

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Yazmin Ortiz: Two Poems

Yazmin Ortiz · Wednesday, September 25th, 2019

Hit the Ground

Dropping like a pebble into a pond
 Dancing in the ripples of the water
 As you drop you think your drowning
 Clack, you hit the bottom
 You're fine, frightened
 Investigating your surroundings
 the energy running around you, familiar
 Surrounded by the fallen, hugged & cradled in failures arms
 Falling only hurts when the ripples start
 Healing starts when you hit the ground

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Purple Dragon Fly

Little purple dragon fly, leave me alone.
 I will not sit and feed your delusions.
 I will not stay or give you my attention.
 Your wings like shattered glass tear through my flesh, leaving a distasteful sting.
 Your beauty is but a thing hiding the daggers in your pockets.
 Because as soon as I reach over to trust your grip, you fling me into the sea.
 Sending me off hating myself for holding that grip.
 For gullibly thinking that the luminescent glow off your skin meant I was safe.
 Yet like that skin you will discard me, beautiful purple dragon fly.
 You will shed me and leave me behind like the exuvia, you so remind me I am.

Little purple dragon fly, I'm done.

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