

IN

SHERYL

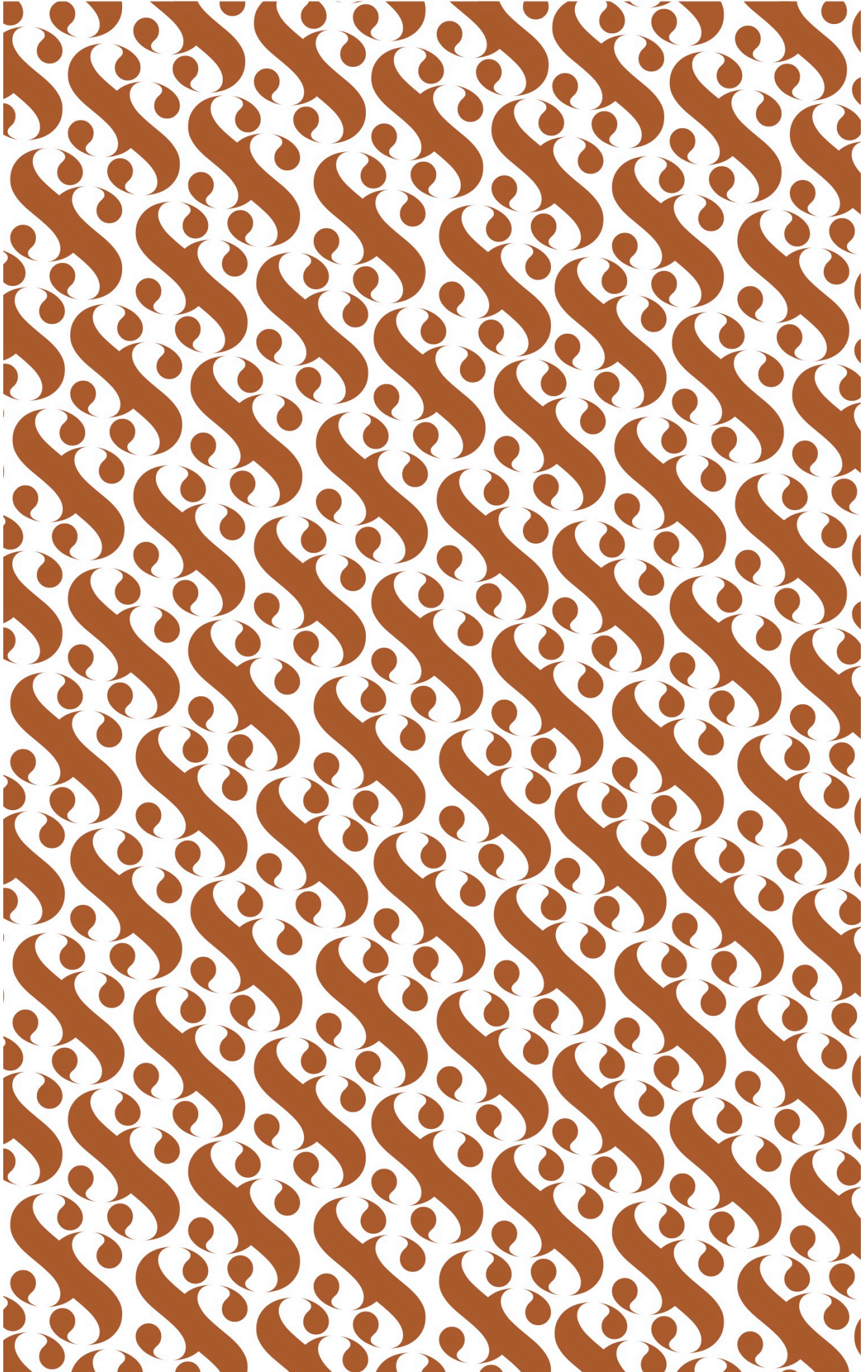


BETWEEN



SONGSONG

IN



IN BETWEEN
Sheryl Songsong



foreword

Perhaps there is no feeling more resonant than that of being “In Between.” It is a powerful and yet vulnerable state of existence. We call it by many names because we know it so well. It’s the ambiguity in daily routine and the vastness of almos, and maybes.

This collection of poems is a lookbook into a life on pause. Some anecdotal, others otherworldly. Sheryl takes intimate memoirs from travels around the world and inside her thoughts, stringing a poignant melody from the bohemian cadence of her life. She writes about the loneliness of waiting for the sun to set on an island, against the excitement of the moon rising over a pyramid in Cairo; the hopeful longing of a child to be carried versus the desperate comfort offered by a boozy night.

There are verses on heartbreak, and stanzas on dreams — a literary toast to a pandemic generation that is aching for the past and wanting an escape to the future.

Here’s to being able to say- “One day, someday.”

- Cara Garcia



bedroom voices

The waking dawn makes noises
The summer breeze
The lover bees
The morning heat that's still at ease

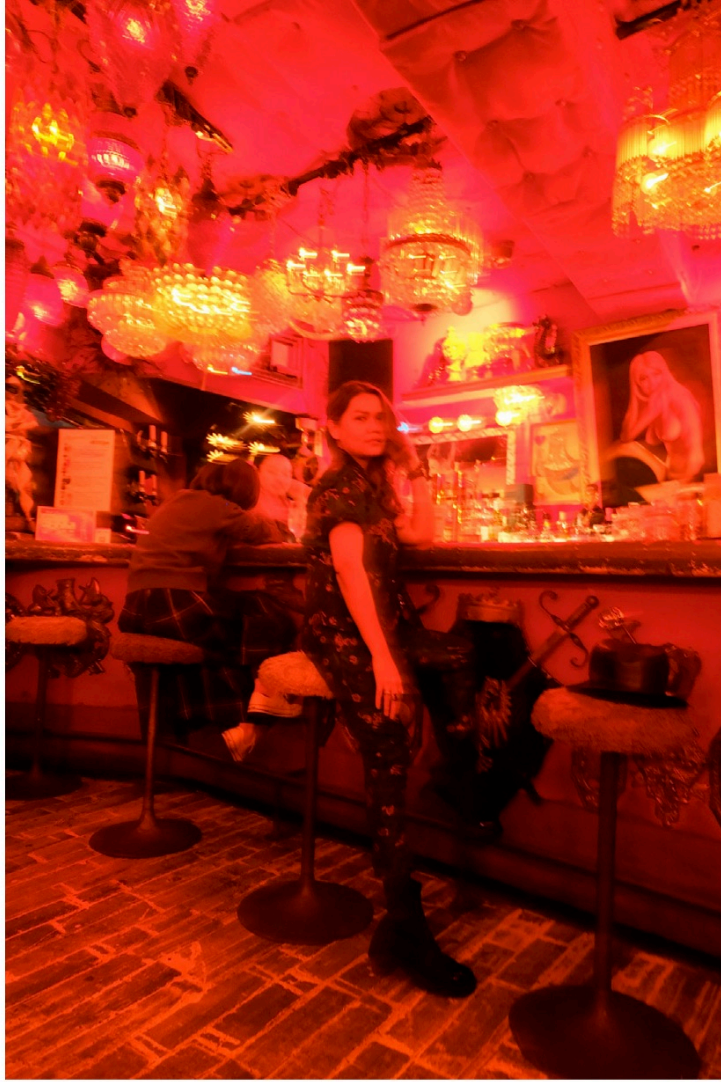
Her soft inner voices
Sheltered in big umbrella houses
A mind that's a bit restless
Captured in this room's hushes

As the morning wind blows
A lover's kiss knows
How to send a tingle
To a sleepy woman's toes

The lightly colored sky awakens
The voice of tearing leaves are shaken
Those were some nights they lived
A song revealed a new love conceived

Breakfast in bed
Sweet nothings to her are read
Reminding them of rendezvous weekend
As his shoulder cradled her resting head

A yawn disturbs what has just begun
She says good night to the rising sun



liaisons

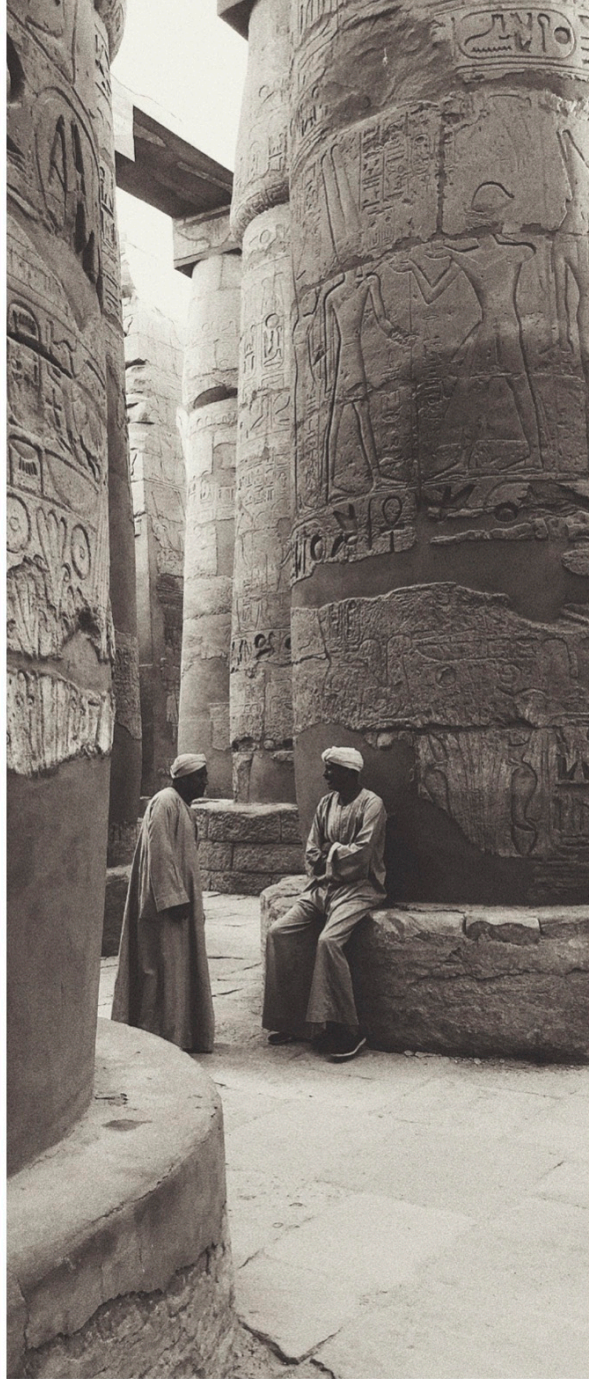
After dark
Stolen moments
Away from the limelight
Into that corner
Where we can remember
And secretly share
The kind of thing
This meeting brings

We'll be too quiet
Like our eyes just met
Not so closely now you whisper
Words about the night's endeavors

Pass me a drink
Make it a double
This girl wants trouble
Courtesy of Mr. JD

Be careful of eyes
And their questioning whys
Roaming the room
Wish we didn't have to leave too soon

Slip away
Walk that way
Act like nobody else but us know
Anything goes
Go with the flow

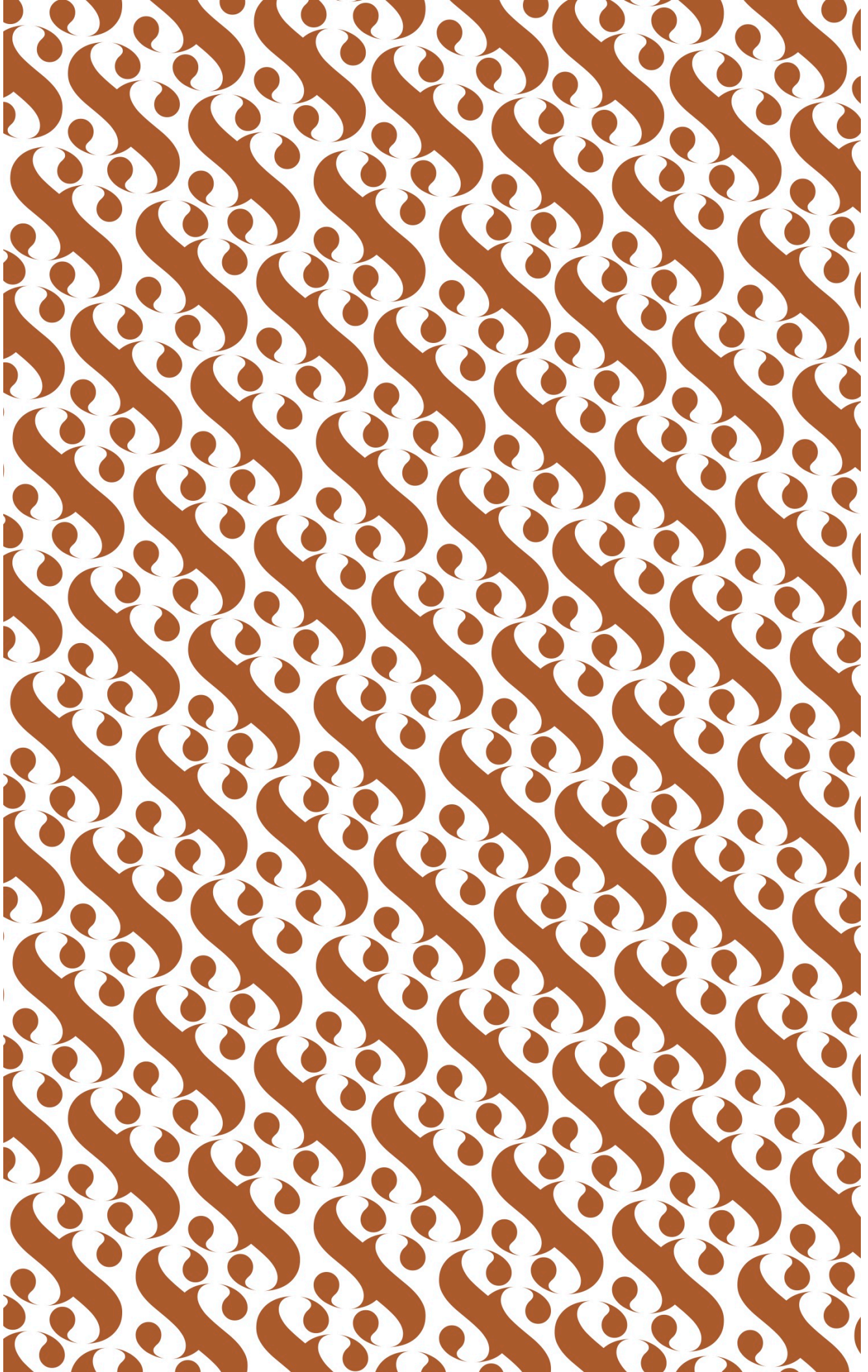


home

I walked around Cairo
with only one earring
The other fell at the Karnak Temple
and I thought I'd be upset
because they were my favorite pair.

But I wasn't.
It was actually reassuring
that a part of me would always be
here
and I'll have the other piece with me
wherever I may be...

It kind of felt like home.



For the words
stuck in my
throat,
in between my
head and my
heart.

