

POETRY

# You

by Marisol Moreno Ortiz



Untitled by Ann Privateer

You are shavings of colored pencils — curves,  
uneven edges, and splinters underneath skin.

You are a puzzle in every world  
with different zippers  
hand holding, and  
closed doors.

There are no broken jars here.  
No tethers of shame,  
only orange amaryllis.  
Ask the Victorians why.

Collage the mind with images  
of things that bring you jubilation.  
From sponges of cake dipped in  
chocolate to silly string.

You are made of threads from the  
arms in the sky and those  
holding you below in the rocking  
chair with kisses on your forehead.

Understand the seams made with  
strained eyes and shaky hands were  
the triumph of the lives in the camera  
of your mind.

The lines are firm with letters written,  
the lines are uneven with dances taken,  
fullness will change with age like the  
comfort of your four-inch heels.

Know your scars, you are a blank map  
without them.

You will feel them to be true  
in your hand. Paper cuts are not  
mistakes when they heal from the  
challenges that give you tolerance.

You are more than pinecones.

Benches are more than colored metal  
and tailored poses.

There is no soul without filaments of doubt,

debris, and mending you decide you deserve  
and strive to complete.

There is no abundance without bread.

There is no water without the earth  
understanding the ashes left by fires.  
Your tongue knowing thirst.

There is no you without catharsis.

Draw the picture you see behind  
your eyes.

It will hold truth with the movements  
of your body.

Discomfort is temporary, take the tweezers  
and propel the splinter out.