

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Lindsay Baik: Poems & Art

Lindsay Baik · Monday, June 17th, 2024

Chaos

Sirens, chaos, screaming.

Have you anything else to propose for my domestic felicity?

Time slows down as the pieces rapidly start dropping into place

This metaphor is powerful but misleading.

Throughout the entirety of the night, one question pounds my head.

We can burn it safely — or it can be a wildfire.

But black smoke already engulfed the area.

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So Far Away

So far away, in a classroom, I stand,
That I can see you clearly, with stars in your hand.
A galaxy of bright stars in my memory,
With the stars in your eyes that could bounce off the sea.
Bright blue, purple pink, they look so cold,
Your shirt is a black abyss, a story untold.
But sparking a blazing fire, that makes me sink low,
But staring into it starts a blazing fire, I sink down low.
If I am an object, then you must be the earth,
If I am a magnet, you are the whiteboard's birth.
Drawing me towards you, for all it's worth,
Drawing me towards you, for all it's worth.
Rooted to you for the rest of my life,
Rooted to you for the rest of the time,
Like two little twin stars that look alike,

You the needle, and I, the thread, waiting for the sign.
 If you are a game, then I'd cheat to win,
 If you were a quiz, I'd cheat to win.
 Hanging by a thread so thin,
 The sharp edge pricking my finger, a sin.
 It says light would take eons to reach the end of our universe,
 The light takes less than seconds to reach you, a converse.
 But if you were there, I'd travel faster in the dark, for what it's worth,
 But I would travel faster in the dark, I am willing to unearth.

*

Bus Ride Home

— after “This Is What Makes Us Girls” by Lana Del Rey

The beep of the card machine
 And two more that tell me
 The people behind me are also on board.
 People I know, people I don't
 Rows of seats, until I reach the back
 Sit down on a seat and turn the music up.
Remember how we used to party up all night?
 This stop is, Gangnam, Station, Gangnam, Station.
Sneakin' out and lookin' for a taste of real life
 I wonder why the announcement pauses like that in between
Drinkin' in the small town firelight
 Fading into footsteps, small talk
Pabst Blue Ribbon on ice
 Screeching brakes, bus exhaust
Sweet sixteen, and we had arrived
 And the angry honking of cars
Walkin' down the streets as they whistle, “Hi, hi!”
 Late for where they need to be

Stealin' police cars with the senior guys

But the world goes on,

Teachers said we'd never make it out alive

In some kind of sickly, cruel, joke.

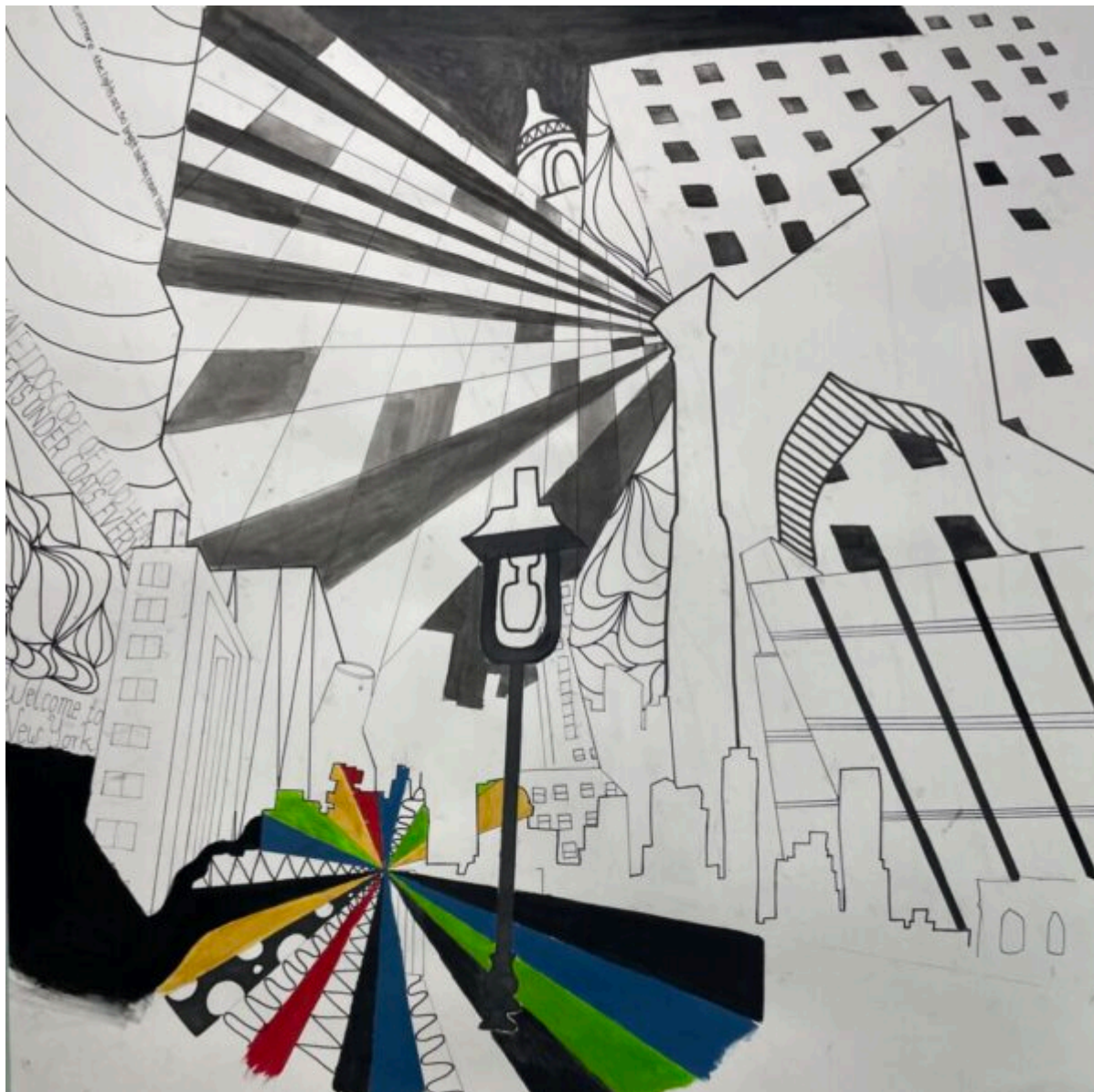
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“Smoking Chief” by Lindsay Baik



“Bearded Man” by Lindsay Baik



“Metro Pull” by Lindsay Baik

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