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## Poems

Kimberly Zittel

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## Symbiosis

By Kimberly Zittel

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?  
Nose nestles into nape  
legs overlap like Chahlah bread-braids  
I slice yeast-filled memories  
as emotions rise to the surface  
and my body boundary forms steaming crust.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?  
You open your windows  
wide whispers of witches...  
you watch as wind wisps through  
as fingers-linger in your blood-stained hair...  
as you lead me by my eardrum  
into a bathroom where you tore your skin apart.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?  
Rest your hand on vocal cords  
previously laid dormant  
allow volcanic-song-sounds to seep  
reverberations through fingertips...  
you touch voice and weep.  
hold hands and embrace a word-less world  
no one else penetrates.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?  
Rivers pulse through veins...  
feeling paralyzed feeling defective...  
finding chemical-induced-pollution  
threaten concept of self  
figuring out how much of the Truth one ought to be availed...  
I lend you the red flows  
from my own arterioles  
...all knowing I can not loan you a liver.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?  
We thread a needle.  
We guide toward initiation.  
We dance as angels in an unknown territory.  
We create beautiful images smear oil pastel colors.  
We intricately draw lines on each others skin...  
We heal, we hold,

We grow and shine like a glowing orange firefly.  
We move from the parasitic...  
where lies death  
and create symbiosis...  
where is the balance.

Through the balance we learn to live.

## On Sane Restoring

By Kimberly Zittel

Fall down lines  
Overcoat honey drips, slips  
Among dried flowers  
Hung around imprinted insignia  
Beneath glass quoting professional  
Prowess

Enchant, entice from my pocket  
-healing wounded hearts simply  
with open ear, past  
adventures sear, Spirit-filled  
breath exhaled above flickering candle  
oozing, ripe with life

the New emerged  
-dry, flaky cocoon  
carried off crumpled  
with arctic front swoon  
landing, matted camel-hair grass  
peeking through  
cement cracks at your door

only You may behold the  
difference in Candor

Eye shall thank you, Mighty Seine, for  
Catching me in your net  
-guide towards life's  
stability without regret

## Perception

By Kimberly Zittel

bramble up  
truffle-coated stair walk  
image: your presence in each movement.  
For a milli-second,  
orange-bursts  
coat taste-buds...  
I now know the grandeur  
of citrus,

yet become illusioned  
for it's sweetness  
disperses  
amorphous...diffusion...  
so that I can "build character",  
prove I am strong,

others dive into the essence  
and thrive there,  
while I arch my back  
– solid –  
until I no longer feel stiff.

I become bark,  
easily stripped of protection  
by outsiders.

Pulse begins to throb  
against "the forces"  
and I acknowledge my skin  
(the power there that lies within).  
Find strength...  
Rough, beautiful,  
beveled,  
by atmosphere and harsh words

I hold on to the string  
– it feels like a noose collapsing my neck  
and vertebrae,  
until I look  
notice, I felt only a  
needle: threading,

mending, sewing up a gapping (w)hole,  
repairing my eyesight,  
attaching my roots,  
so that taste may one day return...  
at least that is my hope.

Or I will be crucified here.  
I am to behold, become the tree...  
I will find crucified –

The Past.

## Cathedral of the Pines

By Kimberly Zittel

Plum-fairies fall freely  
On the black bars of juniper tree  
Berries that suddenly  
Stop their movement with  
Systole (blood's not used to such passivity)

Precise moments  
To create ideals  
Such as painless  
Ends in adolescence...  
The exact period cells  
Reproduce slower than  
Extinguished

Pain-less means to stop living

What is it like to look into a  
Mirror and see no reflection...  
Then walk away and laugh  
Because to not laugh  
Would mean to cry

Time passed so quickly  
You did not know the last  
Time you'd see color was yesterday  
And now you've forgotten what purple  
Is

...forgotten how love-making feels  
and no time to make certain you  
remember the last  
words remain lovely

lost in woods where time runs away  
...dance  
upon bars of a clock's face

a prison of existence caught  
between  
glass – there is nothing to  
do

to stop hurting  
trapped in the translucence of fireflies

Nothing but to sing,  
To plant  
To grow  
To pray  
That each soul will  
Feel

Comfort  
At least once...

That it will be remembered for a life-time

When there is a smile  
It becomes an umbrella  
Sheltering the shame  
Of inadequacy