

Gina Esposito

Creative Writing: Poetry

The In-Between

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Fall into Fantasy: Poem 1 Collaboration (with Clancy Gray and Dominique Denisco)

The struggle of sounding intelligent
Is scarier than all the skeletons in my closet
That wink at me cheekily as I pass them in the hall

A sky with no stress and an eyelash overcast
What makes it rain there?
A daydream about you fearless, skinless

You have this hold on me I cannot break
Bound and broken I still long for you
What draws me to you is but a mystery and a thought I often try to lose

But you are forever apparent
And under your weight your garish food
Has left an imprint on my psyche

So I'll just swallow time whole
Suck it down, pick the hands from my teeth
Something to hold on to

Something to lust over
I cannot comprehend what it is but I rack my brain for answers
Here I question myself and what you begin to mean to me
Perhaps you are the answer

To all these questions I've been asking
Are you the one to make me feel whole?
Or is that a job I should only entrust to myself?

I try to find uses for the useless
I recognized that push, shells, pits, seeds
What you throw away to get your sweetness

Maybe I love this change in you
The lack of your bitterness on my tongue, the sweetness that replaced it
But then it makes me wonder is this the true you?

The After-Work Walk: Poem 2 Walk

The glowing fast-food chain signs
Pour out onto the street in a puddle of neon
Shoes click in a symphony of unison, a tattling orchestra
Faint noise leaks from the clusters of night owls
Far and few between
The bitter breeze nips my face biting at my nose
But, for some reason, I am immune to it
My eyes focus on the destination
Blurry with exhaust obstructing my vision
Breath is laborious, clawing at my chest begging for relief
A hunger knocking on my head and biting at my heels
Each step more rigorous than the next
A desire to end this walk
And crawl into my bed

First Position: Poem 3 Prose

...and pli , one two three. My knees crackle as I bend and blood begins to flow. My body eases into each step, going deeper and deeper like I am tiptoeing into a boiling hot tub and each moment taking a step further and further into the steaming pool. My body wakes from its slumber stretching out like a cat after its afternoon nap. I tighten my muscles and forget about the steps. I let the music be my guide, the stars above, and I am brought back to reality when the last note is played after having my head in the clouds. I snap back to reality after the teacher jabs my hip into place. "Oops" I think. Soon my body will come down from this high. I will say my thank yous and goodbyes and the reality of the beating my body just took will settle in one ache at a time.

Midnight Rain: Poem 4 Haiku

Cool night breeze

Raindrops dance on glass

A star less sky

Last Night: Poem 4 Senryu

Stumbling

She looks for her phone

Still at the bar

Double Back: Poem 4 Tanka

Feelings aren't real

And yet, I am still here

Conversation is shallow

I exhale fake laughter

Why do I come back?

Ode to Randall: Poem 5 Ode

A soft, white ball of fluff
That squeaks out tiny meows and gargles low purrs
A tiny pink nose with a smidge of dirt just on the left side
Emerald green eyes and pink upside-down bear-faced pads
A vanilla softie cone melting in my arms
His favorite toy is a little silver crinkle-y pouf
And he carries it proudly in his mouth, it is his prey
But the only prey he could ever prey on
He is so soft and sweet
A bundle of joy
That gives kisses and smiley blinks
A warm love to put in your pocket
And take with you on a rainy day
A cozy pillow
A pudgy stomach full of treats and coos
A perfect white kitten
Named Randall

Blue Tongue: Poem 7 Pantoum

Sweet like sugar
But now you've turned sour
And you burn my tongue with your bitter wickedness
Now you make me spit you out

But now you've turned sour
You once were a sweet dream
Now you make me spit you out
I mercilessly ate every one of your honeyed lies

You once were a sweet dream
Whispered sweet nothings to blush
I mercilessly ate every one of your honeyed lies
And now I am left with a soured blue tongue

Whispered sweet nothings to blush
Sweet like sugar
And now I am left with a soured blue tongue
You burned my tongue with your bitter wickedness

On Call: Poem 8 Sestina

Sometimes I feel like I am constantly on call
Sometimes hoping for this night and not hoping for another
Because I have too much homework or I have things to do
But that one text decides it all
And I always drop everything for you
Why do I do that?

You would never understand that
How it must be so effortless for you to make that call
It is nothing for you
I guess it just makes no difference one way or another
It's no trouble at all
What is it that you want to do?

Sometimes I don't even know what I want to do
Why do you have to tease me like that?
You know I'd give you my all
That's why you're the one who always makes the call
Sometimes I wonder if you'd do this to another
But we both know that's not something I would ever ask you

Sometimes I'd like to think I could forget you
But I don't think that is something I could ever really do
In this fantasy, I'd leave you for another
And it would be great...if I really did that
But you and I both know, I'll always answer your call
And you will have me all

I often am left thinking 'maybe this is really all'
I feel like there could be more to you
But then again, I am only just a late-night call
There's not much more left to do
You've made things pretty clear, at that
And so I tell myself, I need to move on to another

But they are never as charming and I just never seem to want another
So, I'll say I'll give it my all
And there will be nothing more than that
Because I still only really want you
So I am usually just left with nothing to do
While I wait another night for your call

As many who give unsolicited advice would tell me – don't answer his call
You know you're just another something for him to do, winner take all
So I think it's time to forget you, but how do I do that?

You: Poem 9 List

Are a tease

An unexpected Tuesday

An afternoon delight

A surprise text message

A “hey, what’s up?”

A distraction from my work

A sweet, little daydream

A chaotic lover

A manipulative character

A tragic human

A lost cause

But still

A superior

The one with all the power

Matter (A Cento): Poem 10 Cento

Do you remember the way it felt?

I’ll stop pretending that I played it nice

The blood in our veins are just chemicals

Science and reason will tell us so

It’s a simple game but now the message in your eyes it is broken

And you’re wrapped up in lace

You open up your mind, I talk to the ground

I always knew my heart is just a chain for you

Hold me close before we drift away
You'll do whatever not to go insane
Into the darkness we go
There's no need for the show

All your inner feelings won't give up 'til it's light
Their eyes are watching in the dead of night
Tell me where did the time go?
Let's throw it into the sun

It will ignite and show the way
It's an affliction, maybe a lie
And I don't want to ruin your paradise
I never thought I'd have to ask

And maybe if you tell me now
Dancing is dangerous
But I'm never gonna stop until it's broken
The lines getting deeper, but what do you know?

Where is My Head?: Poem 11 Ghazal

The glow of my blank screen mocks me
The three lit apartments across the street unfold fascinating stories

And sleep fills my head
While I watch the scenes across the street and make up their stories in my mind

If only I could write this poem so easily
My bed is so warm and it's pulling me in

But, I just realized I have laundry in the wash
And I still have more to write

My fingers type with so much weight
So I'll slack off and watch the people across the street.

Letter to Your Magic: Poem 12 Epistle

Dear magic,

why have you been out of my life for so long? why do you resent coming back? is it because you got burned so badly that one time? or when your heart broke so much you felt it in your chest? i look for you every day and though you are hard to find, I keep on looking. isn't it amazing? turning in those moments of loneliness for those that feel like a multicolored high. i'll wait for that.