

ANATOMY OF STILLNESS

POEMS



BY EMMA BOND

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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.

Library Thoughts

Rows and rows of endless knowledge fills the room, making it feel smaller than it is. It's a nice small, though, the kind that makes me feel safe and warm inside. I ruffle my fingers through the pages, looking up at others doing the same. Some are familiar to me, others are faces I have never seen before. We're all in the same place at the same time, however. I look at the columns of books, all made by people long gone now. They're here with us too, with the familiar and unfamiliar faces. I wonder what brought us together, if we're here for the same purpose. I wonder what made the authors of these ancient books write them in the first place. I wonder why I'm here, what drew me to this place. I'm surrounded by knowledge, and yet I wonder, wonder, wonder...

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.

Rain Shower

Sitting on the ground

Rain droplets fall so calmly

Onto grateful skin

Raindrops

Pitter
Patter
all the
way
down.

Little vessels
of life,

roll on
by.

Spring

Oh, how I'm missing
Those full trees, those chirping birds
Spring will be here soon

A Dream of Spring

As I sat alone in my room,
sighing at your name in
my phone,
I realized I just couldn't
pretend anymore.

I wish I could say,
“Tears welled up in my eyes
at the thought of
leaving you”,
but none came.

Instead, there was only
a hope for a better future.

stitches

my heart bleeds
through stitched on patches
with each thump.

my needle,
stained with blood
as i stitch, stitch, stitch...

my blood seeps,
staining my soul;
yet it never slows.

my weeping heart;
forever beating,
forever confined.

Pressure Points

Imagine a rubber band around your head,
Just tight enough to feel the pressure and the
Threat of cutting into your skin.

Imagine a scratch you just can't find,
Because it can't be reached,
Unbearable itch to pain.

Imagine secluding yourself,
Running from lights and noise
Just to escape it.

Imagine yourself on the bathroom floor,
Pressing your head against the cool tile
For little relief.

Now, as the pain comes back
From all the imagining you were doing,
Do it all again.

Chronicles of the Chronically Ill

I.

The taste of metal clings
to my throat like a
lifeline.

I wipe my eyes,
standing up from my bed,
before-

II.

Cold sets into my bones as I wake,
linoleum floor offering
no comfort.

Dried red leading a path down
my face, washing away in
the drain.

III.

My eyes sting from drowsiness,
covers no longer the warm
refuge they used to be.

I settle in for a night
of discomfort
once again.

My Daughter's Hands

I watch my daughter empty
five years of sand out of the hourglass,
as if it never existed.

I question this,
how one can throw away so much so quickly;
but as the last grains of sand fall,
and I see the weight lift off her,
I understand.

Metaphorical Love

You fill my mind like smoke,
finding every place in your path.

My metal shell melds in your grip,
softened by your rough hands.

Your eyes pierce my soul,
demanding rapt attention.

My heart's song swells at the sight of you,
a symphony of warmth.

As we fit together like tightly woven yarn,
I can never imagine untangling from you.

Meadow Love

You make me into soft
aster petals, stretching

in the sun, my center
bright and mellow.

The wind sways me,
but I don't falter,

for you are there
to watch me, to catch me.

Oh, how I want to be here forever,
softened by the sun and your gaze.

Melting Thoughts

Ideas swirl in my mind like
ice cubes in a cup,
my spoon agitating the waters of thought.
Before they have a chance
to melt into the stream of consciousness,
I scoop them up.
I hold them close to my heart
and think of them fondly,
considering them before they go.

Author Bio

Emma Bond is a junior professional writing major with a creative writing minor. She enjoys writing poetry and short stories in her free time. Her work has been published in Etchings, and she is a member of Sigma Tau Delta.