

Poetry Portfolio
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Final Entries for WRIT 301

Chelsea

My sister announces her presence over the earth
A sovereign being
Come to cleanse

Desert sand biting into her knees
Wind ribboning her white cloaked linens
Traveling steps pebbled with rocks

She sings and the toads come calling
Venom as a gift
Exchanging grief

She wails
She pulls from the earth
The deepest sorrows like vines

Screaming flooding energy,
As the thorns of tribulations threaten
Stark tears rushing in the howls of the night

Crying in the desert
Heart encapsulating the wreckage
She breathes

Alone on the coldest nights
Her gift is given with sacrifice
Ululations echo over the hills and deep in the caverns

She releases
She blesses
She protects

My sister is a sovereign being
She comes to cleanse my home
For she was once a ruler of the skies,

She has returned to heal our cries.

12:50p.m. May 17, 2023

How Can I Die Alone?

I will be romantic. I will sell
My heart of hearts. I will bleed
Cuts scrapes and bruises. I will beg
For touch in dim lighting. I will bore
The hell of the world,
If it meant I'd find my way to you.

I will be open. I will search
In the darkest hour. I will breathe
In every cloud daring to rain. I will sing
In truth and in pain. I will fight
The hell of the world,
If it meant I'd find my way to you.

I will be daring. I will wage
war between all men. I will clear
A path of no survivors. I will bite
Fresh earth. I will bare
My teeth like sharp lightning. I will become
The hell of the world,
If it meant I'd find my way to you.

1:43pm 4/12/23

(Line: "How can I die alone?" and "I will be romantic. I will sell" from Robert Creely)

Suzane

Bottles rattle every time she closes her drawers.
Sitting dusted on her vanity,
They tremble in their emptiness,

Held down only by memory and adoration.

Suzane forgets

To polish

Colors drain overmorrow

Vanilla or rose or bergamot—

It's hard to remember

Red yellow slot machines in empty basements

Spoiled abandoned doll, why do you cry?

White linen doors

Hidden laundry closets

Pages of signatures washed away

Addison forgets

When bottles rattle

When pages are lost

“What does it say?” cursive confusing the child.

“That's for me to know, and you to find out.”

1:07p.m. 4/27/23

Journaling

Through hilted breaths I had to face

The realizations taking place

The earth beneath my feet

Walked over

Triumphed over

Wept over

Is littered with doorways.

Sparkling
over water
Tree houses doused
in cobras and past ghosts

*I am a sovereign being.
You have no place here.*

Hand in hand
The original thirteen
Walking through doorways.

Back to back
We stole knives

I begged and you died
I begged and I cried
I begged and I died.

Again tumbling through
Waltzing in the woods
Flowering on cliffs with no bears in sight

*I never have to worry.
We will ascend together.*

We were sisters
We were too powerful
We felt like home

Bursts of color in isolation for the tiny ancient one
A high priestess and the moon goddess

The original thirteen together again
Life after life after life
In the cries of the desert
Pulling from the sadness in the earth

Healing the planet in its darkest season
Our work here is done.

You feel like home.
You are home.

3:10 4/25/23

Opal Squalor in Whitewood

I once looked for opals in the night of the sky,
But I only found worms in the earth.

I fought for ink spilling on the sunrays,
But I slipped off the moon.

Twirling, you told me I mattered,
But the birds tripped my whispers.

Vanilla aromas bled into the room like a dying light.
Claws held clouds as the dew drops tumbled.
I boarded up my windows with slinkies.

He traced lightning on my skin and orchids blew fire.
The truth never left me.
The squall was caged without elegance.

Petal petal petals
Dusting between the rings of planets,
And the worms in the earth.

I once looked for opals in the night of the sky,
But I slipped off the moon.

Star dust stained my skin
Exquisite plucked ease made raw.

Twirling, you told me I mattered,
But the truth never left me.

1:29p.m. 4/19/23

Prince of Might

I'll take you to a place,
And then we'll go beyond it.

It sounds like a neighborhood,
But I'll lose you in the stars.

Read me as a cranberry enemy,
Yet keep me as your maple lover.

Salt sprays the drums and you question my honor?
Beg of me your blue and I'll hold your hand and wander.

Nail the raw flesh and you still won't believe me.
Push back my hair and try to see the real monster.

Perfume bottles clink because they told me to shatter.
Ribbon black wings tied with golden wire,
Fly into the core of everything that made you unholy.

Croon on your knees for it is the dawn of the right.
The whole world will love you even in plain sight.

So take my hand now and I will give you a crown.
No one again will make you bow down.

Singing holy songs by candlelight,
I am all yours for you to rest weary
Hold me in your heart so when the snakes call home,
We will be the only ones left to rome.

1:38p.m. 4/19/23

Opal Ring in Dust

Glimmering within the muck
Of the spilled over garage

“Come with me,”
I followed uncertain and safe
Picking over tools
Receiving shaking boxes

Opened with jewelry
Rusted, not anew
Rotting with time
Unlike the memories I never got to hold.

Worlds too big
But flared with wings
Engravings ornate and
Old
A ring worn on hands unseen

A ring worn with pride
—i’m guessing
It’s beautiful.

Opals in the garage
and gems "I bought for your jewelry making"
Sit on my shelf
With jewelry unmade
And memories unkempt.

1:38p.m. 5/3/23

Atop the Castle Stairs

I placed my hands flat on the metal
Sat still on my throne
As they bit my neck from either side.

Iron crown of chains,
Crushing the bones in my neck,
Breaking down my muscles,
Gnawed on by men.

For pleasure?
To keep me silent.
Right where I want them?
To keep me satisfied.

Canines scratching
Skin taugt, nicked, pooling?
Draining.

Underneath fragile crystal foyer,
I hold still.
Midnight blue flaring
Kohl smudging

Scarlet smearing.

Biting, nibbling, seducing?

Conquering.

It's funny that when I stand,

Their heads roll off their bodies.

1:32pm 5/3/23

The Sadness Factory

Covered in cloves and toads

The children like the amphibians

The adults cower

“We pack dreams two at a time: the Sadness Factory.”

Butterflies into boxes

Rainbows flooding into bottles

Crack—

A hand slapped.

“We pack dreams two at a time: the Sadness Factory.”

Candies crunch between menthol

Matted hair and bruised knuckles

Punched cards

Constant humming of pushing and moving

“We pack dreams two at a time: the Sadness Factory.”

One and two, one and two, one and two

Tape it all up

Tear scrape rip place seal

Pointing, “Don’t get blood on the boxes.”

“We pack dreams two at a time: the Sadness Factory.”

Moving, pushing

One and two, one and two

Boxes and boxes more rainbows more bottles more dreams more knuckles more bruises
more wallows

“We pack dreams, two at a time: the Sadness Factory.”

12:35pm 4/10/23

Soup

My father told me when I was a child that I should be thankful for the times I am bored.

At the time I didn’t really know what he was on about

Hubbub

This poem isn’t going to go anywhere

This silly card tells me to rest

I don’t think I’m writing, just recording thoughts.

I’ll probably just turn in the poem I wrote earlier instead of this one.

My head is lost right now

I look at this poem with hatred

There’s no story and there’s nothing I want it to be

So why am I still typing?

Why am i still going
Why did not capitalize the 'i' in the last two lines?
Now there's blue and red squiggles everywhere.
It's a mess
I'm going to go fix them, one moment please.

There now you will never know of my incompetence
Or my ability to create error
This poem is stupid.
I hate it.
Which means everyone else will probably love it
And see it as some declaration of humanity or some other shit to make us feel less alone.
Well, you should know in that case, you are relating to someone who is actively crazy and
feels way too much of everything all of the time.

While I have your attention I guess I could complain about things.
There's this girl—
She's my best friend but I worry that I am not hers,
Which makes me feel fucking sick inside.
I don't feel like I am enough for anyone or anything, which is annoying when I would much
rather be everything for everyone always.
This whole poem is a lie.
I could be talking about soup for all you know.
Creamy spicy tomato soup
That's perfectly blended so there are no stupid bits of texture—
A sensory nightmare, Panera's creamy tomato soup.
But the flavor reminds me of soup they had in the dining hall during freshman year for two
weeks so I suffer anyway.

I made myself like soup because I needed it.
Cream of crab is also good
It's my only claim to maryland

I grew up there, but I am the worst Marylander ever.
I hate the beach and I don't like picking crabs
A monster am I
I stand by the flag though

My gods this poem is getting long
Can I still call this a poem when it's just me rambling?
What are poems if not rambling in all fairness?
I don't know.

Oh you're still here?
That's impressive. I applaud your commitment.
I've had friendships that have ended faster than it's taken for this poem.
How are you feeling?
Are you enthralled?
Do you wish this poem was over so you could finish something you've already invested so
much time into?
Fair.

I just went back and fixed my typos again and you're telling me enthralled doesn't have a 'w'
in it?
Bonkers.
Anyways—

1:33p.m. May 17th 2023