

THREE POEMS

By Ashante Ford

Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: 'I was immediately entertained.' I do believe that the bestselling book is still the Bible. It is tricky for a pagan to read much without its reference and reverence. I cannot mistrust it as an acronym 'basic instructions before leaving earth' and I am nothing if not pat. Just one sorry man who consistently confuses caritas with cupid; but, no doubt, charity is best in all its forums. Let's allow Ford to engage us further, she is an angel without saying and thankfully not unspoken... Going too far is my worst fate and best feature. HS (Spacing is poet's own.)

This is What it feels Like to have Long arms:

Sometimes,

I feel like I can fly.

Like

If I stretched out my arms far enough,

Elongated my biceps and

Dislocated my shoulders,

My arms would fall far past my feet and finally be floppy enough to float up and down...

Touching the ground,

Then pushing the tips of my fingers into clouds at a rapid speed.

Then after that,

I would sprout Golden Feathers starting from the backs of my calves,

Up to the outer corners of my trapezius muscles,

Wings.

And after that,
I would fly so high,
That when I looked down,
Nothing but a glorious array of mixed colors would entice my eyes for the moment.
I'm so jealous of the Birds,
They really see shit like that every day.
-Cloud surfing, or resurfacing?

It Makes Sense if it Makes Sense

I ran to the other side of my mind; it was a poor attempt-- running headfirst into escapism.
I thought I could lose them, these trifling ideals of love and what it means but
I have this fixation for romance.
The tendency to fall into and out of something I can't really grasp
A concept that deters my complex individuality
An ideal.
Something to think about when I'm thinking and something to need when I'm needing
Like attention, it alters my state of mind.
I find solace in love poems written for people I don't know.
I find solace in music, especially when I listen to something sweet.
It's interesting to see how love pans out, the different variations dance around in my head and the
contrast of them all stop,
Then look at me.

They peep through the holes left inside my mind whenever somebody new takes a piece.

I fall into a distraught perception of myself as I try to unlearn that being alone is not good,

My conscious eats me up while I'm still looking for a meal

Searching for something

Searching...

My eyes become test tubes as I seek something to please them.

My ears become instruments as I tune them into all the right words and briefly skip over the wrong ones, a new you placed in front of me.

My mouth becomes a tool, maybe for sucking the life out of you or vice versa but we need this to work, it's communication.

My heart crawls upwards towards my brain and takes a seat right on top of it-- pulling the levers and making me think in Romantic subtitles and grand gestures,

The American thing.

I fall into susceptibility, into illusion, into fantasy.

All the while, forgetting to fall into myself.

Forgetting to take my own hand.

Forgetting me.

Forgetting.

Searching.

Convoluting love.

Love.

Wishful, whimsical, beautiful, passionate, love...

They don't teach you how to harbor that for yourself.

-Sentiments from a Pisces

A Mishap.

They left. Just like that,

They were gone.

They came charging into my garden, leaving footprints that are now embedded in my heart.

Left me baffled in storms of uncertainty and snipped me away like a

Thin piece of thread,

It hurt.

Being with them felt surreal--

In my times of susceptibility

I began Letting them charm me...

With their intellect and sometimes more than that.

Filling my head with beautiful compositions of "I love you's" and birthday cards

With 'To my dearest...' carved in the opening like a

Witches stick engraving my name on a Tombstone--

They left.

Tugging you by the collar--

Lifting the levers they bolted down into your back,

They took. Leaving you without a brain and me without a

Friend.

-it's for the best

THE POET SPEAKS: *I wrote my first poem when I was in the 4th grade. Now, I'm in my Junior year of college and I still can't stop writing these damn poems. They came in the form of a butterfly and I ran off with it after my classmate gave me eight words of encouragement: "That*

was pretty good for a fourth-grader." I guess my head got big and stayed big from that moment to now. I've seen my poems transform along with my body, my spirit and my mind. I have a fixation for beautiful words; something about them just makes my heart smile. My poems are birthed from sorting out my emotions and from experience. My style is influenced by a mixture of Emily Dickinson, Maya Angelou and E.E. Cummings, but also inspired by the little voices in my head of course. When I wrote these three poems in particular, they were all during different stages in my life: when I realized I could fly, when I thought I had fallen (hopelessly) in love and when I got my feelings hurt on some cold evening. The poems are just long-winded explanations of all that.

AUTHOR BIO: *"Journalist, singer, author and poet- Ashante Ford is a woman who believes that the complexity of words woven through scriptures can empower millions. Someone who laughs at the world's distraught problems and abides by the four agreements. A queer woman who lives for love and understands that the route to happiness lies between the spirit and the soul. Here lies the words of a woman, unfiltered and extraordinary. Her work can be found on Sad Girl Review and on her personal blog; spirituallyajar.blog"*