I Hold My Life in my Hand

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I Hold Life in My Hand

Ciara Laing

I am the fiery purple searing the dusk sky
With a sunflower shape swaying
In a warm, seductive summer breeze

I, the Toccata and Fugue in D minor,
Pounce on your delicate ears
While my Thai noodle taste, splattered
With peanut sauce taunts your mouth

I, the electric violin, seize
The soul behind your eyes;
My sea turtle body invading
Every inch of your ocean mind

I, the cherry blossom, shade
You from Death's gnawing obliteration
While you flee to the white sand beach
In your '65 mustang: bleach pink

I am the third mermaid that plunges
To the bottom of the abandoned lake
Searching for the overstuffed couch
From which you came

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Particles

Jeriann Watkins

Floating, flying, dancing through the air as we usually do, we orbit our moon. We shoot out to the limits of gravity's pull and squeal with excitement as we get pulled back into her cool embrace. We do this constantly, always moving. Moving is how we obtain our knowledge. Sounds and actions, thoughts and colors from all over the universe bounce by at lightning speed. If we move quickly, we can see them.

This is how we learned that the humans are coming. Any day now, they will be here. We can see the rocket—large and white—leaving fire in its wake. We hope that none of us are harmed when it arrives. The humans are gigantic, though not as large as the rocket. What will we look like to them?

When the ship arrives, we feel the disturbance in our atmosphere. We are sucked toward the center of our moon, pulled by the powerful vacuum. We feel the heat and hear the humans plan their landing. The spaceship is even more monstrous than we thought. As it lands and powers down, we circle the giant machine. Their technology is wonderful! The exact measurements in both the temperature of the fire and the shape of the vessel show how hard they have worked. Oh what the humans can invent! They are surely one of the more advanced species we've seen in several millennia.

We gather in front of their ship, waiting for them to emerge. We listen to their conversation; they are looking for life forms. They don't want to be harmed while leaving their ship. We hope they know we are friendly.

"There's no sign of life out there. Looks like we're alone."

That's not right. How can the machines not sense us? We will have to tell them that their equipment is flawed. Slowly, the door opens. Out walks a gargantuan human, made even bigger by his astronautical suit. Glancing around, he looks right through us. We are everywhere, yet we do not even register in his vision.