

MEANINGLESS MORNINGS & NOTEWORTHY NIGHTS

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SECTION ONE: THE LOSING

a gift from my favorite ghost

my feet are so cold
bare
defenseless against this hardwood floor
it almost feels like i'm going to fall into the cracks
maybe i'll feel better after the wood panels swallow me whole

i walk over my ancestors' bones
their blood creates the grout between each panel
my blood flows into it too
slowly

i look at myself in my freshly wiped mirror
and i beg
i beg the ghosts—any ghost—in my house to guide me
and a friend greets me
i'm so desperate for answers that my reflection has become its
own character
independent from me
far removed from me actually

but there is a
glimmer
not anything too spectacular and easily missed by the common
eye
but my eyes are trained
always searching for meaning
always searching for hope
and the butterfly earrings my godmother gave me
are suddenly resting on the pillow i like least

they remind me of being five years old and not knowing what pain
feels like
how quickly things change

i wear them to honor the ghosts in my house
and they'll melt along with me into the grout
and will be a part of this house
and a part of me
forever

meaningless

using "Before Diagnosis" by Roger Reeves as inspiration

the words i read in books and
the scenes i watch on the television
don't carry as much weight as before
not when the world in undoing itself right
before my eyes
the sunlight pouring into my room warms my cheeks but my toes
remain ice cold

the grass remains dead for months
there's no watering it
this isn't a metaphor, but it could be

even as the neighbors continue to sing aloud every night
i still haven't called my best friend in
months

waking up, a silent butterfly drinking up the morning dew
waking up, my best friend has left me three voicemails

free admission

i can't get myself to paste my pictures back on my wall
if i do that it'll be too real
this will be home
but the plastic plants hanging in my doorway don't give life to the
ladybugs
who creep in through my window
and i don't get much nourishment from the dying fig tree in the
backyard
not anymore at least
but figs still remain my favorite

this could never be a home
this could never be home
this husk only serves as a museum
maybe even a time capsule
a small cardboard tube filled with a bit of glitter mixed in with
an assortment of dead weeds

every time i sit down to eat my cold leftover spaghetti on friday
mornings
i like how the sun dances on the tupperware
making my noodles and sauce look like just a little more
like something tastier
something to keep my soul warm
but it really is just noodles and sauce
and my chest remains tight
even after two servings

every time i get up after finishing my attempt of nourishment
i have rugburns on my knees
and lint between my toes
and i don't feel like doing much of anything
because i don't feel like much of anything

even nothing seems so much more appetizing

if it's happening elsewhere
somewhere
somewhere

i want to put up the photos i took of my friends two summers ago
but i don't want to tarnish those memories with the dust bunnies
that eat away at my frontal lobe as i sleep
my friends deserve to be displayed elsewhere
in a home i accept as a home
in a home i accept as my home

can't be quenched

i wish to be a small fairy
with green, sparkly wings
that take me wherever i'd like to go
that take me away from this place i no longer recognize

i crave a simpler life
and being a tiny being seems to be a quick way out

imagine
every morning drinking dew out of tiny teacups
and having every flower kiss your cheek and leave pollen-colored
kiss marks
finding a tiny nook in your favorite tree
and swinging on every loose branch to pass the time

but instead
i drink a warm red bull that has been sitting out all night
and have to tell myself affirmations every morning to get through
the day
and never truly feel at peace
even with a deadbolt on my door
i want wings
green, sparkly wings
i think they could save me
or at least come very close

losing time

waking up in a new room that is somehow also old to the tums on
my bedside table and
i don't know if the heartburn is due to bad dreams or a side effect
of climate change and
my dog pulls at my pink sweatpants which is sweet but also
irritating and
i think i need another tums and
maybe an advil too and
you know the ones that taste like candy and
oh no does that make me a boot licker and
not to the government but to big pharma and
i actually think those two are the same thing and
you know my neck has been feeling so tense lately and
i think it's because every morning feels like whiplash and
i stay up so late trying to make up for the time i'm losing
but i only end up losing more of it somehow and
i don't know how to feel better but
i know i have to soon

SECTION TWO: THE LIVING AND LEARNING

growing pains

i've outgrown this city
there's a loud hum ringing in my ears every time i try to take a
step
almost like a warning but also not
quite

every time i look outside
it's so loud i can't even hear myself think
sounds of storms and glitching and crying
sounds of feeling that noise
building noise
building storms and glitching and crying

it's a whirlwind of sound that makes my heels hurt
and forces me to take epsom salt baths twice a week
and for once in my life
for once in my silly little life
i don't want to be completely taken over by the noise
i want space and i want time but these heavenly blue walls are a
bit too constricting
especially the ones here
i know elsewhere they wouldn't be so constricting

almost as if i had been in a deep slumber
a sweet one at that
i woke up and didn't recognize those around me
or how i grew to be so tall
and when my arms started to stick out of my mother's house's
windows
and my feet crushed the theatre where i had my first kiss

(i must say it felt good to ruin something that ruined me)

i didn't just grow up
i grew out
like 400 miles out
and little pieces of me are planted across this newfound land
but i am not allowed to retrieve them while i am here
it's an unspoken rule
but still, it rings and rings in my ear as if my own father is
shouting it at me every night before bed

almost to ensure i dream of it, of the chaos, of the pain

no matter how hard i try to contain myself and fold myself into
convenient packaging
i can't help but unravel until all of my orange and all of my pink
flow over this black-and-white town

i want my hues to grow over whatever happened to my once
beloved city and
for everyone to return to the strange idea of living beyond not
because
living in and not through
i want people's heads to pop out of their chimneys and for their
toes to break through their front door

i don't want this town to grow up
i want it to grow out
out of restrictive thinking and out of hate
hopefully into something sweeter like making your wife blueberry
pancakes in the morning or telling your daughter you're proud of
her
hopefully this town can grow into love

heart shaped bag

he eyes me like an Aries when i am weak
i've been stuck inside your heart shaped bag for months
i've been drawn into your merry-go-round that never seems to
end (keeps me dizzy)
i wish i could eat your fears and doubts every day and night
(through x's and o's)

hey
wait
i got a new way of thinking (no longer 17)
forever in debt to words of wisdom
(echo in my head after my parents argue and cause a scene)

meat-eating dahlias never break promises (but they do hold
grudges)
cut myself on x's and o's (how did they ever become so sharp)
broken hymen of my Highness, i'm left with bright eyes

plastic walmart ivy

why do you water a dead plant?
were my veins pulsating with blood at one point?
was i not always made of silicone?

i'm covered in dust bunnies and rollie pollie ghosts
and you leave me in the loneliest corner of your cold cold room
but i've seen every person who's walked in and out of this room
and heard every conversation from inside of moving trucks

i know why you have to open your window on tuesday mornings
and what your mom really thinks of all of your friends

why do you continue to spend your time and money on those
haughty succulents
when you could look at me forever
and never have to give my care a second thought?

i give you all of the world's beauty daily
in a pot that doesn't break
never shedding a leaf or breaking
a stem

my beauty is eternal

why must you cast me away
to the most insignificant crevice of your room
?

i demand glory
shining lights hanging over me and
a painted pot to lay in

i never expect anything in return
my love for you and every room you make home is agape
but you can't look past my fading shoulders
into my bloodthirsty eyes

if you can't give me glory, then i demand sacrifice

water me with your tears and i will be born again

this yellow room and me

sometimes it's easy to forget that there are more than the eight
stars i see outside of my
childhood bedroom
and that the sky can sometimes be shades of yellow and shades of
green
and that I actually do like when my mom wakes me up at 5 am
because that means I can go outside and lick up all the dense dew
covering your front lawn

did you know a rainbow could only be seen in the morning?
that doesn't make much sense since i've been seeing circles of
purple and blue circling my
bathroom when i take a shower that is a little too hot

i'm not so sure how to get out of this space
but i know i need to
but it's it like i keep on getting sucked in
and it's like i'm forced to meet myself over and over again; i wish i
would get stood up

your life, the way you live through it, isn't really yours until you
finally tell your mom you don't
like red ribbons or the way lavender smells
it's yours now, and it's mine, respectively, sorta
i'm actually not really sure if it is or not.

one day, you realize that nothing matters
nothing ever mattered, but at the same time,
everything did. everything does.

and it doesn't matter which one you believe or choose to live by,
because they're both true and your life is not defined by which
mantra you go by, it's defined by the shades of pink and the glitter
goop stuck in your eyelashes and your most obnoxious laughs and
the way your mother held you when you were six and the time
your grandfather brought you roses and the night your
grandmother died and the snails you've crushed on accident and
the glass of water you drink every night at 3 a.m. and the picture
from fresno you've had as your screensaver since you were twelve
and what it all means to you because it all means so much and it's

like the room never stops spinning but there is so much love
there. somehow there is still so much love

SECTION THREE: THE LOVING

in preparation

small pawprints on big trails
give ladybugs and rollie-pollies a place to stay
give raindrops a place to gather together too
so that blue jays can carry some droplets back to their nest
a seemingly perfect cycle

but those small pawprints get covered up
as the wind does her daily dance
and the ladybugs and rollie-pollies have to find another place
to rest their head
perhaps on a soft bluebonnet
maybe then they can dream for a few hours

all of the dew drops in the world are sucked up back to the source
and the clouds are full with only their breakfast in their celestial tummies
and they smile
you'd notice if you looked a little closer

as our queen parades in
the clouds do their daily bow
and every being on this planet shouts good morning
some in small chirps, others in upturned petals

and she stays for a little while
but she never seems to overstay her welcome
and right before she's completely gone home
the sky does one final dance in honor of her
but maybe even spite of her

and as she leaves to the other side of somewhere
every being, both small and celestial
get everything ready once again
for her arrival

this morning feels like you

the bright light coming in from my window
and the cold air circulating the house
create the perfect environment to feel good in
even if just for a second
even if the door on my childhood bedroom has to be locked
but those things aren't on my mind
because there is nothing else to do but to enjoy that feeling
of comfort, a little bit of laziness,
and perhaps some nostalgia, too

oh how i wish we could exchange sleepy i love you's
and sloppy morning kisses
but my blanket wrapped tightly around my body will have to hold me over
till then

i never want to get out of bed
but i suppose i can be persuaded
if you come over and lift me out

take me to your safe place
it has become mine, too

i wish we could stay propelled in space and time in one perfect moment
but every moment is perfect if it's spent with you
this is my new reality
days filled with love and laughter
and only that
it feels like i've been waiting forever to feel just those two things

you and i create our own little love bubble every time we're together
i hope it never bursts
please don't ever let it burst

i love you the same way this morning loves leaving me with a runny nose
and how this morning makes me want to cuddle with my forever puppy
just a little longer
but comparing our love to such earthly things feels almost sacrilegious

i love you more than my plants love leaning towards the sun
than the butterflies outside of my window love to greet me

there's a glass of water on my bedside table
but the symptoms of heat exhaustion have already subsided
and my thirst for something greater has already been quenched

hoarder central

i'm rebuilding my home to get rid of all of the clutter

there isn't room for me here anymore
not even a curve in my mother's thumbprint could coddle me in
the way i need
in the way i crave
for years, i have been getting rid of pieces of me to make a home
for those that should have been holding giant ivy leaves over me,
shading me from the sun

but alas, i am a spotless ladybug
a flightless butterfly
a naked raccoon
not really
but i seem to be these things to you

i have never been those things
i whispered my secrets into the morning dew
and i hope they heal your broken heart

i'm rebuilding my home to get rid of all of the clutter
i should have done this all along