

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 #2

I lament on the time we've spent together. I stay smothered in a love that does not exist nor did it ever, really. I dwell, and brood, and sulk over something that brings tears to my eyes when i know it should not. You left me -- you chose to leave. But now you're with her, and i'm alone, now you're with her dancing in the rain and i am drowning in the sea. You are the reason my lungs feel as though they've been infused with tar ... so why is it that your soul still has such a pure glow? Why must purity flow from your fingertips when all that's left from your touches are gashes of red? I don't understand is what I'll tell myself, is what i'll whisper and mumble as i clean my wounds. But i do. A child of wae is not loved is any era of time, but certainly not this one. So i'll jot down my thoughts, and brood some more. And i'll close myself off in a vat to keep my blood from staining the floors