

POEM N° 5

EVELYNE STAAB

I'm alone with myself

I'll have a heart attack, the anxiety
these shivers and fried eyes
they're starting to look right back at me

raising my hand to wait for an empty room
to answer a question that I don't need to ask

it's the numbness and the fumbling,
frazzled and fizzing, distracted and dilated,
still muddled and mumbling.

I can't let myself throw my keys off the bridge
for I need them, when I joyously jerk my car into a ditch

for when my nerves all disconnect from my fingertips
and I don't have to feel like a roller coaster

breaching up above the waves, exposed to the salty mist
a little terrified by the height, yet free and sun kissed

yet plummeting, simultaneously

into the crevices of a pine cone, decimated in stature
rolling along into the blankets, huddled throughout the rapture.

Evelyne Staab

UWT—Environmental Sustainability

Evelyne Staab has experienced a myriad of individuals and situations, and have encountered much elation and distress as a result. She turns to art as a way of expressing complex feelings during particular sections of her life. “Poem N°5” is about her experience leaving an abusive relationship. Other work of hers can be found in the Tahoma West Autumn 2019 Online Edition.