

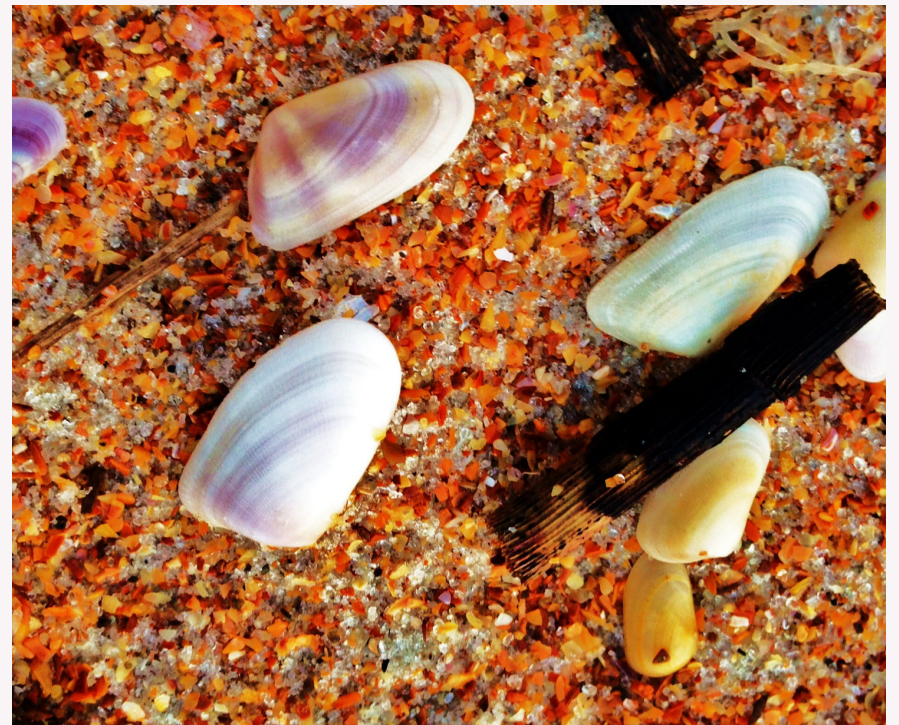


COALESCE

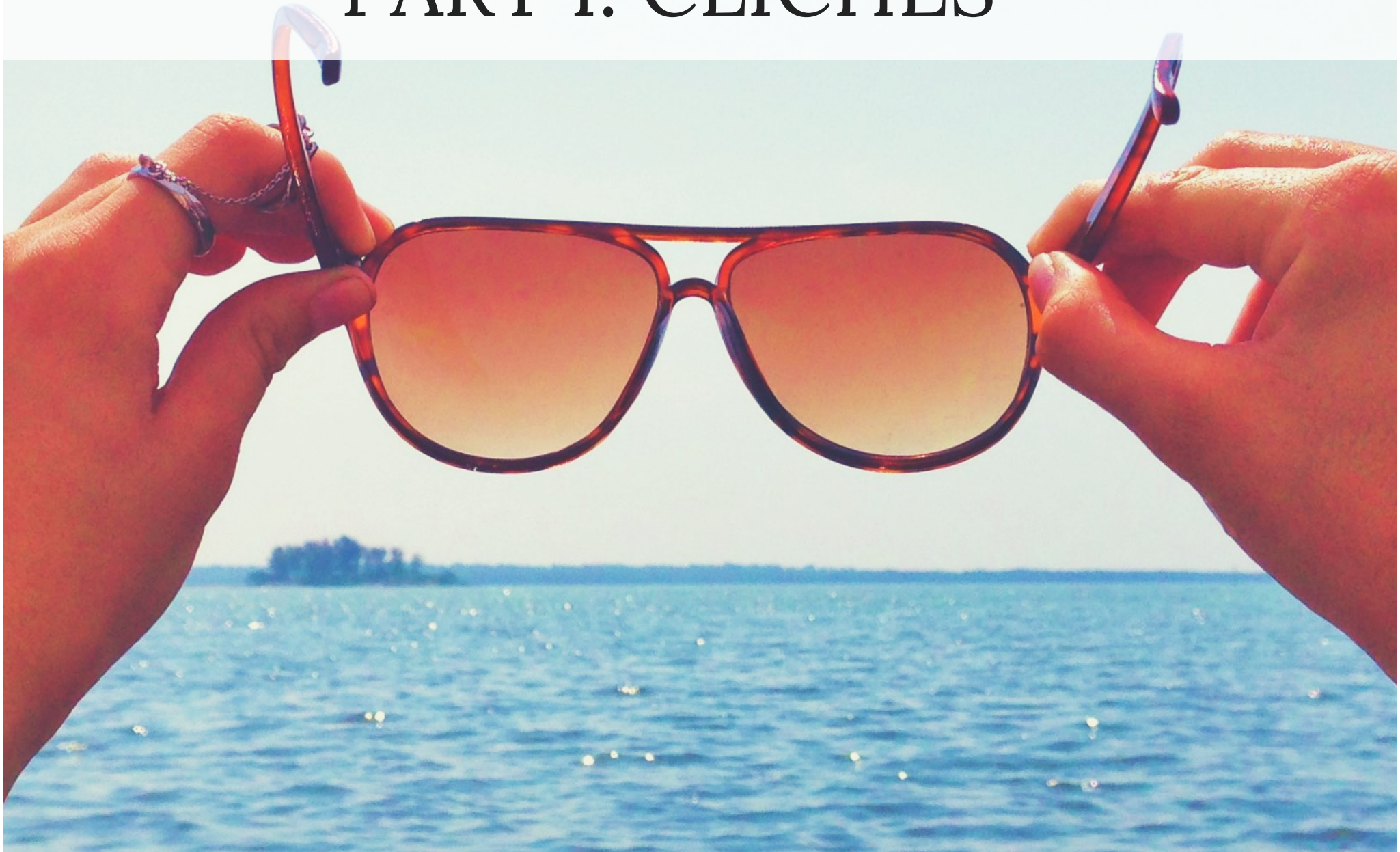
Volume I

A MEDITATION ON PHOTOPOETRY

By Jenna Thompson.



PART I: CLICHÉS





MELANCHOLIA

Nothing evokes pensive sorrow
More capably
Than the image of a windowpane
Streaked with the tears
Of mourning skies,
Gloomily opaqued behind the silhouette
Of an angel hued to match,
Bound to a verse
Which speaks elegantly of soft,
Yet abject
Despair.



SACCHARINE

For as long as you live,
Love will follow you.
From the girl you met
In third grade,
Who never reciprocated
Your valentine,
To the man
Who sacrificed
The last bite of his BLT
In the nursing home,
Love will be with you
Wherever you go.
It will lift you up
And let you down,
But there is nothing
You can do
To escape it.



LACHRYMOSE

True is
the bond we share.
Strong is
the support we provide each other.
Safe is
the way your familiar face makes me feel.

Oversentimental is
the word others use to describe me.

But I don't listen,
because
the wings of our friendship
will never be broken,
little dragonfly.

ELEGY

Is there ever a good
time or place
to lament
all that we have
lost,

the things which have
come and gone with
such brevity - like a single
floral stud missing
from a pair -

that their absence
was left
unperceived,
until it was
too late?



REMEMBRANCES

Close your eyes.
Now choose a point from the past
And go there.
Go there in your mind
And in your body
And in your heart
And in your spirit, too.
Let the nostalgia
Intoxicate you.

Where are you?
Are you back in tenth grade,
In the middle of the woods
In June,
The prime of spider season,
Surrounded by webs
And dangerous arachnids
Helping your best friend
Take photos for a science project
Screaming like your life
Is in danger?

Now shake off the dirt
And open your eyes.
The best times in life
Are fleeting,
But the memories they create
Are eternal.





LIMITLESS

To choose is an obligation,
Even boundlessness has strict constraints.
Autonomy gives way to resignation,
We move one way, with no complaints.

PART II: COINCIDENCES





AMBIGUITY

Nebulousness
Is the force by which
We are connected.
I leave enough room
For you to fill in
The gaps
With your own
Imagination.

I want you
To add color
To the blank spaces.
Then you'll believe
I drew the outlines
Just for you.

In a way,
Maybe I did.
Because
I want to get you.
I want you to get me.
Don't fly away
With an alien
In a UFO
Destined for outer space.
Let's share
This hazy universe.

ALL TIME IS ALL TIME

The clock stopped
This morning.

We are stuck
In an orb
That is
This moment.

What does 10:19 A.M.
Mean anyway?





INTENTION

Careful consideration
Is what I give you,
Dear.

You should know
That I do
What I do
On purpose.

It is my hope
That you can join
The pieces
Of the puzzle
So you don't
Have to wait
Until pigs fly
To be illuminated.

PART III: CONCURRENCES



VISCERAL

Suspended
Between sights and sounds
And smells,
Torn
Between taction and taste,
I hear heavenly hues
Of heliotrope,
See sugary soufflés
Smelting sublingually.

Oscillation becomes
Convergence
As all my senses
Meld into one.
I am both lost
And found
In this
Sweet
Synesthesia.





SPELLBOUND

Enraptured.

Entranced.

Enveloped.

Transported to a place
Disconnected from time,
Outside of space.

It's more than the world stopping.
It's reality never existing
In the first place.



TRANSCENDENCE

Occurs when articulation
falls short
of describing how we feel,

When our breath abandons us,
but our mind's sight
does not

When our gaze is fixed
upon something ethereal,
that which lies beyond.

A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, golden glow that reflects on the water. The sky is a deep orange and yellow. The word "COMMENCE" is written in a bold, black, serif font, centered horizontally and overlaid on a white rectangular background that spans the width of the image.

C O M M E N C E

