

Samples in Poetic Feeling by Hannah Decker

OWNED BY HANNAH DECKER MEDIA

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1670 1st Avenue

A Pretty Vase Found in the Waves

By Hannah Decker

The waves crashed against her skin before she woke.
They consumed her body, washing over her legs,
drowning her vacant, lifeless face
like she was a plastic doll in the bathwater of a little girl.
She was not dead, but she certainly was not in the state of living
where the air in her lungs was winning.

She was sitting on the ledge of the fence that
separated the world of the living from the world of the dead,
waiting to topple, to capsize, and to end.
She could not see as the waves engulfed her body,
and she could not hear as the current whipped in the wind,
and she could not feel the tingling of the water against her skin.

She certainly could not smell the sodium scent
licking at her tongue,
filling the cavity of her mouth
like she was a vase to plant flowers from.
The girl was as good as dead,
though she was not dead.
She was not dead at all,
though someday,
after they'd recovered her limbs from her hopeful aquatic coffin,
she likely will wish that she was.

It wasn't the tugging of seaweed
wrapped tight around her ankle that she could feel,
or the stinging of salt seeping underneath her eyelids.
She couldn't feel her lungs filling with water,
threatening to seize oxygen flow,
or her clothes suffocatingly taut against her body.

It was the feeling of the foamy salt water,
coating her bare arms:
that was the first sign of consciousness,
the foam growing, spreading
like a million spiders crawling up her triceps,
itching, wishing to lacerate her skin.

This, she felt, and thus she breathed again.

The Everlasting Taint of One Small Scratch

By Hannah Decker

Yellow Wool does not feel nice against the skin.
It itches and scratches and curls into the flesh of your neck.
Yellow Wool does not look nice against the skin.
It grabs and sags and we would much prefer you undressed.
Yellow Wool colors the covers of your porcelain,
dehydrating, inebriating, adulterating your virtue.
But he loves you in his Yellow Wool, and
lest it be he does not imbue on command your sweet comply,
he will shed his Yellow Wool for you,
prickling apart the patch of your casing,
taking all there is to be taken.
“When you wear my Yellow Wool,” he says,
“you are a beacon in the making.
You are a symbol, a sign of white -
my haven, my design, my will for life.”
Had it been not your lack to listen,
perhaps you, still, would be with him,
carping, dropping, melting in-to silk.
But against his skin is Yellow Wool, and
despite our cries and his woolen scratches on your skin,
Yellow Wool looks nice on him.

Everytime I Missed the Train - NYC 2019

By Hannah Decker

Urgency climbed up my spine
like a ladder,
and sat at the top
in the throne of my mind.

My heart race jolted
at the change in my life,
but I couldn't get back on -
I couldn't make it right.

The leaves had fallen,
and spring won't return.
I live everyday in a constant yearn.

Where is my love?
Where is my life?
Where is the ghost
in the frame of my strife?

The track keeps on rolling,
but the train is long gone.

Now it's a filter of frenzy,
and everything - is wrong.

Urgency swings me around in a dance.
Now I've fallen in love with its eyes,
and its trance.

Exsanguination
By Hannah Decker

He fingered my flesh wound
like it was a hole in a sweater.
Pressing my pulse point
like it was an elevator button.
Waiting for my wounds
to open up some more.
Waiting to reach the final floor.
To open up and bleed on him some more.
Pull on my stitches.
Unravel my casing.
Beg for him to
shed his skin for me
and let me wear his skin instead.

The Human Machine

By Hannah Decker

God, the whirring is worse than the ticking,
and all of my life I was taught not to bother listening
to the sound of the clock.

But in this silent sound
I hear not the race of the arms to the 12 o'clock dot,
I hear instead the whirring, the hissing,
I hear all the sounds—I shouldn't be listening.

Hold me in your prongs,
plug be into the wall.
Watch me foam at the mouth.

Watch my headspin—a turntable.
Watch my eyes glow—a cell phone.
Fingers snap—the stretch of an extension cord.

Pull me from the wall, before the sparks burn down this home.
Pull me from the wall, before the water leaking from the ceiling
starts to erode my metal casing.

I never listened to the ticking of the clocks,
please don't make me listen to the whirring in the walls.

In Between Us
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If it was a cosmic alignment that brought him to me,
me to her, you to them,
and them to me,
then what fate would it be for us to never meet?

Shoulders that brush,
fingertips that touch,
but mouths that never speak.
Strangers passing in the street.

But, the revision to our deus ex machina:
Reality intervenes, and the cosmos disperse.

I like to think there is stardust
woven into the fabric of the space between us.
A galaxy of moments.
What an entanglement we've woven.

A dance, a waltz,
some three hundred miles apart.
Perfect frame, perfect time,
Separate, yet still the same,
and the collision, on impact, graceful,
for once, falling right into place.

Your Life Does Not Belong to You Anymore
By Hannah Decker

Snap a photograph (why don't you?)
to post online
the books you read,
and the words you rhyme.

Pause your scanning of *Walden*
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It's ironic, is it not?
The lengths we travel
to do what we want
and be who we're not.

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By Hannah Decker

I love my little room
And my big bed
And the sound of trucks passing
At all hours
At every hour
Traveling north to a place unknown to me
But traveling through me
Traveling with me
In dreams
In sleep
In wake
In study
Traveling side by side with me
Waking me
Distracting me
Scaring me when the engine blows
I love my little room
And my big bed
And the windows on the street
Allowing me to join you
To journey with you
As you pass by at a
1,
2,
3,
At a 40 mile per hour speed
When no one is left
But me and you and the windows that line up and down this street

to be continued

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Allowing me to join you
To journey with you
As you pass by at a
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2,
3,
At a 40 mile per hour speed
When no one is left
But me and you and the windows that line up and down this street