

Poetry

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A Woman of Disquiet

She is restless,
like rice stalks in a field,
always swaying,
always wind-blown,
always uprooting herself.

She is a woman on the move,
never settling
in stagnant pools of dreams.
She breathes mercury,
volatile,
corrosive,
and yet impossible to destroy.

And yet she,
more often than not,
has been misunderstood,
miscalculated,
and misinterpreted.
Still, she rises
and weaves her dreams
cell by cell,
block by block,
compartment by compartment.

Yes, she is spirited,
and no amount of rejections,
obstructions,
and interceptions
can restrain her from
unfurling her wings
skyward.

Minutiae

Time, really, is a thief.
You are given a small bundle,
bawling incessantly in your arms,
only to wake up forty winks later
wondering where
the plastic trucks
with missing wheels,
decapitated dinosaurs
on your kitchen floor,
and cans of formula milk
have gone?

Time, too, is a gift.
Your small bundle
brought with it
the highs and lows—
lipstick scrawls
on your pristine cabinet,
greeting cards
on Mother's Day,
driving lessons,
tearful goodbyes,
and cars speeding away.

Woman, You Matter

To that girl who once
became a whore to a man
who worshipped her body
but failed to love her soul—
Sweet thing,
may those years of turbulence
with him
convey the "nos" that need to be heard,
uplift the chin, worthy of its crook and curve,
and shatter his crippling myth
that you are just an afterthought
because darling—
you are the grand inauguration ball.

33 Years, A Woman

Three and three
is a soft, lush number, a decade and two
of perpetual blooming, blossoming,
and becoming.

A double three, a miasmic force to reckon with,
emblematic of storms borne both in silence and cacophony.

Thirty-three years of finding, losing,
and re-returning
to new forms and old shapes.

Thirty-three chapters of
an in-progress,
three-dimensional,
fragmented, but
larger-than-life art.