

Three Poems

by Kobina Wright

Home

Fall-Winter 2013-14

Summer-Fall 2013

Spring-Summer 2013

Winter-Spring 2013

Fall-Winter 2012-2013

Summer-Fall 2012

Spring-Summer 2012

Winter-Spring 2012

Autumn/Winter 2011-12

Summer 2011

Winter/Spring 2011

Autumn/Winter 2011

Summer 2010

Spring 2010

Winter 2010

Autumn 2009

Summer 2009

Spring 2009

Autumn 2008

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Spring/Summer 2008

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Evolution of Elindy

Age is eye opening.
Elindy's old enough to see with white light young enough to prefer blue and candlelight.

She wears perfume expensive enough for people to gravitate cheap enough to save only months for it.

It was easier in the 11th grade when she cared only for her thoughts and she knew everything.

She was an advertisement.

One she'd cut out in the 11th grade and segmented into a nose, one eye a half a mouth, an ear and cheek.

She was collaged on poster boards scattered with cutouts of burning buildings diamond rings, a bottle of gin and purple nail polish.

It's a little different now with the yellowed segments and cracked glue. She laughs now though nothing's humorous shakes hands and tries to appear open interested, likable tearing in secret.

Nightstand

Buries upstairs they're tucked beneath mints novels journals and vibrator.

These are only baby pictures.
The few she pried from her mother.
For years they've survived

Editor's Note

Guidelines

Contact

encased in faux leather unmarked.

They're with her and cousins at park playgrounds.
Of her on the lap of her great-great-grandmother both smilling. Toothless.
Of her in the hospital on her second birthday and a whole series of being restrained by her, then thin, mother on the beach, tethered.

The others are downstairs in albums alongside tangible memories. The baby ones are guards against itch and suffocation that beg for a gun.

Neglect

A foot snakes between her backyard fence and concrete liner, one even basks there.

She surveyed, surprised at the size and stealth of dinosaur weeds.

They're hearty, meaty enough to brandish metal spikes and she has latex gloves.

Twenty the size of her jeaned leg fits into the bin with snails slugs spiders.

And rest.

Kobina Wright is working on a series of essays that reflect her life and childhood and this year has been published in a variety of publications including *Blackberry*, *Blue Lake Review* and *Extract(s)*. She is a second generation Southern California native and attended the University of Georgia for two years before transferring to California State University, Fullerton, where she earned her BA in journalism, with a minor in Afro-Ethnic Studies.

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