

A Journey Through the Heart

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*Dedicated to my dearest friends, Mirelys, Kat, Vivien, Irit, Obi, and Aeron.
These poems carry my heart and my gratitude for all that you have done for me. I would not be
who I am now without you. I have learned to love and live life more genuinely than I ever have
because you are a part of it. I have grown because I have had the chance to know you.*

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Survivor's Guilt

In April I died
Carrying your heart in hand
But I buried you

In April I died
With these troubled drowning lungs
An ocean away

In April I died
Begging to my God on High
For your safe return

My wishes in vain
Were but nothing in the end
And so now I grieve

In April I died
And in October I wept
Waiting for your laugh

A House With No God

This house is but an empty box
Devoid of the Lord Adonai
Where I wander and scream
And rage brings down these walls
Searching for something to fill my heart
I am a weak vessel on this Earth
Begging for release from the agony
Begging to be free of this pain
And my empty box
With its empty promises
Grants me no comfort at all
Despite this I am pushed to my knees
Every Sunday without fail
And told that a cold God will finally
Have mercy upon me
Elohim Elohim
I'll cry and strain my voice
El-Shaddai El-Shaddai O Lord Adonai
Hoping that perhaps I am wrong
And that he will bring me my heart
But this house remains an empty box
And I remain an empty vessel
Begging for someone to listen

Imposter Syndrome

You see me as someone worthy of praise
But I cannot find what you see in my image
A stranger perhaps has taken my face
And he is who you adore

A stranger has taken my image as his own to bear
I am hiding behind his accomplishments
But who am I and what cursed skin do I wear?
To hide the failure I meet in my reflection

I carry the weight of the sins of those before me
And never do they question if I am falling
Because family skeletons are the priority
And my breaking back comes last

I have tricked the ones I love into seeing success
I'm a fool who wears a mask to preserve my dignity
And I create a false image of myself in excess
To hide away from the truth

But you see some image of grandness in me anyway
You tell me I am intelligent despite it all
And I am forced to think of myself differently
Because you have no reason to lie

My mind tricks me into seeing inferiority
And it tells me you lie because you care
But a mind so deeply controlled by anxiety
Isn't one that I'd like to have

So perhaps I do not see the image you have of me
And I don't entirely understand why
But if you believe in the person that you do see
I suppose I can try to see too

Trenzas

Will you braid your love into my hair?
And allow me to braid mine in yours?
A thousand little movements and a thousand hairs
Each strand carrying my love

My mother warned me not to be careless
About braiding love into hair
It's a special thing reserved for those
Whose hearts forever beat with mine

Trenzas con flores for my dearest friends
And trenzas and ribbon for me
Decorating crowns around our heads
That will forever intertwine our lives

Will you braid your love into my hair?
And allow me to braid mine into yours?
My heart is stored in these actions
That are tender and yet so bold

My mother warned me not to be careless
About braiding love into hair
But I think that I understand it
And braid my love away regardless

Trenzas with clips for my dearest friends
And trenzas with cactus blooms for my lovers
Halos that we make for each other
Carry my heart with them

I'll braid away my love
Until I have no more left to give
Hidden in our hair forever
Carried deep within

Mourning Period

I asked the sun a question full of pride
For I believed myself to be above it
When does a heart stop breaking
And when does God step in?
I have cried a thousand times
And I have yelled into the abyss
When do I throw over bookshelves
Become something unreasonable
I have mourned many years
And I will mourn for many more
So when does God listen
To these desperate dog's prayers
And the Sun, he has answered
He tells me with no wait
The mourning period is over
And now it's time to live
The end cannot define you
Today you must rise
And perhaps the Sun is right
And now is time to breathe
But the silence is so comfortable
And my grief feels safe
Tomorrow I can live and tomorrow I can breathe
Today is a day of rest and well-rested I shall be