



Pause for poetry:
Apollonia J Griffin

Description

Dry Spell (I am)

A poem by **Apollonia J Griffin**

I am a peaceful storm washing away the bridges of hardship with my aggressive tears, a serene psychopath.
I wonder why the ambiguous Earth goes round and round, unsettled into motion by its submissive thoughts.
I hear thunder in the darkest corners of night. Not afraid but alive, liberated by the nadir.
I see a harbinger of lightning glittering in my room, concussed from what is to come next.
I want the umbrella held over me by a god, a pinky promise sheltered and unbreakable, to shadow heavenly belief, to protect her from the storm that I can't control.
I am a shy rain throwing down my love in whispered droplets of water, never ready to let myself pour.
I am a peaceful storm washing away the bridges of hardship with my aggressive tears, a serene psychopath.
I pretend to be a flower, so easy to break, held in a palm that holds the ability to crush life and beauty. If a flower, I am a fatal foxglove or warlike wolfsbane.
I feel an aurora of butterflies in my stomach — pink, blue, and grass green winged.
I touch the twinkling midnight stars which once entrapped my dreams.
I worry that we drink up the sunshine thinking it's never going to be exhausted but eventually it fades away with no warning.



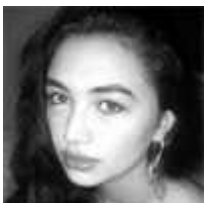
I cry at the rise of dawn knowing that Eos's rosy fingers will bring another day without my garden of life.
I am a peaceful storm washing away the bridges of hardship with my aggressive tears, a serene psychopath.
I wish to smell the blissful ignorance of a young girl: a fragrance of pure summer.
I concede that when morning comes and my dreams fade away I am left with nothing but a half remembered image.
I wait for the day when you remember what you've done to belief.
I imagine when I was sick in my mother's arms, hearing her mellifluous lullaby whispering in the wind.
I believe when the darkest day comes and no hope is found, the eternal light will shine where it all began.
I am a peaceful storm washing away the bridges of hardship with my aggressive tears, a serene psychopath.
I understand the day we think we are free of ignorance will be the day we are so far in the cave that we won't be able to see our reflections on the wall.
I say it's okay to be "weird" like a lonely boy who reads till sundown through the dusty books he calls his friends.
I dream of standing on the stage of judgement fearless, waiting for my guardian angel to send down my wings.
I try to understand the discussions of destruction that break us, if only to piece the heart of glass back together again.
I hope the day my first-born comes into the world the extraordinary love I have for them will forever be unstoppable. The smell of baby powder and sweet honey touch of them lying in my arms.
I am a peaceful storm washing away the bridges of hardship with my aggressive tears, a serene psychopath.

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Apollonia J Griffin is a young poet from Point Saint Charles. The youngest of ten children, she attends the Sacred Heart School of Montreal and is planning on pursuing a degree in English and Science.



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