

FOR A TIME

Vol. 1

Julia Sorboro



THEY WERE RUSTED UNDERNEATH

On wooden shelves
I sit in waiting
With an untouched book of matches

You cut my strings
From each of your fingers
With gold-plated shears

Does it make you sad?
Wandering through
The way it was

And so my thoughts turn on their heels,
And return to Grand Street
Just like I feared they might

7/27/18

What comes after the epiphany?
Quiet, solemn acceptance
A new and nearing neuroses,
Waiting for the clear

What comes after the epiphany?
Buying more time
Laying awake waiting
For the door to get kicked in

What comes after the epiphany?
Is there such a thing?
Each one I have,
A wasp' s nest cracked clean open





A POSTCARD

My fingertips graze the tall grass
Enjoying the feeling for a moment
It was there and now it's passed

I lift my dress up
Just as your eyes drip down
No cicadas in this chorus

Between two lakes will not remember me
Though my footprints might sit at its bottom
They have surely floated far away by now

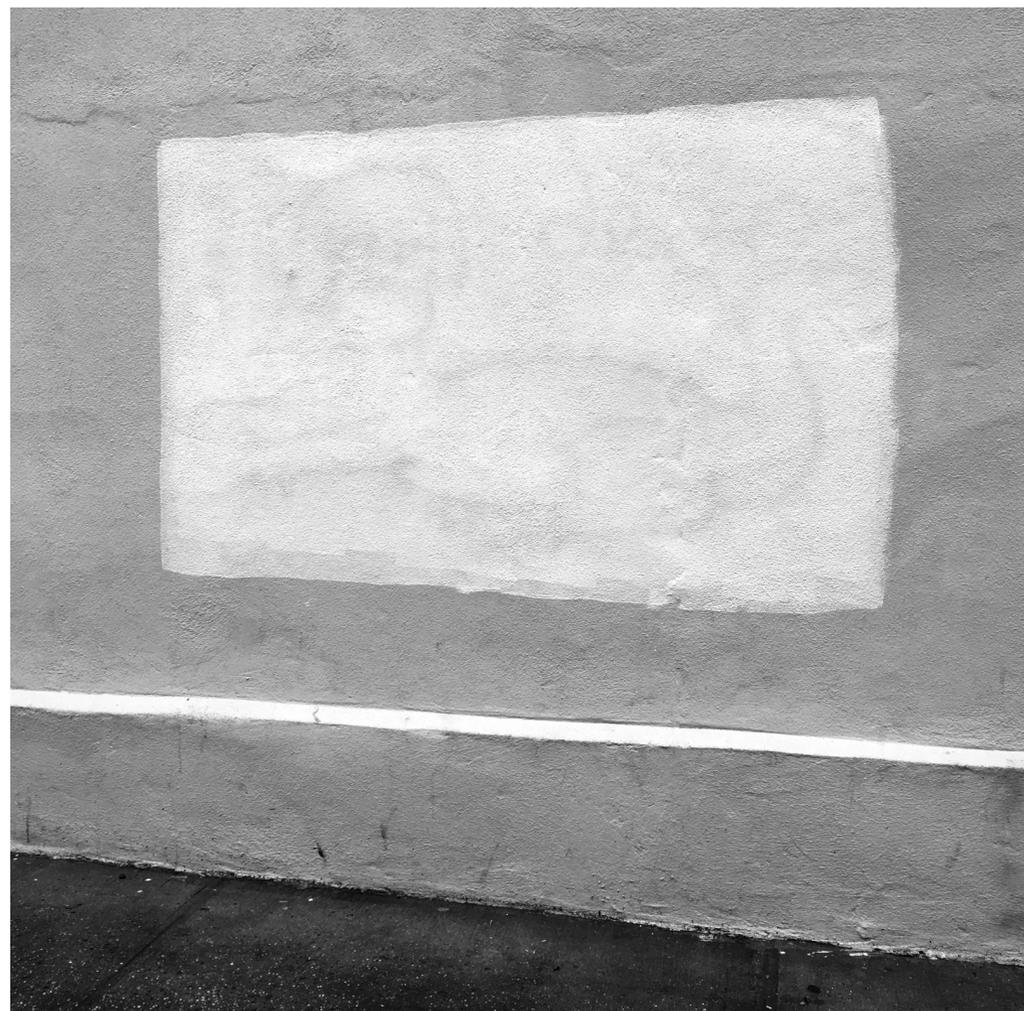
SHE' S IN A GENE DAVIS MUG

Sage colored sheets
An empty bed now becomes full
Occupancy of one
It' s a full house now

“Not a single soul”
Eyes widen with doubt
Better you than me
I' ll let you know in a year

Don' t talk me out of it
It is my only option
I' ll be lonely there,
But I' m lonely here





LAUGHING AT THE THOUGHT

All the lies I tell myself are true,
And with every self sabotaging letter
I get closer to how I really feel

All these poems I have been writing,
Have they been about you
This whole time?

Turns out you didn' t make your bed
I did
And have, everyday since

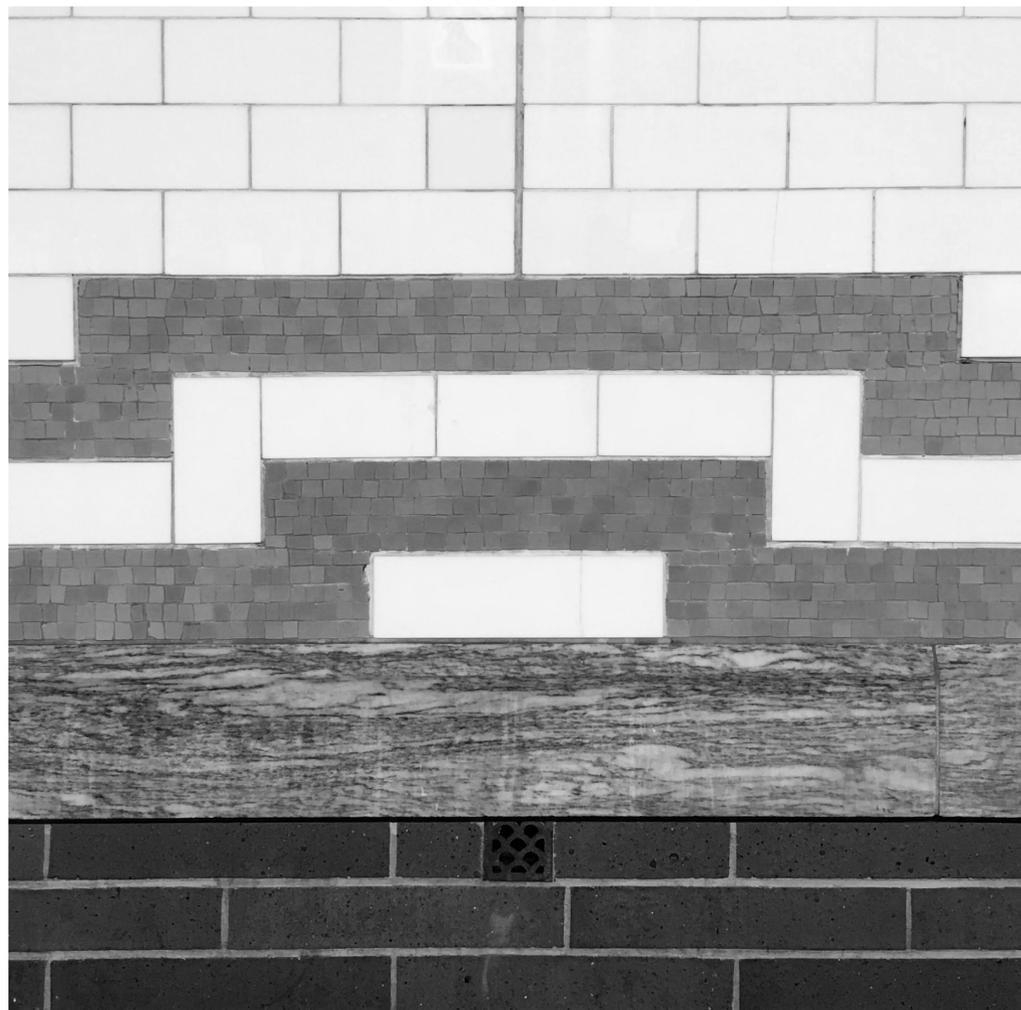
1/5/19

Comfort is a desire
That I cling to
With hungry hands,
And a heavy heart

Is this what I want,
Or what I think I should
Am I running away,
Or running towards?

I can't help but deny
The certainty I have found
Because with it,
Came even more uncertainty





UNDERHAND

I can hear the needle start to scratch
While another apathetic acknowledgment
Brings it all full circle

Don' t look back at me when you leave
I only play for keeps,
Can' t I be sincere?

There is no epilogue
A bridge built for burning
Quickly turns into my siren song