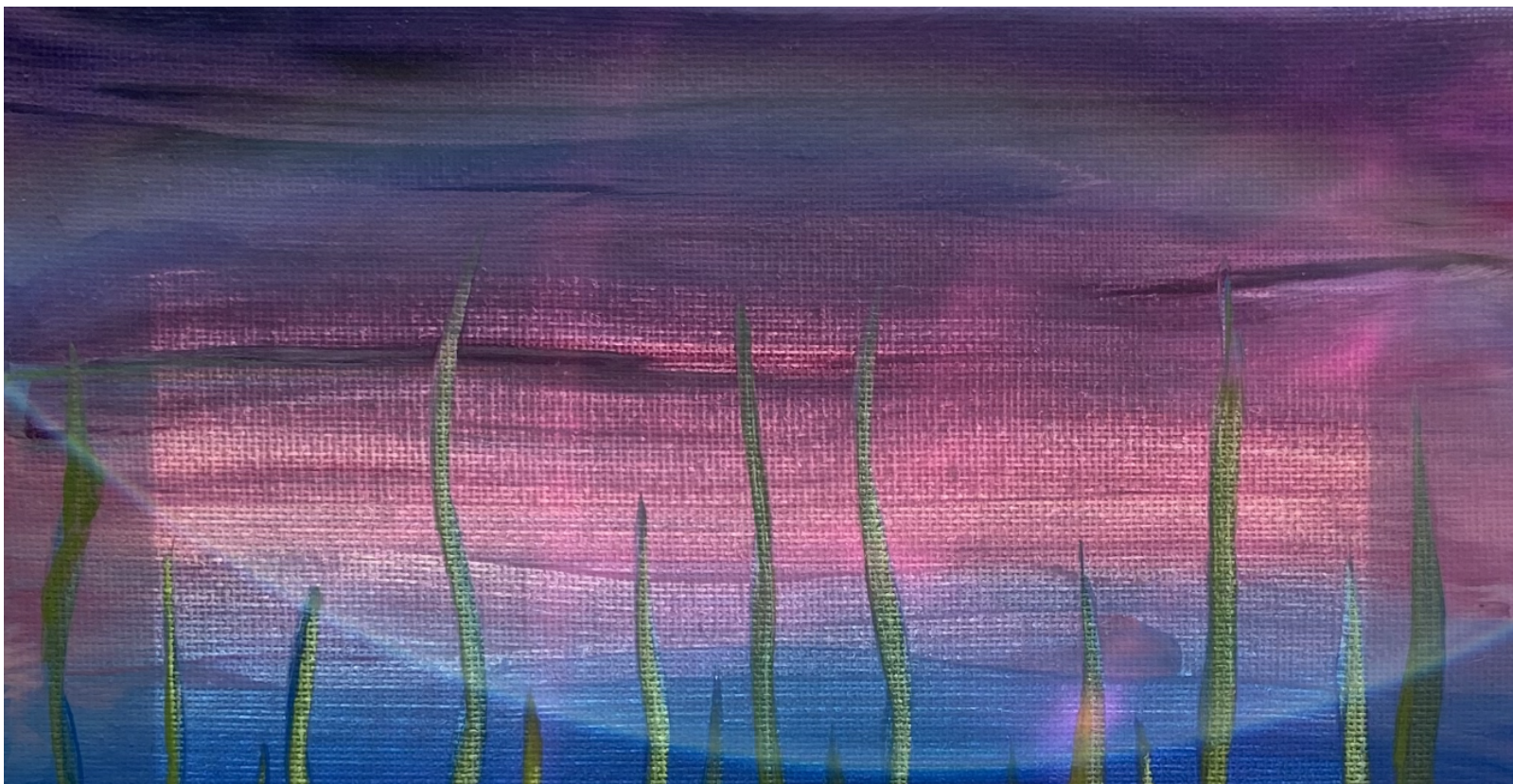


A little book on form:

“Jade”

By Maria Belén Rios Sialer



This collection is dedicated to all blue things that bring me great sadness and joy. More importantly, the readers if any, thank you for your time. You are the beginning.

Racing the tide

By the second time, I retreat from the ocean's edge,
I already yearn to feel how the water light kisses
the back of my heels. With a gold scapular dangling on my neck
I surrender to this crystal baptism,
Immersive, unhurried, and continuous. Are we being
drowned to life or born to death?
Waves move in motions sweet enough to make desserts
and bring freshwater salmon to the ocean 'till spring.
Looking down at little rocks in a blanket of saltwater
They whisper "Blue changes you". Blue like the indigo
jacket I'm wearing, and the bus seats
Blue like the song the ocean makes when it leaves
me. So I breathe slowly into the ocean's arms
Whatever mattered before, is not here with us
When cold washes through me. I let it
take me, over, dawn.

When rain goes missing

Licking pineapple off the yellow sun. Annoyed at the grazing of my skin, at my eyes blinded by reflection, at the all-consuming heat star. I fight the summer solstice's love language. I fight the seduction, the sunburnt cherry cheeks, and new beauty marks on my neck. Winter melted in sweat drops before my sadness could leave. I turn around to stare at what made me. A creation of mad. Ness, the daughter of magma. And me, the daughter. Seamlessly, irresponsibly, alone. I can see more clearly the modified heart-shaped candy inked upon my upper leg. Tiny letters in a sweetheart shine through sunscreen to reveal the truth. Of course, bite me's changed to kiss me's. Of course, the sun is out on a winter afternoon. Of course, I'll complain and then want it back.

Mami

My mom's love is so immense
if you could break it into pieces, it would still build a bridge

and I would cross it every morning
see the cracks and feel protected
nothing is ever going to bring it down

The end of the world happened
and it's still here bringing me places

Looking down the road I see myself reflected in the sea of eternal gratefulness
The drivers turn around to thank me
but I am merely a reflection of her
and honking away my problems
I drive to see the end of the world again
feel the air chill on my chin, while
my mind blows smoke in kisses of one,
two, three, moments; and I'm gone
and the bridge is still standing

Single Lines Looking Forward

After Francine J. Harris

New York,

does not seem as dreamy with people I don't want there, does it?

What else do you need other than being seen by the people you love?

A TV playing a video in an art gallery is somehow purely sensual, but not sexual

Like you, I am a refugee in my friend's presence

My mom says to say thank you for being on God's list of people who wake up today

I don't know how to talk to old people, or young people, or my people

When I'm high I feel the gums in my mouth are brightened and swollen

I'm out of flowers and no one wants to see an empty pot in a cemetery

We don't talk but we are not really strangers

I see vomits of snow on the sidewalk on sunny January mornings

San Francisco is a sanctuary for the lost

An invisible baby in a stroller looks over Alcatraz

Like me, you consider giving up warmth for the price of connection

I eat the soft autumn lie of comfort

There is a bed somewhere in Lima, in a room, just for me.

And I tell to the day desire surpasses fear:

Hold me, if not forever, for a reason

Of England, I dream

You had to be there, in England

Bees become bohemian, in England

Below the roses, She looks for reasons

The mushrooms rise, no tinted seasons

Lovers find new love languages, while

She rebuilds herself in new cities; not England

Yet England is the gemstone of serenity

Jade green reserved for alternative futures

Waiting for the new autumn, a raindrop is suspended mid-air

Where's she? Sometimes she'd just fall

Asleep. In love with people, she's never met

Enchanted by dreamlike places she's never been

Breathe in. And there you are: too much

loneliness comes from dreaming

Silent Morning Rage

With silent morning rage
I look at everything differently
Pain rushes like watercolors on paper
Sinking into every step of my stroll
thin threads of air connect my muscles
irrationally heavy to carry
My school backpack is the nighttime monster
of the clicking 22-year-old hip
I know how to pop CBD gummies all too well
Just like I know there's someone in the room
when I talk to you. Crawling, unwanted
yet irresistible to vanish from my insides
I look at everything differently
when my body doesn't feel like a body

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About the author

Maria Belén Rios Sialer is a Peruvian Writer and a 4th-year student at the University of British Columbia, pursuing a major in Psychology and a minor in Creative Writing. Her work tackles the unique complex experience of being human with a touch of delight found in playing with words.