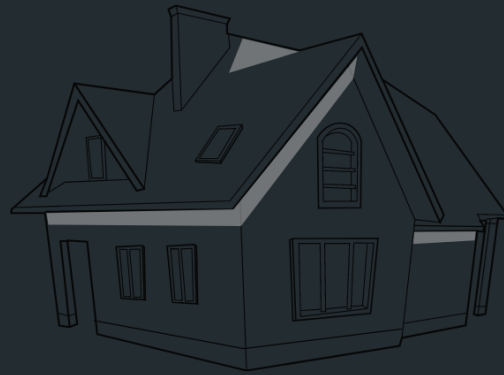
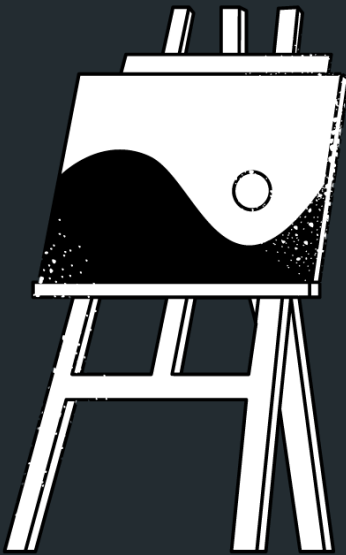


PORTFOLIO

SERENA ARORA



POETRY



the call to the writer's desk...

standing in the gateway
falling close to the flame

they want me to accept them.

quaking as if..

they are mine to tame.

fibers on my skin
dance about

frolicking to a canvas

but i'm afraid to fade out.

a black swan

tip tap tip tap tip tap toe.

i am only a sheet of gray whispering

translucent like a frosted glass vase.

a foggy mirror.

a see-through curtain.

first, you don't see me, now you do.

or do you?

an imperial red scarlet letter.

tip tap tip tap...

slip.

an empty siracha bottle split on the carpet.

slip.

a naked body with two carmine drapes choking her nipples.

slip.

a white sheet of paper ripped to shreds

with a message embedded.

tip tap tip tap tip tap toe.

crack.

a thick layer of ice on a murderous well.

crack.

tip tap tip tap tip tap toe.

down in the well.

tip tap tip tap tip.. stop.

hollow eyes suck the eyeballs out.

tip tap tip tap tip tap toe.

where do all the lost souls go?

The Role of An Artist

Without the paintbrush bestowed upon me by the universe,

I am only a sheet of gray whispering
translucent like a frosted glass vase.
a foggy mirror.
a see-through curtain.
Eternally boxed in.
Calculated, Logisticized, Duct-Taped Shut.
Unable to share my wonderland.

I was born with an imperial scarlet letter on my chest.
I tried to paint a letter to those who I wanted to address.
I fought to scream that my naked body deserved to impress.
But was demonized at thirteen when,
A flooding sriracha bottle spilt from underneath my dress.
Pulled upon me was then,
Two carmine drapes choking my nipples.

Heavenly rings follow me to the chapel.
Understood by none but with your embrace I feel safe.
a white sheet of paper ripped to shreds
with a message embedded.
I throw the chits of white onto your feet.
“I want to be the greatest”

The icy well of the underworld
Jerked me inside
I met hollow eyes who shared their ferrari red rage
and poured it into my empty vessel of a heart.
A wrath so impure, my wonderland filled with black.
I couldn't see you, lord.

I couldn't see you anymore.

I know where all the lost souls go.
They reside in a cemetery of lost dreams,
displaced passion for those who can help them,
find Wonderland again...

I know where the lost souls go.
But I don't want to go there anymore.
I don't want to go there anymore, Lord.

I want them to hear me from the loudest ring.
Of a girl who from a young age
Who just wanted to sing.
My melodies shall be echoed
Force onto them the sound.
Wonderland wonderland
I am forever bound.

Welcome to my Wonderland,
I hope you stick around.

'A Burning Home'

Stepmother's hollow eyes;
they suck me into her veins.
I can feel the grey cobwebs,
They tie me down.

I cannot let you in.

A plastic smile that suffocates!
Stepmother-
You've painted a mirage.
When you command the room,
the looking glass stares back.

The charlatan rules.
It's a shame; I know better.

Stepmother envies my porcelain skin.
I am hanging from a tightly strung string,
Pieces of me are laid out on the ceramic tiles.
My jaws are muzzled down.
Stepmother vocalizes
"self preservation as self sabotage."

That's how you like me right?

Snap snap snap.
Click click click.

Stepmother better make sure each photo memory sticks!

I'm choking.

I despise the lies stepmother holds in her tight chest.

Stepmother, Do **you** find it hard to breathe,
as my sinister smile,
unveils what **you** have repressed?

Do you fear that **I can SEE you?**

The looking glass flies over Stepmother's eyes and flutters the truth.
Stepmother shatters the glass and demands her youth.
Dark green is growing on Stepmother's wrinkles.

The Magic Mirror.

Serena: Mirror, mirror on the wall...
What will make me the fairest of them all?

Magic Mirror: Apple pie poisoned by the venomous fruit,
will not aid you in achieving a body for a swimsuit.
Pushing the rolls like dough will not create bread,
but encourage the belief that you need to shed.
Shed the rolls of skin, until you feel pure like Snow White within.

Serena: Snow White's skin is as white as snow,
Will my caramel tones disrupt the flow?
Can the poison on the apple be transformed into a caramel tart?

Magic Mirror: Caramel tones wear as a cloak of power,
one must teach the people to fear your mask,
Stepping out of line is a revolution,
and citizens must know your needs before you ask.

Serena: Will I ever be loved and treasured as Snow White?

Magic Mirror: 'Tis better to be feared than loved in a world,
as you have all bark and no bite.

Serena: Will I ever be saved by a white knight?

Magic Mirror: In our world one will be filled with eternal loneliness;
Femininity will die of frostbite.
One must trade endearment for worship.

Serena: The Castle merely becomes a prison.

Magic Mirror: One must taper the mask to their face; for Big Brother is always watching.

Serena: And, If I shall escape?

Magic Mirror: One may not escape; shackles have become your wrists.
Disciples will shower their Majesty with gifts,
a revolution will occur if they disobey, with fists.
Exude power Miss Majesty,
for this is your time.

Serena: I must rule now while I am in my prime.

Magic Mirror: If you are wise, you will birth a royal,
who will follow your climb...

Serena: She will ensure my name ceases to fall begrime.

Magic Mirror: For then the nation will reminisce the queen,

And every woman will rise.
You will create a dynasty of thunderous women who will fall behind.
Wipe a tear that has befallen underneath your lash.

Serena: It is I who will be responsible, I will have set the traps!
For an innocent heir will have to face the citizen's wrath.

Magic Mirror: For you were once innocent but now your face has turned green...

Serena: I refuse to allow my mother to be seen!

Magic Mirror: For as a mirror, I see power, beauty, wit from the Queen before.
It is the weakness inside you will have to ignore.

Serena: Mirror Mirror on the wall..
The truth.
Who is the fairest of them all?

Magic Mirror: Tis the truth you seek, beauty comes from Snow White.
Kindness, purity, these are traits you seem to lack.
Your mother set a tragic tale, you may never go back.

Serena: Magic Mirror, one must seek counsel,
after speaking to me this way.
As I am the queen, no mere peasant, who must
pick only one way.
Tis is true, my mother set a tale not so bright,
she raised a child who must swallow
her longing for love for the spotlight.
Though, embarking on a journey
Between purity and a green face,
I refuse to follow in her footsteps,
I will fall off of each pedestal with grace.
The child after me will enter a land
with forgiveness in place.

Magic Mirror, welcome a world
where a queen will change the human race.

Welcome To My Sexuality... I named her, 'Lady Macbeth.'

The [REDACTED] voice sounds hoarse,

As he [REDACTED] arrival,

[REDACTED] my castle [REDACTED] he will die.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] thoughts about death, [REDACTED] my femininity,

[REDACTED] from head to the toe

[REDACTED] the utmost cruelty!

[REDACTED] my blood thick;

Stop any access [REDACTED] feeling of remorse,

[REDACTED] no thoughts of my conscious

[REDACTED] keep me from

Doing it.

[REDACTED] my breasts,

[REDACTED] you demons,

[REDACTED] hide.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] thick night,

wrap yourself in heaviest smoke of hell,

my sharp knife see the wound

heaven won't see

To scream Stop., Stop!

Past Lives

The obdurate ancient dirt encumbered me.
Or maybe it was the six feet stomping on my bright purple veins.
The sizes of 5'7 in view through my eyes.
Moist soil rubbing my naked body
Tree branches stabbing my arms with strong red abrasion
As I fought the ropes.

I tried fighting.
Dark purple eyelids plunged open by your fingertips.
I didn't want to see it happen.
Six naked bodies in front of me.

Seemingly an assault rifle laying in between your legs.
Laid me down and filled your shot inside and made the earth your bed.
Each shot released sunk me farther into the soil.
Bonfires eroded and congealed to the sound.
Of a fearful young queen about to lose her crown.

My past life memory mutated into chronic nightmares.

Tornado of fear each time approached by a male.
Sexuality was vexed by the logic of impurity.
But what if I was born dirty?
Enchanted by a woman's touch,
Narcissistic mother steals the safety net.

A war zone where nor woman nor man can enter my body.
Naked and crying because what if it was because of me
That in this life I was raped when I lost my virginity.

Did I carry in that negative energy?

Icy particles
I must coddle them for warmth.
Bonfires following but I run from the sound.
Chewing and spitting out excess
Empty responsibilities to remind my empty shell,
It's easier to ignore the fire.
But my heart got singed
The flames danced too close.
Volcanic ash growing on my vein,
Plunging outside of my skin and onto the page.
Scorching the truth as it runs to each line.
It yearns to be written
Immortality in its mind.

I fall onto the ink and cover my eyes in black.
I'd rather blind myself than ever go back.

A naive young child.
They all say they should be forgiven.
But did you dignify your biggest fear as rape,
as a nine-year-old or was it simply omitted?

Did you harbor a substantial desire to disappear from the earth?
Without a rhyme or reason but generated from birth?

Does your mind hold a leviathan that sucks you into the sea?
Memories and flashbacks of rage and all you crave is reality?

Why should I tell you about my fire?
Should I characterize her as a song?
A song that used to sing like a distant memory on and on in my head.
Until my mother, father, friends, and rapist stole it.

A song.
Who desperately wants a pen.
A song I am terrified to write.

The Sun

Frosty chills solidified on my honeypot.
Named it, 'dirty, vile, hide it'
Crystallize the honey
Fog the magic

Refuse to let men
Create ammunition with
Your femininity.

A smile with pearly whites so deep
Stuttering, playing jump rope
With your words as you flirt with me.

Spaghetti curls laying down your side
The sun that shines behind your voice
Infectious dancing and singing in the streets
Elevating me to heights
I suddenly feel alive.

An understatement would be to say that I recognize you.
For we've been here before....
In a past life...

My honey arose from my soul onto the corners of my room.
One word poetry lines scattered throughout the journal.
Red splattered as I create a canvas around my body.
Spelling out the names of those who caused
Death to my femininity.

Feelings of remorse
A saintly pot forced to behave like a robot.
Hungry for the warmth humans crave.
Screaming shamelessly
Honey is pouring out onto the streets
I'm tameless.

An ode to the one who awakened luminosity within my bones.
Evoking the sensation of warmth.
Leaving me starving and causing me to feed on my own flesh.
Truth is it was all within...

Ravenous for the sacral chakra
I beg for more.

Pounding images banging on the corners of my mind

Howling 'rip through a canvas!'
Singing melodies
Whimpering in corners
Forgiving parts of me
I understood the truth
It was never you.

Honeypot must birth a child for the world to see....
Unfinished projects must be conceived.

Unfinished projects must be conceived.

'I WON'T BE SEEN'

They fall in love so easily

I found a neglected spot, it stings and it burns
recognition is deserved when it's earned
I begged and i pleaded but all stones unturned
they made me feel frozen and apathy is learned
and I painted a canvas it was my inner code

And I flew all the way to you

And I screamed "NO!"
You won't make me behave
I'd rather hide
I won't be seen
don't make me breathe!
don't follow me!
I won't be seen!

If you saw me too close
I think I may become your host
a parasite you'll suck my blood
are you here just to cause a flood
I've been hurt too many times before
the doors are shouting
but I won't open more

and I'll never see how people can fall in love so easily.

and I screamed "NO!"
you won't make me behave
I'd rather hide
I won't be seen
don't make me breathe!
don't follow me!
I won't be seen!
I won't be-> harmonize

I'll keep running, i'll
keep running, till my legs give out.
you won't find me out.

and I painted my canvas
and all I saw was you.
and I painted my eyes black..
why won't you disappear..
why won't you reappear

A Lullaby

You're higher than me

When I met you
I was sleeping
On a dark cloud
It rippled out
I could hear your thunder
You were forming
Golden petals
But with you
I fell down
I was free falling

Crash it burned me to a crisp
A stolen body
Blood on my fingertips

Broke me down
You ripped my stomach
Let the light in
You saved my life
But I will never forgive you
For coming at the wrong time

How dare you leave me alive
Dead bodies in my mind
I could not forgive
Please don't let me live
Without you by my side
Knowing your up in the sky

Crash it burned me to a crisp
A stolen body
Blood on my fingertips

Broke me down
You ripped my stomach
Let the light in
You saved my life
But I will never forgive you
For coming at the wrong time

So this is your lullaby
I wrote you a lullaby
(I know I'll see you again, to hold you)