Subtle, Subservient, and Stimulated

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss2/12
This is my war
And I have made it your own.
So tonight I ask you rest your heads
and tomorrow we will reap the rewards
of our faith—
and our undoing.
I beg you trust me this once
Let no doubt cloud your mind:
Together we will face the brightest light
and stand again
In paradise.

Danielle Abdulla

Subtle, Subservient, and Stimulated

Snow has painted you
A pure vision of everything you are not
Subtle, Subservient, and Stimulated.
You left me cold and alone
With a single handwritten letter as your defense.
I sat in a parking lot waiting
For a kiss that would never come.
The construction crew started mending
The heart you had shattered, pouring
Concrete into a mold, closing
Off every vein and artery
Emotionless, drained
I listened to the "Brilliant Dance" play
And watched the snow drown your memory, away.