

Three Poems

Elena Uhlenkamp

Why I Write

Tip-tap goes the keyboard; scritch-scratch goes the pencil;
thunderous thoughts falling into steady words
in hopes of chasing away the little mind devil.

I sit, etching my thoughts in the pages of a journal,
hummingbird phrases flying around my mind's orchids;
Tip-tap goes the keyboard; scritch-scratch goes the pencil.

Here comes the mind-demon, trying to muzzle
my mind, to pull me downwards. I push words onwards
in hopes of chasing away the little mind devil.

Sentence yarn form from my brain's spindle.
I knit prose and verse with the neighboring dryads.
Tip-tap goes the keyboard; scritch-scratch goes the pencil.

The mind-demon doesn't quit; we continue with our battles.
He's gone now, but he'll be back. Ink stains my skin purple.
Tip-tap goes the keyboard; scritch-scratch goes the pencil,
in hopes of chasing away the little mind devil.

Elegy to a Beloved Home

I remember your walls.

Dark, smooth, wood paneling skin,

Horses tattooed in a still dance by my bed.

Mirror eyes of frosted glass and etched trees.

I remember your rooms.

A womb for two growing children.

Bubbles gliding through the air with high-pitched giggles.

Your kitchen stomach and living room heart blended together.

I remember your halls.

Veins and arteries pumping joy.

Nerves and girls racing back and forth.

Laughter and singing, dancing through memories.

But now you have fallen apart.

Your skeleton lays rotting in a field.

Your ribs taken and formed into something new.

I remember you well: your body and soul and mind.

Echoes of History

I stand in the cream-colored halls, and here
I witness the echoes of history.
Eerie music dances wall to wall, where
Pure figures appear in bright finery.
Large masquerade masks shine silver and gold.
Formal wear swirls in ghostly sheets of fog.
One and two. Twirl. Bow. A dance of the old.
The music is the prophet of footslog.

But the ghosts are flyspecked and stained yellow.
Lovely masks hide their sneers and tears and fears.
No difference with us and ghosts; we raze
Our own pasts, unique and flawed, left hallow.
Plain, white, teardrop faces you must wear, peers,
To hide the faults of your pasts and life's frays.

Elena Uhlenkamp is an English major from a small town in the heart of Minnesota. She enjoys reading and writing fiction, especially fantasy, science fiction, and horror. Besides writing fiction, she likes trying her hand at photography and writing poetry, along with enjoying escape rooms with family and friends. Elena is working on a series that mixes sentient robots with demons from another dimension.