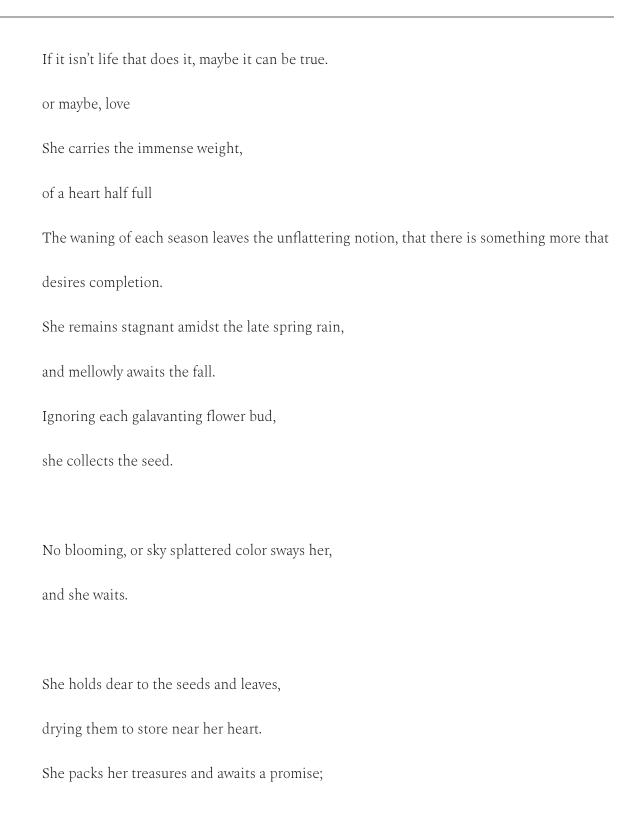
Lavender.
a collection of poems
By: iijia Pittman

Fulfilled



A promise for a better time,
a better life.
or
better yet; a life fulfilled
The Straw Man
I was always warned about the thing
the creature that crowns and stalks the night
he stands above the hill,
Powerful and lonely.
We are told not to speak,
but I wonder how he fares
And how a person can rule in such a fortress of solitude.
Each evening, I sneak a peek
and stare at his disembodied figure.
I gaze upon his makeshift button eyes, and sunken stomach
Each dawn, he stares back at me.
Dark, damp, and lonely.

To Speak

Is it better to speak or feel nothing?

Woefully thaw as you choke on a word

Is it better to find warmth,

or to face the turn of a shoulder, the bat of a kiss

To melt in a stance, given no choice

But to sit and remain silent

To die a million deaths, each intimate.

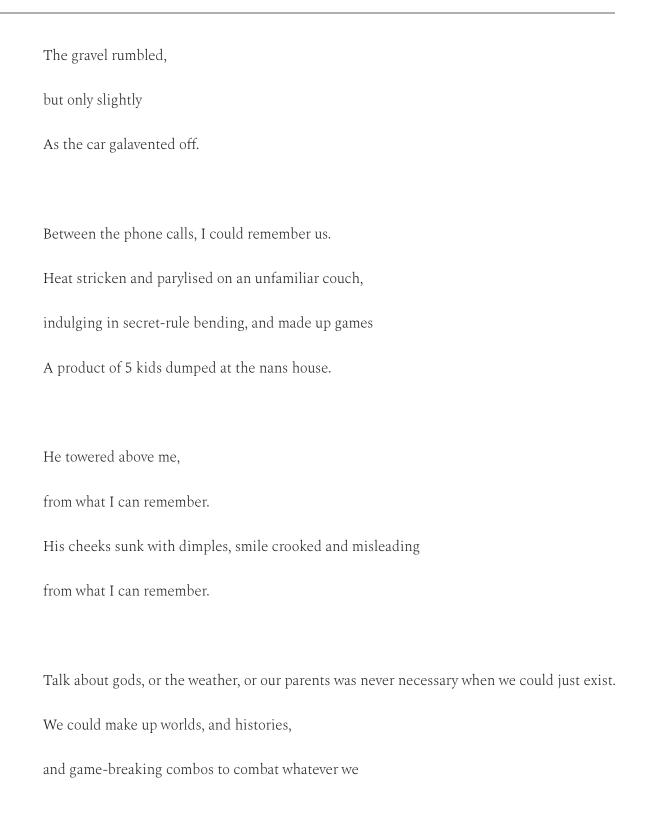
What good is a tongue if it gets caught by a viper,

Is a chance of security worth starting life over?

Breathing hope into your last breath

Praying, the next life will be ever best

Jonathan



wanted.

Our kinship faded with our youth,

and ignorantly our conversations turned to dust.

We'd waste breath,

collecting irrelevant schisms and glazing over one another in passing.

Buzzcut

I stand in front of a reflection,
unfamiliar.

The brown eyed stranger stares back at me,
taunting. lying.

The cold scissors jeer, and I look down at them twirling in my hands awaiting.

Soft, damp hair falls below my ears
and callously rests on my back.

I try once more to look the stranger in the eye, but I am met with a cold stare.

Twirling the ends of my hair, I release my locs which desperately flail, and curl up into nothing.

The Nightingale Dreams

Her voice remained harmonious,

and one could only imagine if she was aware of the world outside

Her voice aired out a hymn of longing,

for a time, or place, or figure who was long gone

The Nightingale cried, with the waxing of the morning sun,

and waning of the nightly moon.

She sung,

Cree, cree, chicory

Cree, cree, chicory,

My heart, it longs for thee

a song so sorrowful, we were covered in gloom for our formative years.

Each waking moment lay a reminder of the birds loss,

Each incantation shrouded the lands with distance and sorrow.

Cree, cree, chicory

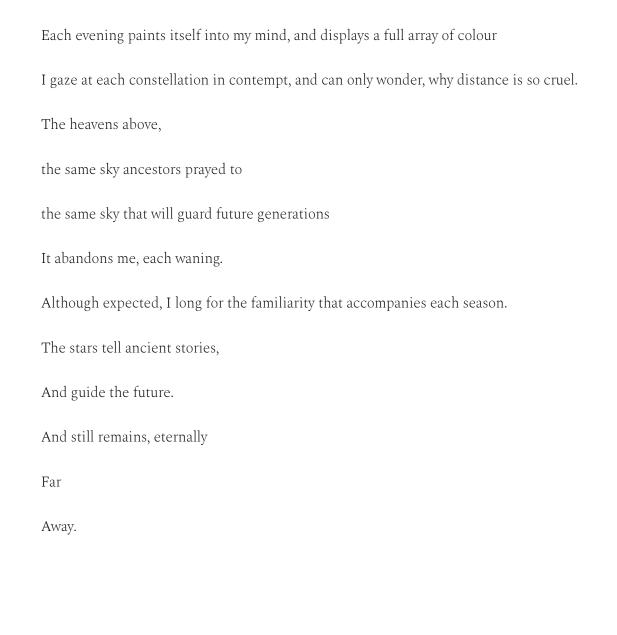
Cree, cree, chicory

My heart, it longs for thee

She sang, as with the sun, she rose to chase whatever was ahead

Falling back to her perch each dusk gameless. Her melodies waned with her spirits, as she began to wither Soon betrothed to her perch, up lonely on the fig tree. Soon, The sweet song was all we had left after her soul was called to serve some other. Her song fell down with each spring rain, Cree, cree, chicory Myheart, it longs for thee. and in each gust of wind, the voice whispered it's lullabye.

Red Colours the Night



Lavender

