

connection

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I think that's all anyone is searching for
we would rather see faces than names
but we are in the awkward space
between online glances and harmonic hellos
between wifi of splattered, mellow
connection

and signing off emails with kind regards
isn't it amazing that we are
linking hawaii and connecticut
with proper netiquette
that is layered with fool's gold
as if it is a mystery for sherlock holmes
we sit down for lectures and deduce conclusions
to make sense of the world as a simulation
yet we are living it every day
we tweet the news every day
and we are making
connections

among covalent bonds and the sociological imagination
to realize that America could have been healing if not
for the systems rotting from the inside out
to realize that too many atoms
are on the deep end of the slanted pool
drowning, barely able to come up for air
because they don't have the right
connection

is that all anyone is searching for?



Benefits of Staying Home in 2020

- ~~1. I am refining my time management system and working very hard.~~
- ~~2. I save time from the lack of a commute.~~
- ~~3. Better focus on schoolwork without the “distraction” of the city.~~
- ~~4. Less time getting ready in the morning.~~
- ~~5. More time for self care~~
- ~~6. Learn a new language~~
- ~~7. Pick up that passion project that I never had time for... (is that what I'm supposed to write?)~~

maybe I'm not “supposed” to write anything.

1. the piano is only a couple feet away through day and night.
2. my dog lies on the blanket next to me.
3. I spend all day in my favorite pajama dress
4. meditation sessions clear the scribbles in my head.
5. I was given hours upon hours of absorbing my backyard
an image so effortlessly lush that it has become my wallpaper.
6. I get to memorize my grandma's face,
her eyebrows permanently lifted
her wrinkles like harmonies that decorate her sweet eyes.
7. I can excavate what really matters to me
and remember why life is a complicated whole in the first place.

maybe productivity is the real distraction.

maybe the title should have been “Kintsugi”

the Japanese art of creating gold linings from fragments.

I guess I need to close my eyes
or blink a couple of times
because

this is everything of my dreams
presented as the twin sister of my nightmares

and yet, I am exactly where I'm supposed to be.

an indulgent celebration of life under lockdown (that shouldn't be)

we say cheers
kissing the lips
of our cider glasses

not to the new year
but to the new gift
of simple glances

between milky skies
of painter's envies
and little houses

my grandma and I
soak in honey
gold, uncrowded

we could be mourning
the should've been's
with tears dripping down
and making our dinner soggy

but we look up,
up and across
to absorb all
the little houses
that we
get to see
from our spot
of honey

we need more optometrists

2020 vision is a strange dichotomy --
loving life like it is the first spring
while understanding the millions of throats that cannot sing anymore,
for some flowers are rooted in toxic soil.

2020 vision is constantly weighing
Priorities and priorities,
the incessant heavy lifting of grand vases and apples.

2020 vision is questioning the glasses
on the bridge of my nose.
are they cracked? are they foggy?

2020 vision is learning that
all people want (and deserve) dignity
and not understanding how
Respect has become lost in space.

2020 vision is humbling
and reminding me that I too
am connected to everything in the universe.

I aspire to live a life of balance, but
I am guilty of never doing enough.
how can I possibly smile
when there are screams piercing the air
and the task is to uproot an entire forest
and to let sunshine caress what has always been
under thick canopies of plastic?
I am no bulldozer
but eventually the tallest tree will topple over
and crush even the little insects that crawl in the dirt.
it was nature's responsibility to figure out
how to shape cohesiveness amongst diversity.

but 2020 vision is not the product of Mother Nature.