

Three Poems

Jaden Rose

Runner-up for the 2023 Gladys Boen Scholarship

The Birds

The birds spoke to me that day.

It was just a still moment, as they spoke in their tongues of love.

Sounds to us that means nothing, unraveled to be much more to them.

In listening to the songs of the birds, I found myself thinking of you.

We are two different birds, perched upon different trees.

We spoke in different tones and flew just a little differently.

We are of different colors and prefer different branches.

But none of that seems to matter because our love songs sound the same.

As the world goes quiet, I will listen for you to answer, praying that you

do.

In the soft breeze of morning and the gusts of wind at night, I will listen for your wings to fall quiet in a tree close to me.

As the birds spoke to me that day, I understood the meaning of their song.

Stars

Let me be your star. Always there for you when it gets dark, there for you when you're hurting. Each new star shining for you and each old star dying for you. Have those stars be a constant reminder that I'm here for you, always and forever... If you ever need me all you must do is look up.

I do not understand time.

I do not understand how it does what it does, how does it bring people together, but also takes those same people and drifts them apart.

I do not understand how everyone uses their time in different ways, for different minutes and seconds, and yet somehow, time always brings strangers together, back to the same exact place.

I do not understand time, you can waste it or count the seconds, but no matter how long you waste it, or how long you count, you will always somehow end up right where you need to be.

I do not understand how time itself can help you heal, from sadness, from grieving, from anger.

I do not understand how when more time passes, it can make each reunion and each hug feel a little better.

I do not understand how time somehow makes relationships much stronger than they were in the start.

I do not understand how time determines just how long you can stay somewhere, with someone, at the mall, in bed, or on this earth.

I do not understand why so much depends on time and how much of it you have left.

I do not understand time.

Jaden Rose grew up in a small town in North Dakota. From a young age, she had a love for writing and literature. Since then, she has continued writing poems and short stories in her free time, in hopes of one day publishing a book. Jaden is currently majoring at the University of North Dakota in English education, so she can one day share her love for English with students of her own.