

# 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.