

Three Poems

Dani Ogawa

Pierced

the little girl i was wanted to be a knight.
A child that never cared for fine dresses
or the idea of being saved.
i wanted to do the saving,
the fighting, and the conquering.
i liked the shiny armor,
not for its glimmer, but for its ability to be
beautiful while guarding something so sacred
as a heart

i had found a castle as an adult of eight and ten
after years of sharpening my sword and
polishing my chest-plate.
it was a tall, towering castle i would save.
i climbed it for months, years even,
fighting the dragons that curled up the side
and slaying the beasts that crept up behind.
i told myself this battle was all i wanted,
it kept me climbing.

i was fighting for something i wanted a long time ago.
hoping that after i claimed it and won the battle,
that it would all be worth it in the end.

until i realized there was no end
and i would be climbing that crumbling rock,
fighting forever and ever after.
over a teenage dream
i stopped wanting and dreaming
as a young girl of twenty-two.

at the top of that castle i understood
that the fear of the hurt
of that dream ending,
of my heart being pierced through that shiny exterior,
was what kept me fighting for so long.
now i peel my armor from my skin
and find blood pooling in its wake.
i had been pierced all along.

so i shall be naked from this day on.

I Long to be a Wizard

I have always admired poets,
with their secret language,
using the words I utter every day.
an entanglement of
letters like a beautiful braid in your hair,
so simple yet so everlasting and pretty.
A puzzle explaining the secrets of
Life or just a recipe for cherry pie.
I eat it up, I scream YES---

That is how I feel.

I think they *are* wizards, sorcerers, magicians.
They are the wizards, pencils as wands,
Paper; their flying carpets.
I long to be a wizard and say my secret spells,
So that I may make magic happen,
And so that others may think I am a wizard too.

Lycorises

I find it somewhat conflicting,
the way that I'm thinking,
and the way that it sends me awry.
Tip top on the surface,
though I'm actually quite nervous,
and I can't form a thought as to why.
Jumbled things in my brain,
a light drizzle to hurricane,
and no one knows it but I.
I regret that it's true,
that I'm fading to blue,
I see the dark clouds from my eye.

No one else understands,
a language of my own hand!
no one knows how to conjugate.
A loophole would be ideal,
of why I feel what I feel,
the only problem now, that I'm too late.
A train has left the station,
one of my own vocation,
its destination: still unknown to me.
Loved ones stand and wave,
as I smile, though a slave,
to the puppeteer grinning with glee.

Oh, if only kind hands,
could cut these white rubber bands!
Their tight grip on me, so very taut.
I feel my hope wearing thin,
that my armor of tin,

will withstand my intruding thoughts.
I should have seen it all along,
what was once great, now so wrong,
my stomach clenches just to remember.
I used to love the rain,
now it seeps into my brain,
and I have no choice but to surrender.

Someday it will come,
that bright light from the sun,
one that conquers all storms that come by.
I can just see it now,
my face smiling, head bowed,
admiring the ground beneath me all dry.
Lycorises bloom at my feet,
and the dark clouds will retreat,
I'll smile and say a solemn good-bye.
But until that time comes,
I shall drink your cheap rum,
and turn my face up to the sky.

Dani Ogawa is a senior English major at UND. She plans to graduate in the spring of 2024 with her bachelor's in English, in addition to a minor in communications, a certificate in creative writing, and a certificate in writing, editing, and publishing. When she is not writing stories, you can find her reading on her Kindle at archives, listening to Taylor Swift, or teaching dance. Dani is from Grand Forks, ND.