

Lavender.

a collection of poems

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Fulfilled

If it isn't life that does it, maybe it can be true.

or maybe, love

She carries the immense weight,

of a heart half full

The waning of each season leaves the unflattering notion, that there is something more that desires completion.

She remains stagnant amidst the late spring rain,

and mellowly awaits the fall.

Ignoring each galavanting flower bud,

she collects the seed.

No blooming, or sky splattered color sways her,

and she waits.

She holds dear to the seeds and leaves,

drying them to store near her heart.

She packs her treasures and awaits a promise;

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

The gravel rumbled,

but only slightly

As the car galavented off.

Between the phone calls, I could remember us.

Heat stricken and parylised on an unfamiliar couch,

indulging in secret-rule bending, and made up games

A product of 5 kids dumped at the nans house.

He towered above me,

from what I can remember.

His cheeks sunk with dimples, smile crooked and misleading

from what I can remember.

Talk about gods, or the weather, or our parents was never necessary when we could just exist.

We could make up worlds, and histories,

and game-breaking combos to combat whatever we

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

My

heart,

it

longs

for thee.

and in each gust of wind, the voice whispered it's lullabye.

/

Red Colours the Night

Each evening paints itself into my mind, and displays a full array of colour

I gaze at each constellation in contempt, and can only wonder, why distance is so cruel.

The heavens above,

the same sky ancestors prayed to

the same sky that will guard future generations

It abandons me, each waning.

Although expected, I long for the familiarity that accompanies each season.

The stars tell ancient stories,

And guide the future.

And still remains, eternally

Far

Away.

Lavender

I remember,

that summer

And the sky made of lavender.

Past ripened fruit, and

dampened remembrance

I toil land rich with spoiled goods, but

to be fair I do,

Remember that feeling.

Perspiration rolling down clenched fists

firmly holding onto

Nothing.

As unforgettable as the day became, I remembered the morning.

The salutations of Dewey flowers,

The bullying clouds,

and; the sky splattered in shades of blue and mahogany.

The sky was lavender as I held onto you
the air ripened by the roses, chrysanthemum, marigolds, and daisies
Each looking crisp, sharp, and easy.

I held onto you,

My Love;

As the sun shone bright

And now, I only am reminded

of our very existence.

Bittersweet,

over-ripe.

I shrivel up,

lacking nourishment,

lacking purpose.

These dead leaves reach desperately from this prison,

the Meadow.

And extends towards your great light in the sky.

Searching for life, they reach out.

Hopeless, praying.

My memories of you, lavender, stay with me

peacefully,

Kindly.

Tenderly, they wrench my stomach and vacate my mind with the barest comfort.

I'm never alone,

for I have these memories of lavender.

The lavender sky,

Its shriveled up heart

and these endless, mossy knolls that each grow decades apart

My heart reeks of lavender.