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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Ava Zaffarano: Two Poems

Ava Zaffarano · Tuesday, August 23rd, 2022

### Two poems by Ava Zaffarano

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#### It's the little things

Don't look through my books,  
My copy of *Devotions*,  
My paperback of *Emotional Advantage*,  
My used hardcover of *Just Kids*,  
What you will find there  
Is my vulnerability.  
At times, I fear her.  
That cunning girl has her hold on me.  
That little thing.  
I look her straight in the eyes  
Every day,  
Pursing my lips, till my jaw stings.  
Swallowing to coat  
My dry passage.  
Pressing the pad of my thumb  
Down on the rest of its neighbors,  
Just to release at least some of the tension,  
To gain some of the control.  
A shaky breath finds its way out  
Of the maze of my body.  
She still holds my gaze.  
Eventually, I release mine,  
Bowing my head, smiling,  
Knowing that she has won, once again.  
I suppose I will not be showing  
My vulnerability today.  
Yet, she stays still, boring her eyes into mine  
Till I feel her gaze go farther,  
Almost through me

To the rear of my cranium,  
 Disappointed, she wants me to win.  
 It's no fun for her anymore.  
 However, when I feel the familiar ridge  
 Of a book on my palm  
 I wrap my arms around my  
 Vulnerability and say,  
 "You're okay. Come and join me."  
 In my books, the only eyes on me  
 Are the letters.  
 Those pages are alive. Heartbeat or not.  
 They feel my ink pressing down,  
 Knowing exactly what I'm underlining.  
 They say, "That line got me too."  
 They quietly soak up my tears.  
 It's their way of whispering,  
 "Keep going. Read another."  
 With this,  
 I become one step closer to feeling  
 Comfortable in my vulnerability,  
 That little girl.  
 That little thing.

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## Parental Guidance

They said:  
 Yes, the nights are long  
 And the sky won't give you answers.  
 The water will shock your warm skin  
 And one day the ground you stand on will  
 Move out from under you  
 Without any warning.

But eventually, what I focused on more  
 Was that sometimes, before it gets dark,  
 I slow down  
 And turn to watch the glow  
 Of the sun pour over  
 What's in front of me.  
 And that those nights will consist of  
 Farewell embraces and painting  
 Until the glow returns.

They are right.  
 The sky will not give me answers.  
 But in the moments that I have talked to the moon,  
 She has opened her ears to me.

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And if I talk to her long enough,  
I would tell myself exactly what I needed to hear.

They are right.  
There will be points where  
I'll walk miles in the rain  
And feel ice on my heels.  
But I hope I forever notice  
How the pearls of water  
Glide down my skin  
And the needle sized sparkles that  
Dance on the snow.

They are right.  
The ground left  
And I was falling.  
So I looked around me and saw  
Many things I could hold on to.  
But I took my arms and  
Wrapped them  
Around myself.

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