

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Zorina Exie Frey: Three Poems

Zorina Exie Frey · Friday, October 16th, 2026

I remember when this used to be fun

When South Bend's Main Street was bricked & buses cost a quarter, Aric and I skipped down to Dainty Maids for Long John donuts, stuffing bus transfers in our pockets like theme park tickets.

We strolled toward the new glass 1st Source Bank Building to ride its see-through elevators.

The bell rings on my
floor. I let passers-by
exit.
First-floor tellers.
Second-floor accountants.
Third-floor HR
rejects my teller application.

The insurance company
on 4. The mortgage
company on 8 tells me
they're not hiring.

Aric left for cooler friends.
I follow behind in a dreadful blue
polo pushing a chrome mail cart
wanting to get off this ride.

*

After-School Chill

Cold is quiet in freshly fallen snow on
black, salted-iced paved paths.

Snowbanks flank up to knees.
My chest warms the metal latchkey.

While my class escapes lake-effect cold in cozy homes,
bitter-stale wicked-out kerosene from last night's heat,
chills me.

I peel off layers of icy-wet winter wear.
Breath huffs, pluming frosty smoke against
girly-fuchsia walls papered with MJ,
Prince, and Sheila E.

Momma says wait for my sisters to come
home from their schools
to ignite the heater a
couple of hours

after *He-Man. She-Ra & Thundercats*, the
sisters find the heater quiet, cocooned in a
deep plum throw.

Woolly coal-colored coils springing out like
a snuffed wick waiting to be lit.

*

Present

for Victoria & Patricia

I was the last boon the doctor opened in my mother, surgically agitating the vertical scar below her navel with yet another incision, gently folding back her pelvis so as not to damage the dermis, scooping the gelatinous thistle-colored casings aside for my reveal.

My first touch from the world was latex fingertips scooping me from my cavernous coffin.

My sister snickers, "Momma cried when she found out she was pregnant with you."

The two sisters before me left not long after they arrived, which is why momma must have cried, I reckoned to not take it personally. It wouldn't be that way with me. I know I had to have kicked, pushed, and stretched within her assuring I'd endure long enough to usher her return to the little fingertips reaching out for mommy.

(Featured image from [JOE](#))

This entry was posted on Friday, October 16th, 2026 at 8:23 am and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.