

Gianina Opris

the only thing here is me and my art

I'm the girl with the purple shirt
I'm running
The leaves move me
I pass a tunnel
I'm a cow moving
By the pansies
I find my head
I'm in a small room
I see words
They are leaves
I'm in a beautiful fall
With bare branches
And black water
I see children full of injuries
I write songs about long kisses the next morning
With my skinny pen
I don't need a tissue
Just a chair, paper at once
My toes are freezing
I know why

One by One

words get muddy
she carelessly writes things
as if she is light
she is warm wind
she sees next door
I carelessly write things
As if I'm 8
One by one
Shapes
Rounds
lime slices
whispers: the world is ugly
they all want her hand
her heart
blue shoes
heavy head
when she paints she doesn't eat
she rides her bike instead
I swallow what I teach
And still have hair
Legs
Hands
Teeth
Eyes

I was the poet for this lullaby

From the limbs
That locked me in
This says:
Write this on
Put this on
I don't want to study
 Dragonflies
Female changes
Or
You are just at that age!

Peeling an orange I hear
"The master criminal
is murdered"
"The tornado
takes the lady's porch"
"They no longer sit in church"
This happened in the year of the Rabbit
The rest
You know

Dear Wind
Dear rising rage
Why don't I call this
by its name?
Turn this tune
into leaves