

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

### Title

Where is he now?

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

**where is he**

by Jocelyn Lemus

you do it when he is staring.

Do you even notice he is there?

Watching you,

the woman he deeply loves,

seducing another man.

Her hands caress his silky cheeks.

Sweet like revenge,

eyes only for him.

Bitter like red wine.

He became a ghost.

The hurting begins and

start to run through the bloodstream

like acid.

Toxic, he tries digging into his caramel-like skin with his bare claws,

but it repels back.

His tongue became the broken and antique flute,

the one he has no ability to use.

Mouth dry,

which water cannot heal,

his heart becomes paralyzed.

Everything transformed.

Loneliness dug inside his dry, brown melted flesh,

crawled up into his hunched spine,

fire burning at his cracked and crippled feet,

jars of salt poured down his throat,  
until he loses his ability to breathe.

It was not about the way he viewed her,

but about the way she was unable to see him.

He wanted to grasp her sensitive and innocent body again.

To feel her steady heartbeat,

He wanted to hear her soothing voice,

not anyone else's.

He wanted to whisper in her small, warm ears,

*Tell me everything,*

*Even if my ears are chopped off,*

*and your tongue is cut off.*

*I'll listen through the movement of your mouth.*

She became

untouchable,

empty like the inside of a rotten and damaged vase,

what he mostly feared.

Just a memory.