

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

### Title

Under the Same Sky

### Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/42c8c9dj>

### Journal

The Vernal Pool, 5(1)

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### Publication Date

2018

### DOI

10.5070/V351041334

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

Under the Same Sky  
by Jocelyn Lemus

Never shall I forget

the deep sorrows of those inside my house.

My mother using her high pitched voice for help.

The black slithering shadow that ate my soul alive,  
never care to see me survive.

The bags full of tears under my eyes,  
that disguise the knives penetrating my chest inside.

The boiling feeling of sweat dripping off my hands, the cold  
breeze across my body,  
and the smell of green pine trees.

The bright pale moon filled with unknown craters that lit up my  
room,

when my entire world was full of crying faces and bloody floors.

Every night a shiver colder than snow crawls under my caramel-like and  
dry skin,

an enormous white iceberg I can't seem to demolish.

I smile at my mother with the same mouth  
that expresses "ugly," "failure," and "loser"  
about my own appearance.

I glare at my mother with the same eyes  
that cry each night,  
and beg for sleep I cannot give.

Never shall I forget

the mother that fell apart,

who smiled and laughed being glad to be alive.

Some don't glare at the gardens full of light and clean air their mothers  
conceive,  
just stare at blank pages, while

others stare beyond the constellation of the stars that only exists for the  
naked eye.

It all happened that night.

Motionless I laid on the broken pieces of the wooden floor of my room,  
no noise,  
no tears,  
no sign  
that I was still here.

Never shall I forget

how my eyes secreted the vision of myself through mirror, pale  
as a ghost,  
make-up falling from my eyes.

No one sees the broken heart  
and the open wounds across the skin.  
It was visible like the sun on a plain day.  
Acid inside my beating heart running down my bloodstream,  
another day to feel ashamed.  
The nerves in between my intestines became a knot that  
can't be touched  
as painful as walking on shattered glass barefoot.

Never shall I forget

wanting to crawl inside my dry mind and remain there,  
where no one seems to understand.

I was the only soul  
awake,  
the one  
releasing a trail of salty tears across my face,  
the one  
glaring into outer space,  
the one  
full of disgrace.

Never shall I forget  
the mournful days of my unstable mindset.  
But then, when shall I forget?