

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

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Melted Turquoise

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### Author

Geary, Adair Syn

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

**ADAIR SYN GEARY  
MELTED TURQUOISE**



**THE VERNAL POOL**

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## With Regards to What I Have Left

Casting no shadows from the confines of his tomb,  
a veritable Belphegor in form,  
the gargoyle had once rested on the wardrobe above  
a room where the drinks were always lukewarm.

The prince of imps has no dreams,  
only a regard for his position.  
He had mastered how to watch  
moments.  
Contemplating the door  
with eyes like a humid swamp,  
I remember seeing  
his shadow against it.  
In the midst of tears,  
his expression could have been  
a curved moon of a smile.

She always told me  
gargoyles were watchful  
because they were crafted  
to protect, like a baroque  
angel.

This Prince of Hell  
thrives on waiting  
and watching.

But Belphegor casts no more shadows,  
acting only as a neighbor to ashes  
with all I have left of that time.

## The Cookie Jar

Porcelain is apt to break  
and spill out its remains  
onto the freshly shampooed  
lemon scented  
carpet of my new sanctuary,  
built on top of  
what I try to forget.  
The strange fate of the cookie jar  
that isn't filled with the pleasant  
aroma of sweets  
or even the pungent rotting  
of those we forgot to bury.  
It's heavy with a sterile dust  
that I can't even  
bring myself to smell again  
for fear of getting my nose to close  
to where a soul was burned.

I miss when the cookie jar  
had the kiss of chocolate chip.  
What was once something  
I yearned to sneak and steal  
is now something I can't  
bear to unseal.

## **This Land Belongs to an Unforgiving Lord**

Similar societies under the sun,  
born into a land of ashes and harsh dust  
flooding their faithful hearts.

The unforgiving lord who rules this land  
has delegated his workload  
to the flawed minds of men  
who value rockets and missiles  
that kick up the same dirt  
Adam was conjured from.

Two apostles  
in this land of sand  
flip a coin.

A symphony of arms,  
the melody of angry men  
is the coordination of explosions  
and the slaughter of faithful hearts.

Seven trumpets ring out.  
The two apostles continue to argue,  
refusing to notice  
that they are returning to the dust,  
returning to the dust that birthed them.

## **An Eye That Lingers in the Strange Room**

*“The Portrait” by René Magritte*

Pray to Him, that he might become soothed by the understanding that you are aware of what He has watched. Glass, it tastes empty and wants full, so you shall pour until it flows out of the mouth. Fork and knife, they want softness to move and encapsulate them, dominate their way and style.

The plate is Sisyphus. Eat what it bears but it knows that tomorrow the weight will be just as heavy, close to a little more. Not enough to shatter it.

An eye gazes at you, the open stare. You sit in the seltsamraum and your food watches it all. There are others, but none know exactly what situation you find yourself in. You glance at an eye that lingers beneath you and discover that it is much deeper than you had anticipated. Overwhelmed and submerged in the stars that linger above you, a cosmic spiral twists in the direction of the future. It's unsettling and terrifying but you knew that there would be a point in your life when you opened your third eye. You never wanted this though. You never asked for an eye that lingers in the strange room.

## **On My Island**

(Dedicated to Ashley)

The ocean is like melted turquoise  
with its pale, white fingers sliding  
along the soft sand of my shore.  
Boats hide long legs beneath their hulls  
that reach and push against  
onyx cliffs, deeply submerged.

Late at night, when the waters  
are empty, I put my heart in a bottle  
and leave it to the gentle massage  
of the sea's smooth curves.

Even though you are miles away,  
I wish that I was with you  
every day.