hips mimics the sway of branches outside the window
hair splayed across the pillow like roots of trees
the cliffs or Ireland are your body
fresh and clean and exciting
GREEN
I would miss grass

I wish it would rain