

3 (three) POEMS

By Laura DeLuca

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes... There is something about Laura DeLuca I just love. She writes her own sequels. You must read, "'Words I Wish I Knew, Pt. I'" and "'Words I Wish I Knew, Pt. II'" I'm up for any works that start off with, "Shove your soul / Down to the tips of your toes" She has even taken the time to make it rhyme which, I think, speaks to its genius as posy. Here is the bookend line "The road to apathy will already be paved." Part two is as riveting, "Yet our hearts remain riddled with dust." And her next work here is such a delightful departure, "'I Wrote This When I Was Fifteen"'. It is a must read, it makes me wish I was a teenage girl again. Find your own favorite lines, I am filled with mine...

In order to accord with the author's dedicated spacing her poems follow below, each on a separate page. Re: HOTS, we publish all submissions exactly as received. *Eds.*

“Words I Wish I Knew, Pt. I”

Shove your soul

Down to the tips of your toes

Only from a distance will you appear whole.

A diluted crescent of a heart, I suppose.

Rebuttal eye contact

When someone confesses their love as such.

To keep your frame intact

Don't believe them all too much.

Sadness settles on open palms

Keep them closed: you are saved.

However when lovers serenade you with delicate psalms

The road to apathy will already be paved.

“Words I Wish I Knew, Pt. II”

Let's give each other chrysanthemums,

And say our deepest apology.

Mourn the loss we suffer as our echoes hum,

Whispering our goodbyes from opposing ends of the sea.

Let's pick out a matte black casket,

And kiss our love fare well.

We'll collect our memories in a feel better basket,

And shut it tight before lowering it to hell.

We weep when love is gone-

Yet do not cherish it when we must.

We ache with regret just as the sky reaches dawn--

Yet our hearts remain riddled with dust.

“I Wrote This When I Was Fifteen”

I'm writing this because I know you won't read it. Everything I do seems to contradict itself.

When I'm with you, it feels wrong. When I'm without you, it feels more wrong. Warm hearts, cold skin. Where do I begin? I'm happy where I am but there is always somewhere I am eager to be. I am both my biggest, most far fetched dream and my worst nightmare, simultaneously. Why do I dress up as a skeleton every year for Halloween? Isn't the whole premise behind Halloween to be something you're not? Cut open facades, peel back skin, and a hollowed out skeleton is all you'll find. My whole life, my mind constantly bounced back and forth between the ideas that I am wonderful and worthless. Why is it always black or white? Why hasn't grey ever existed for me? I can't tell if I am extraordinary, or just another extra, ordinary person in this world. My past selves are shapeshifters. I see them in old photos on my wall, in an uncoincidental, alternating pattern-- worthless, wonderful, worthless, wonderful.

What will I be next?

THE POET SPEAKS: *People always ask me, as they do every writer, what inspires my poetry. My answer is always plain and simple. My poems are inspired by every heartbreak I have ever had to endure. Every traumatic experience. Every phone call sent to voicemail and every word left unsaid. I write as a way to heal and as a means of escape. Writing poetry allows me to reflect on my own experiences and emotions, and eventually abandon them in order to move forward. I write to give myself permission to forget about every apology I was never granted and every goodbye I never got the chance to receive. I'm someone who has a real hard time letting go. My poetry does it for me. My stylistic influences include*

unmatched songwriters like Amy Winehouse and Lana Del Rey, as well as incredible modern poets like Mary Lambert and Andrea Gibson. I think that poetry is important to write in order to create meaning and valuable culture out of all the unique experiences we have, as well as the ones we share. Likewise, I believe poetry is crucial to read so that we can learn from others, as opposed to all navigating life and figuring this thing out on our own.

AUTHOR'S BIO: Laura DeLuca was born and raised in Poughkeepsie, NY. She is currently a senior at Binghamton University majoring in English Rhetoric and General Literature. She is a member of the honors program within the English department, is graduating one academic year early, and was recently admitted into the one-year Master's program at Binghamton University for English. She is an editor of the *Binghamton Law Quarterly*, as well as an editor and member of the executive board for *Ellipses Literary Magazine*, which is her university's official on-campus literary magazine for undergraduates.