

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Ash Wang: Two Poems

Ash Wang · Friday, January 10th, 2025

Neverland!

The air purified me from my insides
Familiar grooves on the sidewalk and that one pothole that looked like a dinosaur
Laying on the ground and looking up and gravity looking down
Thoughts were a shadow attached to my heels
And steeping forward was my body

The ship has been rebuilt so many times that I no longer know the destination
Let me board and let the comfort of going home be a lullaby
Let me not leave the dock
Let the stories stay true

*

bathroom poem

tears by the street

rolling down turning to green

hug my mom quick enough to not feel dampness on my shoulder

avoid my dad's gaze

i love you facing the security guard

scan id card

scan id again

PUSH THE DOOR

i cant see

my eyes haven't opened yet

im two weeks premature when my mom pushed me out seventeen years ago

now im premature one year into adulthood

im hiding in the bathroom

looking at pictures of my childhood stuffed animal

but its all blurry

particles fuzzing over into a yellow sunny day in california

i close my eyes and plant my feet on the cold linoleum floors

its dark because i cant see the sun over the skyscrapers here

and the distance of the sky and thickness of the clouds makes it so that i cant feel my mothers face
or see my father's eyes

the only warmth i let in here

is rolling down and stroking my cheeks

*

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

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