

Summer

The happy faces in the old photos
 Still dampen my spirit.
 It's hard to get used to
 Laggng behind everyone else:
 My soul has stretched thin—into a chord
 That God will play
 When the dragonflies reign, supreme.
 By then I might have crippled myself, in angst,
 Had it not been for the invisible binds
 That restrain my heart
 From bursting.

Almost

I will go down to the lake
 And dip my toes in the blue-green water,
 Tadpoles tickling my feet.
 It would be a cliché scene
 If it weren't for my bottle of morning Prozac
 Sitting beside me, on the grass.
 It will be a good morning,
 The sun rising above me
 Like a citrus fruit that smolders
 A rusty scarlet.
 I will lie down on my back
 And let a ladybug crawl over my chest.
 No one will stare at me
 Until maybe I start muttering
 To the voices talking to me
 To leave me alone.
 I will not look different—
 I will not *be* different
 Unless I lie there, frozen,
 Too weighed down
 To even shoo away the birds
 That gather on my head.

Perfume, Illness, and Resentment

The days smelled like musk, I remember.
 It was only my mom who carried the scent,
 But somehow, I recall the whole day smelling like that.
 I also remember
 Pill after pill
 That I would have to swallow,
 Each month a different one, seemingly,
 Because they never worked.
 What was wrong with me?
 Why couldn't I be perfect and glowing, like my mom?
 Her patience and love even as I would kick and scream
 Were taunting.
 She even had the audacity to smell like musk as she tried to soothe me, still.
 ~
 I remember green pills, yellow ones, white ones, and blue ones.
 I remember how it took so long to find a pill that actually worked -
 A pale pink one that reminds me, painfully,
 Of my mom.
 Pale pink is her favorite color.
Of course it is.

Please recycle with a friend.

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Origami Poetry Project™

An Afternoon

Ethar Hamid © 2015

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An Afternoon



Ethar Hamid

An Afternoon

Settled in at a solitary nook of a coffee shop
 No one knows about, on the outskirts of town,
 Our conversation turns to how withdrawing from people
 Was the first symptom of both our illnesses,
 And how we vow to never be like that, again.
 We then talk about the irony of our coffee shop preference.
 Over chocolate cheesecake and iced green tea,
 We talk about how sugar and caffeine aren't so good for us,
 Our eyes smiling at each other, all the while.

~

As you scrape the remnants of icing off of your plate,
 I come to know that you're the only one I really have,
 Perhaps because of the destruction my illness has done, in my life.
 A not-fully-formed sadness creeps in,
 And my eyes cast down, for a moment.