

Rant o o o (*rant*)...

By Emil **y** De**A**ugustino ooooo

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Here we find Emily launching herself into the air without a pole. Her poem 'Rant' is both vaulting and revealing, "I grew up with a hastily sewn up heart" "Boundaries being trampled, dreams being crushed" ...wonder if you see what I hear in this poem? "Only a womb, a place to heal and then be torn to shreds." I am fond of it with hopes that it is cathartic. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

Emily DeAugustino

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Personal poem

Rant

can you please leave me alone, I'm tired...
Once I wore the mom friend as a badge of honor
I was a saint, a martyr with a smile upon a stupid little halo
A mother before the age sixteen with boys and girls crying in my arms
I chased after them, healing wounds while ignoring the festering wounds of my own
It was alright, as long as my children were alright

Can you leave me alone?
I grew up with a hastily sewn up heart
One that was ready to burst forth at any moment
I'd break down in front of the ones who wanted to feel strong
Tears flowing of embarrassment and anger. So. much anger.
I resented that anger, why was-am- I angry?

Please leave me alone,
Oh. Now it's starting to come back
Boundaries being trampled, dreams being crushed
Guided by those with stupid excuses
Broken boys grew into men who searched for an empty heart and womb

To fuck and fuck over
Only a womb, a place to heal and then be torn to shreds
A sanctuary in the Queen city

Leave me alone.
So. I leave New York after spilling my secrets, only for people to cross me again
Are you okay? Make better choices!
Over and over they bombard my phone-!
Hi
Hi
Wyd
You up?
Hey

Leave me the fuck alone!
I'm done being nice
And giving advice
I'm not your fucking mother
Or your baby
Or a charity case
So do me favor
And leave me the fuck alone.

THE POET SPEAKS... *To be honest, I did not think this was going to be picked. This was a poem that I wrote for a class assignment in which I had to rant about something. Well that something turned out to be triggered by a snapchat message: Hey. It was a simple message honestly. Just "hey". Well, it pushed me over the edge. Every day I had been bombarded by text messages from men who just didn't know when to shut up. Seriously, I moved away to college to get away from people who had no idea what my boundaries are! They would text me over and over and ask me to hang out, which isn't a bad thing, but when it is constant, and weirdly sexual in nature, and constantly infantilizing me, constantly trying to be the white knight, constantly trying to be the "nice guy" it really drives you up a wall. So, I wrote a poem about it. I channeled all my anger into that poem, and I tried to replicate the slow decent into anger as my patience and boundaries were worn down more and more each year. That's why the sentences get shorter and shorter, it's replicating my shorter and shorter patience span.*

Poetry is a way for me to get my feelings on the page in a way that prose just can't. Prose to me must be somewhat refined, but poetry can get all the messy bits, soaking and bloody and it's okay to do so. In terms of inspiration, I like to say the performance poetry of Button poetry on YouTube is a big one for me. I love how the written works translate when spoken, so I try to make my poetry flow in a similar fashion.

I think poetry is important because it connects us. Poetry and language allow us to communicate abstract thoughts and fleeting experiences onto a piece of paper and allows us to share our experiences with others. It's a wonderful thing that will never go out of style.

AUTHOR BIO: My name is Emily DeAugustino I'm a sophomore at Queens university of Charlotte, studying creative writing, journalism and poli-sci. During my free time I launch myself in the air using a fiberglass pole as well as being on the marketing team for my school's literary magazine