Cultural Daily

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Jamie Asaye FitzGerald: Words for an Embroidered Bird

Jamie Asaye FitzGerald · Tuesday, October 22nd, 2013

Jamie Asaye FitzGerald has poems forthcoming in *Works & Days* and has appeared in other journals including Literary Mama, Media Cake, the anthologies *Hunger and Thirst* and *Ariel XXII*, as well as on Seattle public buses. Her essay, "Loose Sushi," was recently published by *Discover Nikkei*, as part of its Itadakimasu! project. She currently works for *Poets & Writers*.

How It Might Have Happened

for Mémé I want to live. she said before she diedthe tumors grown quick as mushrooms after rain. It wasn't what he'd expected. In his scheme, he died first falling from a ladder while painting the window trim grey. At his services, the relatives said: He could have lived to 100! His picture stood near his parents' on the family shrine, where his only son, the eldest child, placed fresh rice and lit incense. She left crocheted doilies. gold jewelry between pillowcases, money in the rice, the memory of food. He sat in the outrigger, her ashes in his lap, as the paddlers took him out to sea. ***

Feels Like Freckles

I wish there were words for an embroidered bird or for the eyelids of Chinese parade dragons other than these words. Perhaps the words needed are not for these items but for the feelings they represent. Does an embroidered bird feel happy or sad? Do the eyelids of Chinese parade dragons feel like pleasure or fear? Maybe the feeling is another item entirely. Maybe the eyelids of Chinese parade dragons feel like butterflies in the belly or like falling in a dream. Maybe an embroidered bird feels like a rain drizzle on flushed cheeks. Maybe it feels like freckles.

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