Spring Wakas

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Ellianie Vega is a sophomore English and WGS major and Japanese minor. She loves tofu, vintage Nintendo games, yoga, David Bowie, and the color pink.

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Beckoning colors,
Draw up my eyes, stretch minutes,
Grooming longer days.
Fanatic, eating the sun,
Now is no time for sleeping

My forbidden love,
If I wait to watch you wake,
You’ll sleep forever.
Rapidly springing to green,
I roll your new leaves and feast

Chapels are structured
From canopies, as nothing
Godly could be this divine.
Devotion reemerges,
Not remembering time sans shade

Saturated with jade,
I lie organic, apart
From my maker, lone, rootless
Like cream in unstirred coffee,
Like harmony with no song

Branches like harp strings,
Vibrate tonally, birth leaves;
All that moves makes sound.
I grow now, but one day die,
Singing, and one day, muted