

Poems As I Fall Asleep

By Angie Raney

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: Angie Raney's rhythms pulse like the metered beat of a breathless lover. "the teardrops as they fall / from the ink of my pen." "a shallow breath / just a deep sigh." She has a prosody that rival a perfection all her own, meaningful, harmonic and melodic: "dreaming of you / is a favorite pastime," "i see the ocean in your eyes" Oh to be young! "fig leaves and innocence," "curious and cautious, / chaos descends from desire." I guess all you have to do now is read the lines between. Her words sooth the eye and sting the heart.(Spacing and font size are poet's own.) HS*

Emily Dickinson

i am a posthumous poet,
an after-death artist.

my words,
smooth as velvet,
dark and brooding
carry the weight of death
and a sense of urgency.

prestige is tricky,
yet I long for recognition
or for someone to catch
the teardrops as they fall
from the ink of my pen.

i could be Dickinson or Plath,
Bronte or Teasdale.

i could choose now
or i could wait for my words
to blossom from beyond the grave.

1am waterfalls

water falls
just as waterfalls,
a shallow breath
just a deep sigh.

dreaming of you
is a favorite pastime,
but a bad habit
like picking at fingernails

or taking a long drag of a cigarette.

breathing you in,
tugging at your belt;
i see the ocean in your eyes

and i drown in the pressure of your hips upon mine.

fingertips wander,
lips along for the ride,
as we layer by layer find each other in the candlelight of youth.

the whisper of my bra straps
and the cry of your hands
is a symphony of passion,

one that will not be forgotten,
only to be dreamt of the next day.

Eden

fig leaves and innocence,
the pressure builds in my chest.

mind wandering,
coiling,
wrapping me up
in a biblical love story.

all powerful and hungry,
curious and cautious,
chaos descends from desire.

no power equal to God
but the soul
that we share.

THE POET SPEAKS: *As someone with anxiety, sleeping can be really hard. There are always a million thoughts running through my head and I find that poetry allows me to slow down and express my anxiety. Many of my poems, such as these three, are products of sleepless hours turned writing frenzies. Each poem carries the weight of certain ideas and anxieties that run through my mind and each allows me to further understand what I find daunting.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: Angie Raney is a soon-to-be junior at DePaul University studying Creative Writing, Spanish, and Anthropology. She hails from Hopkins, Minnesota and is the youngest of four girls. She currently resides in Chicago, IL, spending her down time writing poetry in hopes to publish her own book of poems and

essays in the future. Angie's poems, "Panic" and "Ocean Eyes" have both been highlighted on author Samantha Schutz's online literary project, You Make Me Feel Less Alone, while her poem, "Ventilation" was published in Silver Birch Press's "Wearing A Mask" issue. Angie's essay, "How to Be Mentally Ill" was also chosen to be presented at DePaul's 2020 Spring English Conference.