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WRT 134W – Intro to Writing Poetry

Fall 2012

Fiber Optics

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Scattered glitter

Through my veins

Light at the end of my fingertips

Sporadic

Lovely

Shimmered coils with purpose

Transparently opaque

Touch me, spark

Let me bring life to you.

Macaw's Law

Vibrantly fluorescent

The hyacinth eats the fruit of Eve

The grievous guava

The merciless mango

And flies to the edge

Where the rock meets the water

Licks the clay

Mineral bound

Absorbing the foreign

Regaining life.

11:30 P.M.

You know you're tired

When going 65 feels like speeding

And there's a pounding in your head

And all you can bear listening to

Is light 100.5 WRCH,

The cool, jazzy trumpet soothing the pain.

And you look at the eighteen-wheeler

That you're trying to quickly pass

And wondering if he's tired too.

If he's going to swerve and hit you

And take your life.

You know you're tired

When there's not much else to think about

And so you consider this.

Stay

When you think of leaving

I hope you see my footprints

On your windshield

I hope you breathe in the smell

Of Moschino when you lie there lonely at night.

I hope you realize that no one will ever understand your

Wacked-out, tapped-out statements

That you assumed only made sense to you.

Well they made sense to me, too.

And I believed every word you said.

The secrets of society and the joys of getting high.

Just reconsider for my sake.

Damn You, Ryan Gosling

I am a hopeless romantic

And I don't care.

I picture my life like a movie

But that's not even the worse of it.

It's me expecting my life to be a movie

A version of *The Notebook*

Or *The Titanic*.

Isn't it melancholic

That the majority of the female population

Sits and watches

These romantic movies?

A box of tissues in hand

A fuzzy blanket to cuddle under

And either one of the following:

No man

or

A man who doesn't seem to be as charming as Ryan Gosling.

No, that's a dream man.

Your man works nine to five
And doesn't think to buy you flowers because it's Tuesday.
Doesn't think to call you because he misses your voice.
It's those cheesy actions I dream of
And it's the damn media that put those ideas in my head
Making me believe that there are guys like that out there
And yours just sucks.

Moping around aimlessly
Wondering why mine isn't sappy
While he looks and smiles at me
Not missing a beat
Not missing anything
Asking if I'm okay
Am I hungry? Am I thirsty? Am I tired?
Coming over willingly to wrap his arms around my waist
Plant a kiss on the side of my cheek
And assuming he's doing the best he can.
The best way he knows how.

Sound of the Wind

Upstairs tucked away

In a Zen mastermind's room.

The sound of silence evaporated throughout.

“Come here” you whispered.

Naked and cold, I crawled to the window.

A magnificent site unfolded before me.

No activity, no busyness

Just the sound of diamond-encrusted snowflakes

Dropping to the ground.

Falling safely to their sugar-like home.

The still of the night was too peaceful to ever be disturbed.

I wish my optics could snap a picture

So I can relive the serenity over and over again.

I guess the memory of that cold November night will do.