

Poetry Series

Danielle Nguyen

- poems -

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2005 A.D.

Their stupid bowing heads
Don't look too different from Germany 1940s
Don't look too different from ants at the queen
Don't look too different from vapid, suckling piglets
Don't look too different from mob-mentality zombies
Don't look too different from prepackaged
Don't look too different from suffocated
Don't look too different from mass-produced by-products
Don't look too different from the matching row of pews
Don't look too different from the same staggered hypocritical killing
Don't look too different from the same old
Same old
Same old stupid subservient sated slaves searching for salvation

Danielle Nguyen

Acrostic

Perhaps it was in that particular
MOMent when it was finally confessed that
ThE lives of the two became marked and
ParT of her would always have the truth of lies
CleaR in the back of her mind,
SureLY contradicting her rules and certainly secretly tainting her love story.

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Haiku 1

Fog glows and hazes
Fills the mountain gaps, covers
Muting sight and thought

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Lune 1

I wish that
It didn't hurt to love
you this hard

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Prophecy

Eventually she will wear out
Slipping like water through his fingers
Eventually he will wear out
Edging further on the bench, still loved
And since nothing lasts forever
Eventually this junction will shut down
Him tired and sighing
Her forlorn and inadequate
The two of them, finished

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Time

When this started, you were tall
You were all the way up there, a statue.
I climbed.
You keep going, and you forget that you grow
And when I looked around, I noticed -
I could meet you, now.
Instead of reaching and grasping fingertips
Neck aching from gazing sky-high
We were hand-to-hand, eyes to mouth
And my legs had stretched to place me there.

Being big is only relative to how little you are.
Getting this tall, tall like you
You can see the whole world from up here.
And with these strong new legs
I stepped away
Walking new strides
Feeling this new body
Looking back and seeing the way you shrunk in the horizon.

My last words were as subtle as
How concaves and convexes curved in the most strategic of places
These arches that snuck up like the fade of autumn to winter
This change ungraspable like a forgotten song.
Once we met eye-to-eye
You saw the way mine said,
"I don't love you anymore."
You heard the way my steps said,
"Goodbye."

Danielle Nguyen

Try

I was going to stand in front of you.
I was going to make you smile like
Fresh cupcakes on your birthday or
A non-platonic Valentine.

I was going to tell you,
No one else, no one else, no one!
I was going to say,
You and only you
I promise.

I was going to show you the way
You make my smile spread
Was going to reveal how
Mute people speak
How to sculpt without your hands,
Making existence without matter.

I was going to let it all spill out
Jumbling from a toybox
Blocks like jewels, hopeful and bright
Scurrying on the carpet, shivering

But I'm just a little girl.
And what adults like and what
Little girls have to give
Aren't always the same.

This is a game of chance.
Maybe if I knew that
This construction paper card,
Love dribbled in Elmer's glue,
heart timid and glittering
Wouldn't end up in a forgotten shoebox
Neglected and damned to linger with dust bunnies

Maybe if I knew that
These things were enough
I would have done more than
Sat down in this nursery
Tucked in my legs
And written you this poem.

Danielle Nguyen