

Kayla ~~Colome~~-Ariana

Professor Ramsey

ENGL 3165

November 10, 2020

Short Paper 4: A recollection of starred memories of November first to tenth

I wake,
I eat,
I work and then I sleep,
Only to avoid working once more.
I scroll through my phone to pass the times
Between awake and slumber
Only to realize it's half past six
And I haven't done anything eventful
Besides, fill my coffee cup for the fourth time.

I started painting more,
Maybe two times a week.
Never anything good though,
Unless I've had a drink.
And I sing more when I'm upset
Because lyrics get me more
Then when I'm trying to speak.

[November 8th]

I'm sorry for speaking up
I'm not used to talking all the time

I should learn how to keep
My mouth shut so that I
Don't ruin what's already mine.

So I paint,
I look at images I want to perfect
(I cannot be perfect)
But I can try to make something perfect
If I really try to capture it right.
I'm a perfectionist at heart
So why do I want to change,
When being me is all I can be?

[November 3rd]

In 2018, I learned
How I cannot rely on men
To put me back together
Because i couldn't teach them to love
me more or
for me to love less.
So hatred grew and spewed up
My throat and burned my lungs
And got me to write.

Ashley (early morning 11.10)

My mother told me that
Men don't realize what they lose
When they walk away.

That they'll return when it's too
Late for forgiveness.
But that I have to show the same respect
No matter the consequences.
I say that isn't fair,
For how could he love my son
If he never loved me.
How my beloved spits on the mention
Of his name and God forbid,
He hears.
For a friend of mine
Told me that one day, hopefully,
I'd see myself as beautiful.
Until then, I can never compare, Ashley
And I hope that one day I don't have to.

I remember learning about women's suffrage
One year in my high school days.
It was a part of a human rights class.
But how am I learning about this
When there are still women suffering.
#MeToo right?
Because if I were to speak up about
All the things men have done to me
Blood will s

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Faster than black ink.

November []

I feel like my journal knows me
From cover to cover.
For when I don't see myself
Being reflected in a mirror
I see someone that looks like me
And I don't like the person staring back
At me.
So if someone ever finds this journal,
I hope they like what they read.
Just know I take my coffee black
With enough vanilla creamer
To make the bitter
sweet.

If you love me for who i am, you should love me for the way i am. You shouldn't have to say that if i did a certain thing, i would look better and i shouldn't have to do that thing in order to appeal to your senses. I should be fine with the way i am because my belly doesn't extend over even though the mirror likes to tell me lies then i remember that it's squishy for a reason and it's because skin folds. I shouldn't have to feel less of value since i'm not stick-straight-hourglass-shaped piece of meat waiting for a man to want to eat off my plate.

Snap

Crackle

Pop

Is

The

Sound

A

F i r e w o r k

Makes.

But just remember if it doesn't echo
A gunshot makes the same.

I'm never proud of the work i've done
Until someone asks me where do I get these
Inspirations from.
And I smile and laugh saying,
"It just comes to me and I roll
with the flow."
But no one knows that I'm perfecting
the way I want my story to be told
And it'll be a spit in the face to those
who thought they can get the best of me
when the curtains close.
