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Category: Poetry

Noémvrios

**“Blackbird singing in the dead of night,
Take these broken wings and learn to fly.”**

-*Blackbird* by the Beatles (1968) resonates.

Cyan skies stretch over umber earth,
dotted with ochre fallen leaves
and dips into sepia via sunset
in the evening.
Glass cups full of amber tea
thud and slosh on our burnt sienna coffee table,
and this is one of those memories my mind recalls
and extracts wisdom from.
November 2018 felt like a record scratch,
a dip, a groove, a valley between hills
I am still trying to surmount.
I remember the cold breezes and swaying, skeletal trees,
the wind that tangled my hair beyond repair
and rustled the pages of my notebook in
the same way that I remember cop cars casually parking
in my driveway.
That was the day I realized my mother’s age,
how her skin is paper holding back protruding, blue veins.
I discovered that she cries; the tears just hide in the shadows,
the dark crevices under her eyes.
But this was the month I realized resonating factors of my life:
The living room is a temple, a place of condemnation,
especially to family members
The bathroom is a place of requiem and grief
My bedroom is a place of insomnia, perhaps a rectory,
a place of abstaining
I learn to make grilled cheese sandwiches continually
no matter how appalling they become, as the splintering of my heart
overshadows my hunger, like Jesus on the cliff.
Maybe this is fasting.
I am Hera watching Greece burn,
I am a maelstrom, a monument, a harbinger.
My uncle is a sex offender.
I am a combination of Medusa and Athena,
equal parts victim and protector, but never
disregarding my title of goddess.
My cousin is the Poseidon who inspired my
petrifying gaze and serpentine tendrils.
Most of my family consists of Nephilim

I have witnessed and initiated the Deluge.
I sink and sing in sorrow on the creaking, hardwood floors,
mourning secretly, but my feet portray otherwise.
I dance as I stir the pot and realize that the streams of rising steam
resemble dancing Greek statues,
and I want to kiss each sliver of vapor with a press of my lips
as I sway my hips to the melancholy worship.
I learned that ancient Greeks believed that an unburied corpse
was an offense to the gods,
therefore, I am an offense to the gods; I feel as though I am
a dead woman walking.
November 2018 taught me that it deserved a strong name.
That's why I call it Noémvrios.
It feels resilient, in the same way it sounds like
a whisper, stretching forward, and at the same time,
it feels like the title of a memoir.
Noémvrios taught me that persistence is mandatory
and best acquired in the silence of night,
when we are all puny blackbirds with bones rattling in fragile bodies,
trying to sing.