Scraps

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1.
i remember the rat’s nest that was your hair
and you giggling as i ran my fingers through it
the taste of tequila on your lips
the mess in your room
staying up until we weren’t drunk just
tired

2.
that face you make
and the way you draw out my name
when our drunk nights converge-
you make me feel
like a peeled onion
the death of an acquaintance
a childhood scent

3.
why do you write poems?
to get girls.
why do you get girls?
to write poems.
4.
her name was sonia or bianca
or neither depending on who was asking.
she was going to work on a sunday morning,
the kind of work where you can stop outside
a parking garage and hang out for hours
with the ragtag assembly of ravers and bums trapped outside
in the early morning city fog.

her list of family members in prison was shorter only than
that of prescribed medications she refused to take.

she was pretty and mexican and schizophrenic
and she gave me her scarf because i looked cold.

and i was.

5.
i wrote a poem for her,
carved it in the sand by the reflection of the stars
on the water-
the lines were concise yet eloquent,
emotions evoked through black and white images.
i explained those long, silent car rides
spent studying patterns of clouds.

of course, i only wrote it because i knew
the tide would come.

it had to be washed away before she could read it-