

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Jacaline Intravaia: Two Poems

Jacaline Intravaia · Wednesday, September 29th, 2021

### The Nature of Loss

Yesterday I prayed, but it spilled out in shapes. *It's me,*  
*I can't keep from shrinking.* The apathy-shaded curtains  
 wait for their next delicate disturbance. Outside smells of when

you left. Evaporated rain and rhododendrons. Nail-indented palms. I swept  
 the fortune teller's lifeline, watched a bee play suicidal lottery swarming  
 kids in the street like water circling the bathtub drain. I am circling

the drain in equal parts consonant and vowel, this is to say:  
 nothing at all. I thought about *nothing*. Something  
 that fails to exist. He called me nothing over breakfast, between

*pass the pepper* and *I want to be friends*. I bet he didn't mean  
 to call me crying, like the regretful survivor of a suicide  
 bombing. I bet when he said lupus wasn't a burden, he meant

it wasn't enough about him. The walls are dusty in all the wrong places.  
 I found his sock in the arm of the sweater I wore on our eighth  
 anniversary, threw it in the dumpster from the balcony with the letter he wrote

*her*, explaining I'd died, in the back of an ambulance while he clenched  
 my hand. A noble man with a stained-glass conscience. I envied the bee,  
 wedged between tiles of concrete on the evacuated, heat-soaked

driveway. Survived by the queen and the workers at the hive on south  
 third street. A makeshift mausoleum of chrysanthemum sheets envelops  
 me as I wonder how long bees wait for the lost to return home.

\*

### Yesterday is Today

*Snails have twenty thousand teeth.*  
 He mutters *probably* as he seeps  
 into our California king. I haven't slept

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since Tuesday and now

I am a surface current in spring, chasing  
speed as I'm spiraling. Last week, I discovered grief  
between Rice Krispies, watching bees hold  
business meetings in the guttered overhang

above the windowpane. *I can't think of anything,*  
I say to them. My orchids push patterned  
petals from bulbous wombs. Eyes greet  
stamen out of season in my kitchen. I tell myself

I am out of season, but I am too distracted  
to listen. Love is a divided animal, and I am  
left with the living, orchids  
quietly blooming.

*Photo credit: Trevor Sellens*

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