

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Yazmin Ortiz: Two Poems

Yazmin Ortiz · Wednesday, September 25th, 2019

### Hit the Ground

Dropping like a pebble into a pond  
Dancing in the ripples of the water  
As you drop you think your drowning  
Clack, you hit the bottom  
You're fine, frightened  
Investigating your surroundings  
the energy running around you, familiar  
Surrounded by the fallen, hugged & cradled in failures arms  
Falling only hurts when the ripples start  
Healing starts when you hit the ground

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### Purple Dragon Fly

Little purple dragon fly, leave me alone.  
I will not sit and feed your delusions.  
I will not stay or give you my attention.  
Your wings like shattered glass tear through my flesh, leaving a distasteful sting.  
Your beauty is but a thing hiding the daggers in your pockets.  
Because as soon as I reach over to trust your grip, you fling me into the sea.  
Sending me off hating myself for holding that grip.  
For gullibly thinking that the luminescent glow off your skin meant I was safe.  
Yet like that skin you will discard me, beautiful purple dragon fly.  
You will shed me and leave me behind like the exuvia, you so remind me I am.

Little purple dragon fly, I'm done.

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