

The Anthology

Volume 2018

Article 49

April 2018

Slow Death

Felicia L. Chisholm Winthrop University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Chisholm, Felicia L. (2018) "Slow Death," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2018, Article 49. Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2018/iss1/49

This Editors is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@mailbox.winthrop.edu.

felicia chisholm prose editor

Felicia is a graduate student pursuing her Masters in Secondary Education and is set to graduate May 2019; her Bachelor's degree is in English/Literature and Language. She has recently been published in an anthology titled "South Carolina's Best Emerging Poets," which is available for purchase on Amazon. The name of the poem is "Slow Death" and is featured here. What she considers the pinnacle of her human experience is studying abroad in Italy, and she is determined to find ways in which she can travel there throughout her life.



slow death by felicia

This room, bright and solitude-perfect. My place for tears in an evolution of sorts, originating in naiveté intermissions victorious culminating in divinations.

But now a dark cave of guilt—keeping secrets from my knight in dull armor.

Untrustworthy, I am not. Just deeply perplexed, consumed by love qualms in this labyrinth of longing. My Past is back.

Should I trust him this time? Please don't expose me God. I'm in a seeking season.

My gaping mouth like a ragged sinkhole and concrete chunks in my throat—a restrained urge to wail. Searching for honest answers from the Past that my heart makes relevant to the present and my soul braids into hopes of our future? Gazing out of the same stained and smeared window, stained like my heart, smeared like the sight of you. You are back, professing the inevitability of us. Your utterances impeccable. Your actions defunct. Me needing constant reminders of your spiritual repulsiveness because your exterior is everything I crave. Our history the epitome of exhilaration. Longing for supernatural purge, a murdering of the memories, an asphyxiation to the lungs of this emotional roller coaster. You are the Cancer and the cancer of us, thus making us cancerous; yet, cancer us appears ideal.

This us-concept —a damned realization— unavoidable over a decade's breadth. My veins still spell your name and my heartbeat sings the staccato of your chuckle. No one compares. But this dry heave

when near you means something. Struggling with the addiction of carrying you within me. Undying hopes. I force resuscitation of what used to be our spiritual dance but now just suppressed passions and tingly promises as clarity seems unattainable in our perfect confusion. I became a transcending one and you stayed mediocre. It hurts.

this dry heave