

Jackson Sawyer, MS2

My great-grandmother had advanced dementia when she died not too long ago. In this poem, I like to imagine her as a hummingbird (her favorite animal) going through the different seasons of her life. Spring is her early beginnings of life and winter is her inevitable decay with dementia. I think this poem highlights the finality of her life and addresses both her and our general mortality.

Hummingbird

Hummingbird of the youthful spring,
dew droplets resting on your inert wing.
Lively, into rays you have begun,
powered rapid beat by sun.

Onto heat of summer, you fly
spirits within you created and come by.
Guiding flowers tunnel you to a path,
begone of any felines or snakes of wrath.

In autumn, I am blessed by your beat,
under sunnier situation I wish we could meet.
The leaves of change provide their color of choice,
collages of brown, orange, and yellow rejoice.

By winter your beat and temperament have changed,
your wings continue to fly in a path estranged.
Beauty of once so quickly beguiled,
as an angel, personality of absence on you remains mild.

Oh hummingbird, why must you go?
Oh hummingbird, I will miss you so.
The raven stoops full on my window.
Time is fed, the door is shut by its blow.

The next two haiku poems are synonymous with each other and are rather self-explanatory. I always find it absurd when people suggest that wrinkles, specifically those associated with smiling and laughing, are a bad thing.

Crow's Feet

To smile means wrinkles?
If so, I want my crow's feet
to spread wings and fly.

Laugh Lines

To laugh seeds wrinkles?
If so, I want my laugh lines
to sprout roots and grow.

The feelings of loss and growing up can conjure up difficult feelings. Although losing something or someone is difficult, it is also important to understand its value. If things lasted forever, their sentiment and value wouldn't be as important, and I think a big part of growing up is understanding that.

One Day

One day you'll notice the burden of your pack
is heavy with the weight of books.
The crayons and paintbrushes
never caused this strain on your back.

You'll notice the faces of your old friends change
and how often you don't see them.
Until they all mix and coalesce together
into a collage of disarrange.

You'll notice that the black hairs of your cat
are no longer strewn upon your bedsheet.
He's been gone for over a year and
the couch pillow is warped from where he always sat.

You'll notice outside your bedroom window
the view isn't what you've been used to.
The scenery and smells have changed,
a far cry from what you used to love and know.

You'll notice change within yourself,
for the better or for the worse.
The innocent and innocuous face now
hardened and weathered within itself.

Maybe it won't be just a singular day,
but a collection of days, weeks, or months.
Time passed which you to a conclusion
that you wanted certain things to stay.

You'll find that it is difficult to take
that the past is inert but, in its state,
You can learn and have a good plan
for your new memories and stories to make.

This poem was after a sickle cell panel we had, and I was reminded of the stories my aunt used to tell me of her time at a sickle cell unit in Memphis. It is unfortunate to hear all the trials and tribulations persons with sickle cell must go through, both physically and mentally.

Lifeforce Against You

Lifeforce against you
Bridged gaps blocked, with accumulated sickles.
Excruciating and debilitating
pain only mediated by narcotic miasmas.
Normal life disruption
upheaval and revolutionary war from within.
All these battles
and yet you question their pain?
Lifeforce kills you.