

At The Parish House

The Living Poets Society 2024

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The Poets and Their Poems

VAL PROCHASKA Val is 16 and a high school student. She has a sweet tooth and a deep love for music, writing, and reading. She likes scribbling away in her journal, penning down stories and poetry inspired by her wild imagination.

POEM #1

Walking down hallways, streets, sidewalks -- feels like judgment day. eyes everywhere but nowhere, looking, glancing, perceiving. acknowledgement of my existence as i am physically sickens me. to be seen is not to be known. to be seen, is another thing entirely. to be seen, is to be judged. i think the judgment i fear the most, is unintentional. it's an assumption, a passing thought, an observation. and it scares me how much i fear it, how much i wish i could not exist just to avoid the scorn of a faceless person. because i cannot have that, i know i cannot have a perfect world where i am not there, where my physical shell doesn't bruise every interaction i have, or cause panic to flair every time a stranger stares for too long to be casual -- to be safe. the world is not perfect, and neither am i, you think that'd make it easier, the imperfection. but it only makes it harder, seeing such beautiful imperfect perfections. there's ugly things too though. as comes with reality, the filth of humanity. the world is corrupt, i might be too. and corruption is erosion, but it's a much slower process. like an infection, one person at a time