

Preamble: My intention in “Milky Way Mixing Bowl” was to explore this memory I have of my mom waking up me and my sister in the middle of the night whenever we were on vacation to look at the stars. She was always so awe-struck by how many there were when we were in more remote places and that rubbed off on me. My intention here was to capture some of that awe, but also some of the idea of it feeling like a special occasion, but also slightly forbidden, because it would always be at 3 am and it almost felt as though we were spying on the stars. Something that surprised me in writing this piece was how invested I got in the image of frosting and making frosting (which is another childhood memory of mine). I really enjoyed trying to tie elements of outer space and the steps of making frosting together, it was strangely satisfying to imagine what it might be like to taste constellations. Settling into just one image for the entire poem was something new for me, but I had a lot of fun with it!

Milky Way Mixing Bowl

Shaken awake and
Dragged outside
To tilt our heads back into the sky
And taste
milky way swirls that coat my dreams
Thick frosting on a birthday cake
My mother has made for me
Slathered in rich flavors of time eternal
You can't buy this from the grocery store
No, you must
Cream light years into stars
Mix in black holes, into planets, moons until
You cannot pick them apart
Until it is all shine and burning, burning, burning
Swipe our fingers through the mixing bowl of the galaxy
When no one is looking
And lick the constellations right off
Before sneaking back to our beds

Preamble:

“Osprey” was inspired by “First Kiss” by Tim Seibles and is what I started writing in class after we watched it. It was mostly inspired by how he used many different rich images in his poem all trying to describe the same emotion with some variation. This poem is about my best friend from home and the excitement and joy in being reunited, even though it has happened so many times before. Taking from Tim Seibles, I was trying to describe the wonder of meeting again and our friendship in general through a few distinct images. One question that I have for my work is about the line breaks and length. I played around a lot with different line breaks and am wondering if there are specific places where the line breaks could be shifted to enhance the motion of the piece. Then also regarding the length, how does the ending of the piece feel? Are there images that could be expanded more or reduced?

Osprey

Seeing you again is like
Waiting
For the ferry to dock
Lines thrown onto metal cleats
Hooking me in place
When I see you
An osprey diving for fish that I
Cannot take my eyes from
Over and over
You dive and yet
Each time the first meeting
Of water and wing
An embrace that startles me awake
To remember life could be like walking
on sidewalks barefoot
Relearning the piercing of flesh
With each step
Startled awake
my foot sent back
To first grade but
I've read these books before
I know how to spell my name, yours
A tangle I unravel
To find some secret in the thread
how can a name so simple capture
the all of you
Showing up at my door

Clare Ablett, CRWT B261, Sonia Sanchez, 16 September

Three hundred miles away

Are you home?

Stay awhile