

all the  
precious



Kia Ayesha Sinan

a poetry collection  
by kia ayesha sinan



For J, D, and A; because  
all poets are made, not  
born, and all the precious  
things are inherently poetic.



ALL

THE

PRECIOUS

# garnet

*i am a danger to myself  
and to those who know me.  
my mask is porcelain  
and i can feel it starting to  
c r a c k .*



## *episodic*

she counts the raps on the bathroom door.

*one.*

she is drowning in the bathtub  
with a slit in her heart  
where the poison pours from.

*two.*

there is water running  
from the overflowing tap in the sink and  
from the widening gash in her eyes.

*three.*

her tears are ichor and  
the water is muddied gold.

*four.*

episodic, her fits are.  
another one next tuesday?

# *crave*

she moves through the night like she is guided by  
the fragments of a broken dream.

she talks to the moon with stars in her eyes  
and shadows in her heart.

this is what i crave.

the raw, untamed passion of the sky,  
the sun kiss on the horizon  
with shades of auburn and tangerine.  
the phantom touch of the wind, caressing my skin  
like whispered legacies of spirits bent and broken.  
the tantalizing morsel of existence.

this is what i crave.

the ignition of my deepest desires.  
i crave to unravel the secrets of stars,  
to trace the constellations with my fingertips,  
to be a part of the celestial ballet that unfolds in the velvet  
expanse.

craving is my eternal companion,  
a hunger that cannot be satiated  
by any earthly pleasure.  
my ambition is physical.

i crave it all.  
the dew-kissed mornings  
the sultry afternoons  
the moonlit serenades  
the indigo midnights  
and the love you will never give back.





amethyst

*you are  
not  
who i  
planned  
to  
love*

*shakespeare couldn't write*  
*our tragedy*

the quill is pressed against my lips  
and it vanishes when i drink down  
the ink it drips.

my gaze is loaded with  
the promise of a thousand sonnets  
and yours is loaded with gunpowder.

we are adorned with the traces  
of our whispered murmurs  
and the shadows of a cerulean moon.

ink and parchment are  
incapable of our capture.

he is threaded through my blood  
and holds my hand in a cosmic waltz.

and yet, his silver words evaporate into cobalt night  
perhaps we were as fleeting they were.

# aquamarine



*you are a mystery  
better savored  
than solved.*

# paradox

your lips touch to mine, your lips tell me lies. *paradox.*  
you love in white lines, your eyes reflect time. *paradox.*

our table is powdered lightly  
in memories and in something else.

you're high  
in spirits.

“watch out for that boy,” my friend warned me  
yesterday, “my god, he’s a beautiful one.”  
emerald eyes, dark hair. “i know.”

“those eyes.” she shakes her head at me. “haven’t you  
heard the most poisonous predators are the brightest?”

none of my friends like you much, but they don’t know

you

they don’t know you like i do.

they don’t know that your books are organized  
alphabetically

that your vinyls are organized by color  
and that your speech isn’t organized at all.

how would they know that you think in little love  
letters,

talk in the melody of shared secrets,  
love in the colors on your palette?

“you two are adorable,” my friend murmured to me  
yesterday, “my god, he’s a beautiful one.”  
emerald eyes, dark hair. “i know.”  
“those eyes.” she shakes her head at me. “haven’t you  
heard the brightest eyes burn out the fastest?”

our table is dusted lightly  
in euphoria and in something else.  
you’re high  
in spirits.

your lips touch to mine, your lips are a shrine. *paradox.*  
you love in little crimes. your eyes apologize.  
*paradox.*

# diamond

*sure, but  
i could belong  
to anybody.*



*love is for those who would  
die kill*

*i wrote a love letter*  
*in the dark*

obsidian ink flows from my pen,  
and marks the parchment of endless night.

the room is dimmed  
my spectres seem  
to have total abandon tonight.

i am engulfed in darkness tonight,  
but perhaps i can write my way out of it.

i cannot see the words i write,  
but i will write them nonetheless.

i will testify to the immortality of emotion  
and the cruelty of the powerful.  
i will speak of my decorated dreams  
and your earthly constraints.

the words trace delicate patterns,  
whispered murmurs of devotion,  
paint a promise between two distant hearts.

another night of dreamless sleep awaits me  
when i tuck the letter under my pillow.  
just another one i can't send.



# emerald

*the curtains draw shut  
“come back,” i call.  
“i have your flowers.”  
“keep them,” comes  
the reply.  
“i don’t need them anymore.”*



*“i don’t need you anymore.”*

# meant for the stage

a secret unfurls from your lips  
it trips on your tongue on the way out.  
the soft flames burn up in a lie  
the inferno of a confession.

you call me.  
call my name  
and eight times in the middle of the night  
and completely, absolutely yours.

romeo downs his poison  
romeo waits underneath a night spangled with stars.  
“juliet,” he says. see? he does call me. “*juliet.*”  
perhaps it was a plea this time so i turn around  
seconds spill into quill-inked minutes  
and minutes into heart-bled devastation.

sneaking into my dressing room  
and through my window  
and into the clutches of a cold embrace.

you are only capable of love when the spotlight bears  
witness  
for you are unbearable  
but i will bear you  
bear the burden  
and bare myself to you.

for what an honor, to be the star.  
what pretty things they must say about me.

*(you see her, there?  
she is the girl who writes poetry and  
the girl who writes herself into madness  
and the girl who is made up of red blood and fire and  
clay and cells  
stay away from her, son  
she will drag you to your death)*

what a simple examination of intricacy,  
are these ivory instruments.

we are meant for the stage  
a righteous calamity of tears  
a thundering round of applause  
perhaps the flowers they toss onto stage  
but not more than that  
we are not meant for more.



pearl

*the girl on the  
screen is perfect  
in a way i'll never be.*

# *flawless*

the girl on the screen is polished grace personified  
she is the fading star i chase  
in my phantom mask.

i want to unlearn her flawlessness  
and dignify myself with that erasure.

i want an ivy touch that promises me  
what she has.

i want to remain untouched  
by the ravages of a brutal existence.  
and i don't want my scars to tell a story,  
i want them to scream one.

so under the tender glow of twilight  
and the safety of my screen,  
i confess  
to begging for a flawless silhouette  
with impressionable imperfections  
solely to appease.

# ruby

~~stay~~ play  
safe



# *bare*

pain drapes a comforting hand across my shoulders  
and presses a gentle kiss to my cheek.  
sorrow scrubs the scarlet from my lace shroud  
and hope glows gently for the final time  
when i lower her coffin.

i am stripped of the serendipity  
i so often accessorized with.

i am shadowed in the despair of worded misery  
stronger than starlight, more potent than poison.  
it seems adversity has woven a beautiful tapestry  
threaded in the fabric of my existence.

i paint constellations that take the strange shape  
of unspoken conversations.

for i am not a prisoner of misfortune  
but a wayfarer where it resides.

bare of all the precious things.

peridot<sup>o</sup>  
bury me, then





*not very nice of you,*  
*leaving me for dead*

crimson cascades from a dagger to my throat  
they stain the ivory lace i wear  
and tarnish the twilight tapestries  
that decorate my apartment.

words ravage my lips,  
and flower in a midnight rose.  
i sing a marred melody, a scarlet symphony,  
an elegy.

i would like to make a house  
of your velvet echoes  
and make a home of  
your rusting hope.

blood under my fingernails  
from the skin i scraped off your chest.  
the memories i peel off of mine  
look much the same.

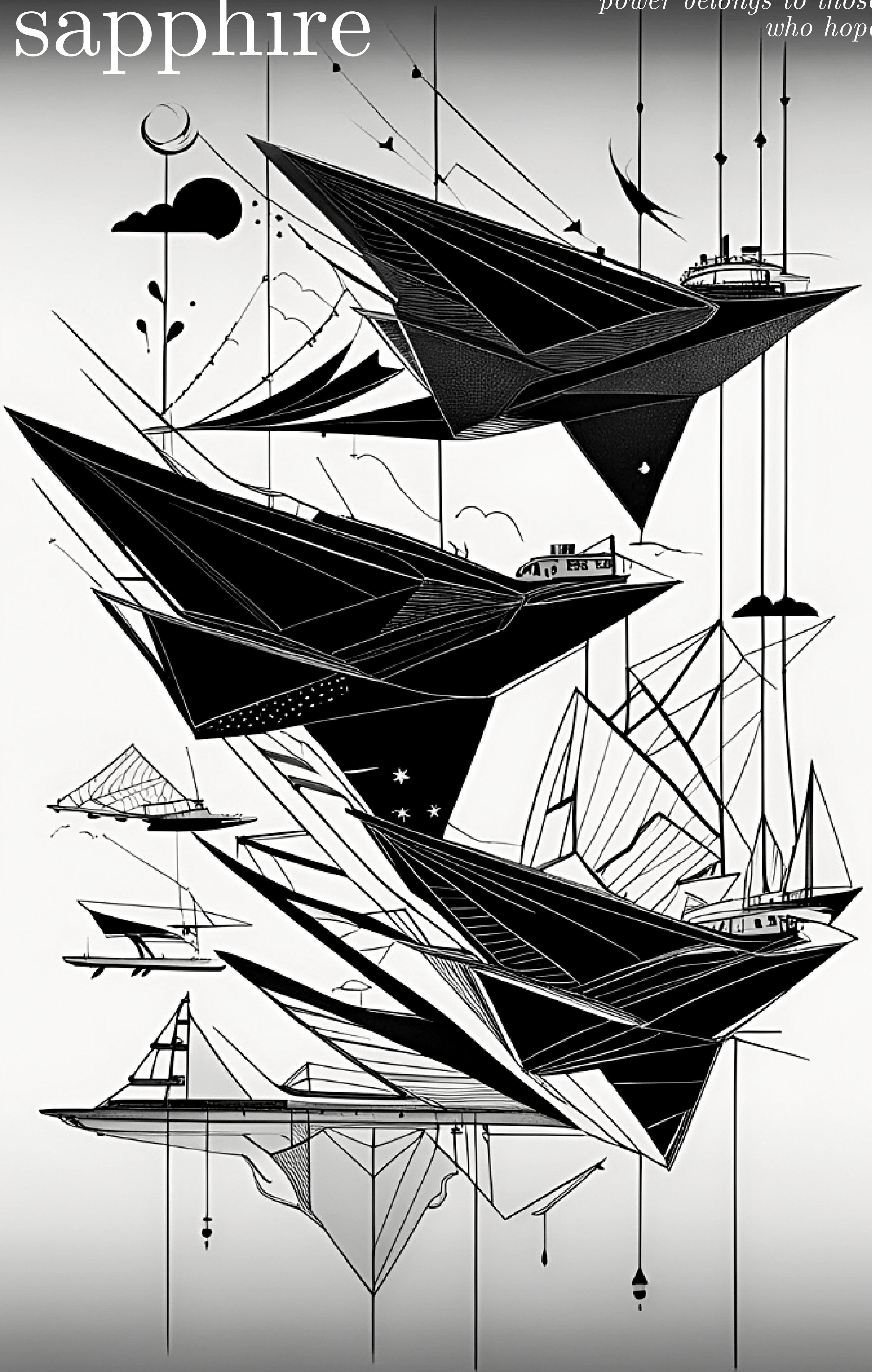
your brilliance festers and rots  
your charm is gilded wood.  
an eloquent appearance,  
when i still taste jeweled honey on my tongue.

the mud and soil claim me  
with unforgiving brutality  
but oh, do they have a way with words.

i am draped in silken starlight when they lower the coffin  
my fingers still adorned in  
the planetary rings  
you gave me.

# sapphire

*power belongs to those  
who hope*



# paper planes

i toss paper planes to the wind,  
delicate dreams on delicate wings  
a canvas into which i crease and fold every hope  
in a desperate testament to  
the artistry of my longing.

when the sky is cerulean,  
the supernatural is my  
most trusted friend.  
and for a moment,  
the world is a little more magical.

this is why, when i release the plane,  
the wind carries it.

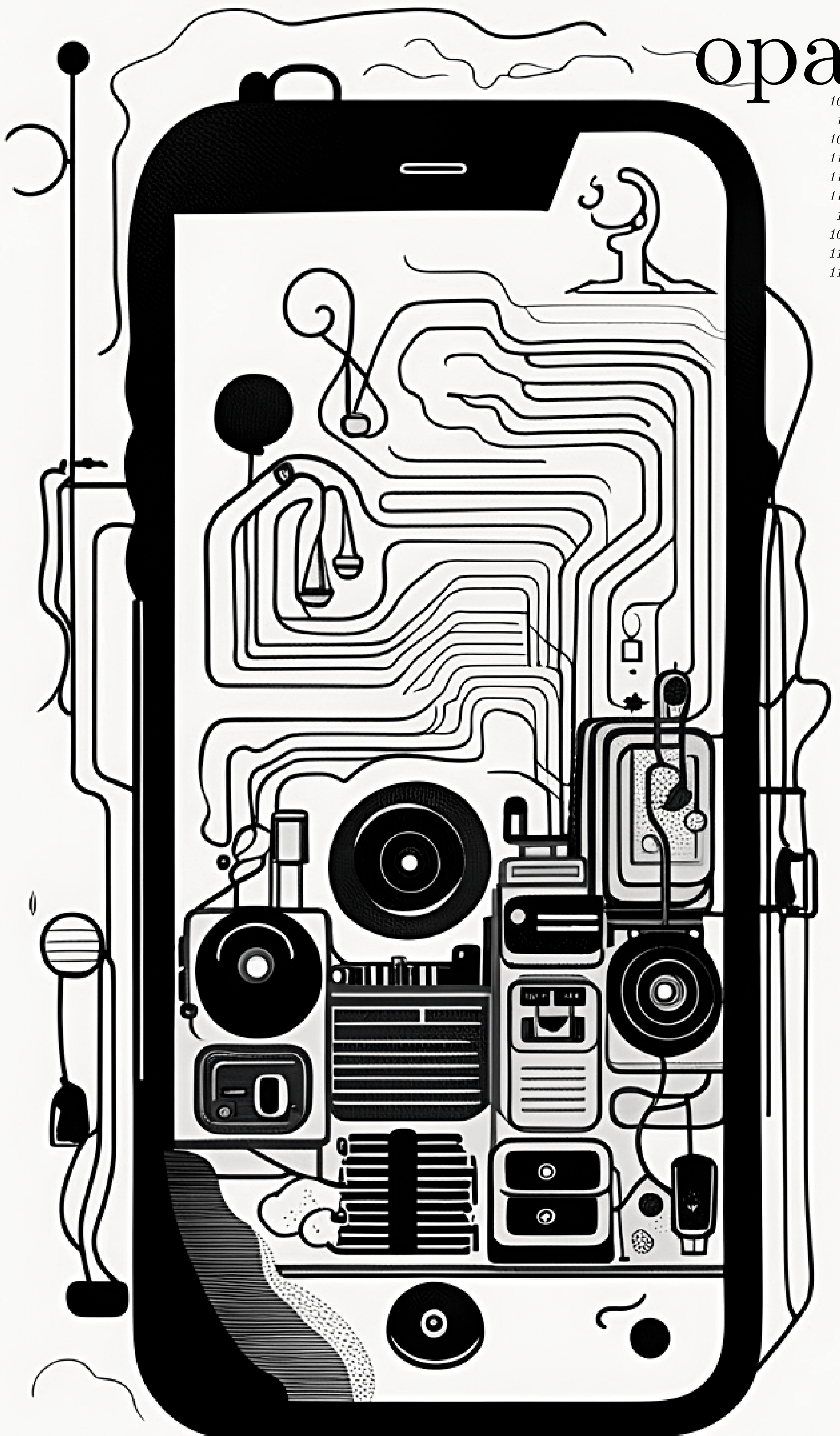
because superstition infuses them  
with wishes that defy reason.  
on days like these, i believe in the unseen threads  
that connect my soul to yours.

the plane arches and dips,  
and enchants me into silence.  
my paper dreams feel silken now.  
i can slip them on.

i heard fairytales of wishes coming true  
when a paper plane meets its end.  
today, mine ends up right at my feet.

# opal

1001001  
100000  
1001100  
1101111  
1110110  
1100101  
100000  
1011001  
1101111  
1110101



# *anti-social media*

my dreams exist in the space between one and zero  
and they are edited to look sharper.

you smile at me in the hallways  
so why don't you follow me back?  
the world unfolds and unfolds  
and you will inevitably unravel.

i suppose it doesn't matter, really -  
i am a marionette of my own design.

maybe they care what i wore today  
maybe they want to read my blood on paper  
maybe they want to know what made me  
or maybe they just say they do  
because then i will want  
those things from them.

i shake my head, tap my screen.  
funny, the thoughts that stray.

i

*the blonde songstress is dating a footballer, did you hear?*

am

*the actress overdosed, did you hear?*

locked

*today marks three months of them dating, did you hear?*

in

*apparently he cheated on her, did you hear?*

a

*she sells herself online, did you hear?*

cage.

*he tweeted about it, didn't you see?*

please,

*she posted her new boyfriend, didn't you see?*

save

*their press tour was a disaster, didn't you see?*

me.

*no, i didn't.*

# topaz

*oh, darling.  
none of it  
was ever  
real.*





# *bubblegum crush*

i linger in a dreamlike daze, in a cotton candy world  
where

soft pinks and blues paint the skies,  
and love and whimsy adorn every little secret.

underneath the ethereal glow of a thousand fairy lights, i  
wander.

whispers of forgotten wishes drift by on soft, vanilla-  
scented breezes.

my heart hums to the rhythm of the music box my  
mother gifted me when i was six  
delicate and entrancing, as if the universe knows to  
serenade me.

i waltz in tandem with unseen stars and mortal  
constellations,  
forever in a cosmic reverie.

i watch as the world turns slowly around me, a carousel  
where

moments blur into ethereal streaks of color  
an eternal twilight where day and night coexist.

young love is such a curse,  
the same music-box melody that haunts my heart to  
sleep.

it is a serenade of the soul, a quiet surrender  
to the whims of my want.

here, i am bound only by  
the beating and breaking of hearts.

# turquoise



*deception  
is prettier  
than it  
should be*

# teenage thief

the shadows here are silhouettes of hope  
and a boy lurks in them nightly.

he is a fragile masterpiece of mortality  
an illusory dream of deception  
and still the little boy  
who sleeps with a bolster.

in the poetry of his veiled intentions  
(that he presses onto skin)  
you can see the traces of his desire.  
silent.  
stolen.

he steals often and well, this boy - as if he is creator and  
creation.

he steals chocolate from the quiet cafe in the corner  
steals stationary from his science teacher  
steals the breath from my lungs  
and my heart from my chest  
with no apology.

acknowledgements

I've done this three times now, and it still doesn't feel quite real. Firstly, I thank my parents. Thank you Mom, for gifting me your compassion, sense of judgement, and persistence. Thank you Da, for giving me your intelligence, unfailing wit, and calmness. Thank you both for giving me your love, a house that was always full of laughter, and a life that I am grateful to live.

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I'll finish by thanking everybody who has ever impacted me so viscerally and vividly that for the first time in a very long time, I did something I swore I'd never do again - write poetry.

Thank you to the readers, dreamers, wanderers, poets, artists, and creators out there. For anybody who has ever cupped a dream in their palm and stared at it in wonder. For anybody who rewatches a comfort show or rereads a favorite book because it's familiar. Because in a world of cruel uncertainty, some things just make sense. And one of those things will always be art.

All my love,

Kia





thank you for reading  
*all the precious*

a tribute to teenagehood

