

Poetry Series

Unnamed Unnamed
- poems -

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Unnamed Unnamed(2/25/88)

I was born there and then, and now here I am, eighteen years old. My girlfriend is Miranda Kuykendall (sometimes to be sweet, she calls me Sirch and I call her Chloe) . We are unofficially engaged, meaning there is not yet a ring. I have asked her a million times, her answer always 'yes, ' and she has asked me a million times, my answer always 'yes.' As of September 13 or 14,2006 (a few days ago, actually) she is forbidden to contact me until she is eighteen. I have had a hard time these last few days, and am not looking forward to the next ten months-her birthday is in late July. But we are waiting for each other. We love each other.

And I like photography and writing stories or books (creative writing and fiction, mostly...though what's the difference?) . Aaaaand [smacks lips open], I love you, Miranda.

Bye, all.

The Garden Outside My Home Is Dying

The garden outside my home is dying.
There's been no rain for a month
and my plumbing's broke.
Where once I stood
up to my waist in flora,
I now sit in an entanglement
of grief
and shame
and dying things.

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