

First Poems  
By Mikaela Haas

Table of Contents

admitting and crush in high school.....	3
Unconforming.....	4
The Wishing Well.....	5
my friend asks me to write about drugs.....	6
The College Cycle.....	7
My First Birthday.....	8
Hunger Games.....	9
my friend gave me chocolates for valentines day.....	10
What is darkness without light and light without darkness?.....	11
Interstellar is Fiction.....	12
In-between.....	13-14
my friend asks me to write about poetry.....	15

admitting a crush in high school

tik tik tik...

inclining my grip shut quickly and tightened along the seat

My heart started beating relentlessly

leaning forward

and then my heart...plunged

the air was suddenly windy and my

skin flew to the back of my body...as if ripped from

my eyes shut instantly

and time was relative

blood rushed to the back of my head...pounding

I was confusingly upside down now

and then a screeching halt finally...but also way too soon

slowly moving now

my skin back in place

my body relaxed

but my heart unsettled

it was all over now

unsure if i wanted to ride ever again

Unconforming

I navigate a complex world  
(a world of oppression  
a world where the white male majority is blind  
a world where no one knows the term intersectional)

Struggles and strengths both joy and pain  
a world with expectations so high  
but my spirit still pushes

the boundaries in attempt to confine,  
but I am breaking through, resilient  
(I am working twice as hard as they have to)

as a woman, I stand with my voice  
(a voice that has to kick and scream to be heard)  
wanting to empower  
and stand tall as a powerful tower

### The Wishing Well

I rubbed the penny for extra luck  
I kissed the penny for extra luck

I closed my eyes wishing my wish  
And I threw my penny in the well  
But I never heard it hit the water  
The penny reversed  
Hitting me in my head

The penny then fell  
I watched as it hit the ground  
Landing perfectly on it's side  
Rolling now i quickly ran after it  
The penny rolled through the park  
And it took a sharp turn into the city  
Panting I chased after it

We ran past people  
We ran past buildings  
We ran past cars. I almost got hit!  
Then the penny suddenly came to a stop  
It fell flat on the ground tails side up  
So I knew not to touch it anymore  
I looked up and to my surprise

A dog was looking back  
He didn't have a collar  
He didn't have an owner  
And my wish was granted finally  
A very dog of my own  
He was old and very dirty  
But he was my mine

my friend asks me to write about drugs

i'm always ticking  
shaking inside

don't know why

i'm always on edge

Feels as if someone's always

watching

watching

there's a Monster

in my head

leave me alone

let me out

just one more

and you'll feel fine

just one more

and the world is mine

focus now

wake up now

the ticking stopped but the world

is blurry

blurry

gone

The College Cycle

Thursday is the best day of the week.

It is the best because it is the day before Friday

and Fridays are like the light at the end of the tunnel. The only thing to look forward to. Fridays are for friends. Fridays are for going out and being a kid and not worrying about this fucking life. Fridays are for simply living.

Thursday is the best day of the week because it is the day before Friday and Friday is the day before Saturday

and Saturdays are for sleeping in. Saturdays aren't for worrying. Saturdays mean you're still on vacation. Saturdays are for going out and being a kid and not worrying about this fucking life. Saturdays are for crazy memories.

Thursday is the best day of the week because it is the day before Friday and Friday is the day before Saturday and Saturday is the day before Sunday

and Sundays are for recovery. Sundays are for hydration and comfort food. Sundays mean you can still sleep in. Sundays mean there is a pile of procrastinated homework begging to get done. Sundays are scary.

Thursday is the best day of the week not because it's the day before Friday and Friday is the day before Saturday and Saturday is the day before Sunday and Sunday is the day before Monday

Because Mondays are when I drag myself--half dead out of my loft careful not to fall. Mondays I have a 7:30am class across campus and skipping would be detrimental. Monday's I can't see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Mondays are horrible.

Mondays reset.

Mondays end the weekend.

Mondays are full of regret.

My First Birthday

I think about jumping off this building

flying

I want to

but I'm not going to

Not because I don't think it would be easier but because

what if death is worse than life? like if hell is my fate

That's something no one knows until their final sleep

Right?

I only want to live because I'm afraid death is worse

And that is sad

I think?

But then again is that even so crazy of a thought

I know for a fact that I'm not the only one I mean

I'm not even that depressed like I'm not even on medication

I fit in with the crowd, but for some reason

Thinking this way is supposedly so horrible

But did I even ask to be here? no I didn't

People always say life is a gift, but I said no gifts my first birthday

And birthdays are the day I celebrate for when I was forced onto this earth and with all due respect

to my amazing parents

I didn't ask for this

And it's not like I'm planning on dying

but

Birthdays cover up the truth and gifts are supposed to make you happy

Hunger Games

My enemy stares through the warped mirror in my room.



I grab my stomach and it growls. A warrior inside caged and starving.  
My parents are waiting downstairs at my own personal prison.  
My enemy waiting on a plate  
as if I'm at war surrounded by a minefield.  
Each bite is a different fight on the battlefield  
and then the numbers start another within my head.  
Over and over, they spin as I make my way down the stairs, slowly.  
One bite could result in a binge, and I cannot have that.  
The enemy in the mirror upstairs cannot have that  
but I am forced to sit down and eat spaghetti and meatballs.

my friend gave me chocolates for valentines day

When life gives you a box of chocolates you eat them. You try and savor the chocolates, but the flavor only lasts 1 minute and then when it's gone you want another one. You eat all the

chocolates until you only have one left, and all the empty wrappers are sad. You pick up that very last chocolate, take a small bite and realize it is your least favorite flavor and you drown in your tears as that last bite ruins the rest. You eat the chocolate even though you hate the flavor and then it is gone, and you feel different. Before, you had a craving for chocolates. You were excited to see which flavor you would get. Then you ate one and then another and then another and you finished the box. You think about the 20 chocolates you just put into your body within the last 10 minutes and how in those 10 minutes you put 1,000 calories into your body. You aren't satisfied and instead you feel worse than before. You feel fat you feel unhealthy, you physically feel yourself gaining weight. You wish that you could go back in time to throw those little heart-shaped demons into the trashcan, but you can't. So instead, you go to the bathroom, and you throw the demons into the toilet. Then you go back to the empty box of chocolates, and and you close the damn box. You close that dark, depressing, evil box of disgust and regret never to let yourself feel hope.



What is darkness without light and light without darkness?

A house with so many windows.  
So much natural light.  
And yet I always let the darkness creep through.  
Shutting the blinds.

Who am I to dim the color in my life?  
And why can I never just seem to let them shine?

What does it mean if the light from the windows is too blinding?  
And the darkness from within is almost comforting?

I don't want to die.  
But the light in those damn windows is too blinding to face.  
I am afraid of letting it pour into me and soften me.  
I am not ready. I may never be ready.

To face  
the light.

*So, I sit here as the colors grow louder and the blinds block out my life.*

Interstellar is Fiction

it's taken 3 hours of time out of my daytime

there's too little time at times  
and too much time at other times  
at times i want to control time the way i want time to fly  
time will fly fast, or time will fall flat

time is uncontrollable, time isn't touchable  
time is constantly ticking no matter how much you want to stop the clock

people get lost in time and continue to age as time goes by  
you can't escape time

time ticking, tipping, trickling off the page.  
i want to fast-forward  
i want to rewind  
i want to hide from the time under my covers

when the alarm goes off  
i think the clock might be broken  
it's ringing has wrung the hours out of me  
and i tear up when it says my time is up

In-between

life with You  
like a rollercoaster ride  
up down screaming inside

not sure if my eyes will ever open  
not sure if I want them to  
not sure if ill survive

Happy-every-other-moment-but

do I really want to be here

life with You

like drinking some delicious jasmine tea

just a little too hot

i want it so damn bad

i always get burned

it never tastes as good as before

2,057 miles

3 hour time zone change

31 hour drive

55 hour bus ride

28 days walking

7 days biking

5 hours flying

i've finally opened my eyes

i can ride on my own now

i've stopped drinking Your poison tea

my tongue has healed

Life without You

like climbing a mountain

it's so damn hard

i want to turn around

i want to give up

but once I make it to the top

it will all be worth

the view

life without You

like learning to ride a bike

scary at first  
i want my training wheels back

what if I relapse  
what happens when the distance is minimal  
You aren't my highway home anymore  
You're my highway to hell

my friend asks me to write about poetry

I was on my laptop sitting in my bed thinking about how to write about poetry.

I realized that to write about poetry, I had to first find poetry.

I started by looking under the covers for poetry, then under the bed.

I then stood up and walked down the hall into the kitchen and looked for poetry in the pantry.

Then I looked in the fridge. I moved my head up and down and looked all around.

I could see fruits, vegetables, sauces and such.

There weren't any signs of poetry though.

I thought maybe if I went for a walk, I would find poetry, so I went outside.

I walked down the street looking all around at the trees and the cumulus clouds and the cars driving by.

However, poetry was nowhere to be found.

I needed a break, so I went into my favorite coffee shop and ordered a chai latte with almond milk.

"Poetry" "Order for Poetry?"

Confused, I watched as the poetic drink sat but no one came to pick it up.

Poetry was once again nowhere to be found.

After a few minutes I went to check the label and realized it was a chai latte with almond milk.

I was poetry. I was poetry the whole time.