

CHROMATIC FRAGMENTS



ME

EMMA BOND

This collection of poems is the view you see when looking into one's self. I chose to represent people as glass in this collection. You could be the strongest piece of glass in the world, but only through looking past the cracks to the interior will you see what people truly are. This collection is split into many sections, or fragments. These fragments show a sliver of who I am, and how I tick. With these poems, I am breaking my shield of glass to allow others to peer inside. I hope that with these fragments of my personality, you will be able to see me.

Table of Contents

Fragment of Introspection.....	3
Ice Cubes.....	4
watercolor.....	5
Nighthawk.....	6
In/human.....	7
Fragment of Childhood.....	8
Simple Times.....	9
Colored Pencil Shavings.....	10
One Last Time.....	10
Second Mother.....	12
Fragment of Motherhood.....	13
Return to Mother Nature.....	14
A Letter to My Mom.....	15
I bought girl scout cookies today.....	16
Fragment of Love.....	17
Vanilla Sweetener.....	18
“A vampire picking flowers out in the sun”.....	19
Honey.....	20
Fragment of Completion.....	21
Frag/me/nts.....	22
Chromas.....	23

Fragment of Introspection

Ice Cubes

Ideas swirl like
ice cubes in a cup,
my spoon agitating the water.

Before they have a chance
to melt,
I scoop them up.

I hold them close to my heart
and think of them fondly
before they go.

watercolor

i like to imagine people as
watercolor paintings.

vibrant splashes spread and mix
with each stroke of time.

every brush of color is different;
harsh, diluted, vibrant, dull...

shades clash while tones harmonize,
a symphony of cacophonous hues.

each a kaleidoscopic portrait;
you can attempt to wash it away,

but too much water and
the paper will rip.

Nighthawk

n. a recurring thought that only seems to strike you late at night

I can hear the flapping of wings
in the inky void of sky;
it encompasses me.

Each night I lay,
with covers drawn,
hoping to be spared

like a mouse in an open field.

Ignoring the beast is as easy as
ignoring the monsters in your closet.

It swoops closer,
and as I see its beak

and claws,

I know tonight will be
no different.

In/human

How long until
they
replace us?

Will museums be
filled with
art of humans
with 6 fingers and
in pre sible
com hen text?

When will my
flesh and bones
start to solidify
into
cold,
gray,
metal?

How long until
they
are
human and we are
inhuman?

Fragment of Childhood

Simple Times

I miss the soft glow
of fireflies
on a cool summer night

I miss tip-toeing down
the stairs
on Christmas Eve

I miss the feeling
of pride
when my drawing was hung on the fridge

Most of all, I miss
how I was
back then.

Colored Pencil Shavings

Grubby hands switch from
color to color,

creating a masterpiece of
scribbles and zig
zags.

The paper fills
with rainbows as
I use all of my
brainpower for the task.

Maybe if I
color in the lines,
I'll get to see my work
on the fridge.

One Last Time

The moon shines against
the porch as I look out,
waiting at your favorite spot.
My ears prick at the sound of your bell.

In the sea of black,
Your grey fur is as bright
as a lighthouse,
guiding me to you.

I sit against the wall of sky,
allowing you to crawl into my lap.
Your purrs match each breath I take
as we sit there in the moonlight,

one last time.

Second Mother

A burden shared;
thrown onto her shoulders.

She forces a smile as she's
forced to pick up our
broken pieces

Relied on with
no one to help,
she cares for us

like her own.

My sister,
I am sorry.

Fragment of Motherhood

Return to Mother Nature

Your blood red petals stain the ground,
thorns pricking my soft heart.
Withering away with no sound,
can't stand being apart.

Strong stem once pointed at the sky,
laid to rest forever.
Blood dripping from my hand, I sigh
as you go to mother.

A Letter to My Mom

I watch as you pull at fat
and pluck unwanted hairs
from your skin.

Your face creases with pure disbelief
when someone compliments you;

“Oh, please. Be honest.”

Oh, but I am, mama.
I look at your face and see
the young woman who birthed me,
pure maternal love shining through.

I see the woman who sacrificed
everything just to see her children thrive.
Your body changes, but you,
You don’t change.

I see you for who you are;
beautiful, loving, strong.
I hope one day you can see
yourself as I do.

I bought girl scout cookies today

A bubbly girl no older than six or seven
ran up to me as I was walking home.
I heard her soft voice, sweet as the cookies she held;
“Do you want some?”

Like a robot, I pulled out my wallet,
handing her six bucks in exchange
for some thin mints.
She waved goodbye as I walked away.

I looked down at the box,
my heart twinging as I
cracked a smile.
I was never able to stop myself, was I?

In these short moments,
I wonder if I really want to be childless
after all.

Fragment of Love

Vanilla Sweetener

I'm filled with Your love
like creamer in coffee,
forever changing me
and making me sweeter.

My heart beats like
it's drowned in caffeine,
erratic but forever
energized.

This love of mine
pours out of the pitcher,
forever spilling out of
my open heart.

“A vampire picking flowers out in the sun”

After Will Wood

Vibrant life against
my cold, dead skin;

My soul burns,
and yet, I continue.

This life-sucking love
fills my heart

with Your fire as flames
consume me.

Soft petals fall in the sun
as I fall apart.

My eternal yearning will continue,
scorched with the desire

To please You.

Honey

In the quiet spaces
between heartbeats
and the whispered breaths of the night,
I find myself lost
in the labyrinth of your essence.

Your presence
caresses my soul.

In your gaze,
I see galaxies colliding,
stars being born,
the raw beauty of existence itself
laid bare.

And your touch, oh, how it consumes me.
You unravel the layers of my being
with each caress,
exposing the raw nerves of
vulnerability.

The silent understanding
between two souls,
bound by fate.

Fragment of Completion

Frag/me/nts

How far must you peer
into a reflection
before it becomes warped?

Before ripples in water
or distractions behind the window
draw your attention away?

How long must you stare
at yourself
before you change?

Just how accurate
is your perception
of yourself?

When will you look
at the fragments
making up

You?

Chromas

The once sharp lines
blur with the light,
copies of the figure
Emerging.

Wavelengths scatter
and shimmer,
a beautiful distortion of
once familiar shades.

Can you see them?
They're everywhere
if you know
where to look.

Oh, how I love
your hues and
chromas.