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Weaving

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There’s No Place Like Home
Mariah Barcinas

Life in the islands, such a tropical appeal
From coconut trees to white sand, our culture they won’t ever kill
We will never lose the island’s pride and identity
Everyone in the islands are brought together with unity

Losing our culture? It will never, ever be
Our uniqueness is vital, meant for everyone, not only me
From Hawaii to Guam and to the CNMI,
The islands are home, and everyone knows why

Our culture is amazing; it’s what we should keep
From dancing to swimming, and even going to sleep
Even though things may be changing, people getting upset
The islands are our home; we’ll always remember and never forget

Children leave the islands to study and save it all
Because we will always stand on the islands, strong and tall
We’re one family and we will never, ever be alone
No matter what island we’re in, we can always say:
“There’s no place like home!”

Weaving
McKenna Rinta

The rat was sitting in the morning sunlight
stripping blades of grass into thin, sharp pieces,
stacking them under a rock
so that the dewy dawn breeze wouldn’t sweep them away.

The rat sat there in his little hay-field nest
weaving those pieces of grass,
wishing for a basket.

When he was only halfway done,
he took the green semicircle
and, struggling to find a way around his big stomach,
eased himself onto his feet
and pushed on through the jungle of wheat.

While he was walking along,
pushing stalk after stalk out of his way
and watching the wheat dust dance
in the sunrise,
he began to sing a song.

The sweet song matched the honey-colored morning
And, stopping to rest beneath the shade of a big oak tree,
the rat began to dream.

He dreamed he was sailing down a warm river
in a tightly woven and sap sealed basket,
brown from the Mediterranean sun.
He sailed past sun bathers on a glittering shore.
He sailed past pink hotels and palm trees.
He sailed past the most beautiful sea cliffs.
But when he tried to stop the basket
to look at the view,
plunging a twig down toward the sea floor,
he saw that half of his basket
had come away in the salty sea.

The basket began to sink
and the rat woke with a start,
holding his half basket
and blinking away the flies under
the cold shade of an oak tree.

The rat decided to keep weaving.

Barbie Doll

Kayla Suvak

When you look at me, I am reduced to nothing more than a Barbie Doll
A voluptuous blond with big eyes
A toy that should just be lying there, waiting to be picked up at your
heart’s desire
Something plastic, not even real
A beauty without a voice or a soul
To you I am just another toy
Out of possibly hundreds that you’ve collected
You put us all into a box of “been there, done that”
In your eyes, we are just bodies lying in wait for someone to love us
Those girls that are mocked by all passersby for being too tenderhearted

You are the little kid in the store screaming to their mother
“I NEED ANOTHER TOY”
As though you are so bored you cling to the idea that something will
fix it
The boredom that you feel in your life is not the fault of my sisters
But the fault of your inability to love them as a human
Yet you think that being a man means that you have the right
Even the privilege to take, take, take,
The American philosophy of “I want what I want when I want it” is
your motto,
No questions asked. For a poor boy you seem pretty entitled

YOU were the one who picked me up off the shelf
Maybe it was my own fault for even being there
But you ingratiated yourself into my life
Knowing exactly how to play so that “play time” was just enough
Just enough for me to think that I mattered.
In regards to you and me, darling, I cared so much more for you
I remember everything you ever told me