



# **CHROMATIC FRAG MENTS**

**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.

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*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.