

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Aydia Thompson()

Anxiety

(i) digging my nails, digging
into skin. i am searching
for Feeling. i lost Feeling
in the river as a child.

(ii) i can't breath. i can
but i can't, i can't be refunded
so i must wait until my lungs
remember how to work again.

(iii) it doesn't matter if this is the
Dentist, what would i do
if a gunman ran in here?
which exit is closest? will i die?

(iv) up, down, up, down, up
god. did he notice me notice him?
wave, go on, move your dead hand.
never mind, he didn't notice. exhale.

(v) tapping my foot and scraping
my teeth against each other and
why is everything noise? everyone
is noise. i never befriended Noise.

(vi) but i am not a person. this skin
is a dodgy replacement of one.
i think ill just control y breathing
and act like i don't exist until i am

SOMEONE.

Aydia Thompson

Haunted Constellations

I saw constellations in your eyes
and pale planets where your head should be
but the ghosts that are escaping from the constellations are more distracting
because I know they will haunt
my very existence with your mesmerizing voice
so I guess I should leave now
But I feel as if that is too painful for you
and I don't want to shatter your heart
and walk all over it
so for now I'll just stay
and maybe I'll haunt you
when you finally see my
ghost and my haunted constellations

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