

Brooke Wilczewski

The Ring.

I am my family family ring.
I am the strong gold, rarely moving from my fixed shape, attempting to not falter,
To not conform solely to what the world wants from me.
I am the neat array of diamonds, six to be exact.
I am the embodiment of their resilience
Of their ability to shine, even in the darkest of times
Despite the state of my person.
I am the intoxicating opaque of its sapphire.
I am the stories of the women that have also stared into its deep sea,
Eyes heavy as she slips into its allure.
They share with me their stories, their passion.
I pick their minds for guidance in an attempt to map my future.
Reminding me that I am merely mortal.
I am merely mortal.

One day this ring will be placed on the finger of my daughter
Who will immediately be sucked into the same sea of sapphire
Into the glory of the diamonds
Into the steadfast gold band
Engrossing her, fully.
Forever.
It is as if the ring was waiting for her all along
To guide her and take her in.
Into the power it holds as it carries its incredibly beautiful weight
Of the women in our family that have come before her.

And one day my spirit will join those women that live in the sapphire.
And so will the spirit of my daughter.
Of her daughter.
Of the daughters to come.
Yet, the ring lives on in its glory.
Generation upon generation,
The ring lives on.

Embrace.

The brush of your fingertips on my skin
Leaves the leaves on the earth whirling
Around us.
As the stars in our eyes create constellations
Only we can see.
Together, we become one.
The elements are a blur around us, as we are in the eye of the storm.
Nothing can touch us or hurt us.
Nothing.
This is what I know your touch to be.
Electricity coursing through me,
Roots of the strongest blooming tree,
Grounding me.
Gusts of wind turning us into magnets,
Pushing us together until there is no difference between you and me.
There is just one and the sun.
The glorious ball of warm colors dancing in unison.
Our cells marrying one another over and over and over again.
In school, we would learn how the elements work to create weather
And how weather works to create climate
And we laugh.
We laugh each time we hear that the mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell.
Whatever that means.
But they don't know us.
They don't know you.
Or me.
They don't know that the universe has brought us together
And that we transcend the elements,
The weather,
And the climate.
We create our own.
In this moment,
Now.
The stars in ur eyes creating constellations,
There is enough electricity to power the rest of time.
We are everything
In our own "now".

Abstract.

You said the movie was boring.
I said it was abstract.
You said my eyes looked wild.
I said I am abstract.
You said the art could never, will never, speak to you.
I said it was abstract.
You said you can't see the constellations.
I said you aren't looking closely enough.
You said the waves aren't speaking to you.
I said you refuse to listen.
You said I speak too loud.
I said I can't quiet down because you will attempt to drown me if I do.
You said I should have had a salad.
I asked you if that's what she eats.
You said you hate dogs.
I ignore that sign.
I swore I would never be with a man that hates dogs.

Last night, you picked up your bags.

You threw them into the car that I have learned to love you in.
In every sense of the word.
I see beyond your blatant faults.
I forgive you and drown any desire to run, forgetting the signs.
I just didn't know I was already drowning myself...
Until after I felt your anger begin to shove me down.
My fighting not even able to bring me to surface.

But the minute you left,
Soon I could move.
Soon I could crawl.
Soon I could walk.
Soon I could jog.
Soon I could run.
Soon I could sprint.

And I will sprint.

I will always remember the last thing you said to me,
Running after you as you stepped into your car.
I asked you what went wrong.
The tears pouring out of my eyes began drowning me.
You said you couldn't "get" me.
You said you didn't know me anymore.
At this, my tears dried.
The ocean eyes became deserts.
You better remember what I told you.
I told you to not worry because you would never understand me anyways.
I am just abstract.