

## **Melody Wang** – Two Poems

### **enter the dragoon, dragging if you must**

my caffeine-driven palpitations keep me grounded  
bound by top-of-the-morning jitters and force-fed by the  
unrelenting diurnal cycles of those impending Santa Ana winds  
gleefully grasping normalcy in its vise and gutting it mercilessly

even on my days off, I can't help but dive into my inbox  
always the hero they can't live without and the one I can't live with;  
my untouched shadow work is losing its patience, narrowed eyes  
and folded arms, exasperated sighs curling around my growing to-do list

the first day of December somehow crept onto the stage, startling me into  
wistful longing for the meteor showers I didn't bother to witness this year,  
an almost-cooled (and slightly burned) procrastination-born crumb cake  
my condolence prize for trying, ever trying, even in the midst of failure

### **How Are You?**

Categorizing these emotions is  
as fruitless and unsatisfying  
as dislocating sounds

All elements are fluid, shifting  
blurred beyond recognition in  
this furious synergy of molecules

you stumble across, but never quite grasp  
all the dimensions of this vast yet  
abstract acoustic environment

flourishing with uncultivated sounds  
struggling to make themselves known —  
indeterminate, unpredictable as rain

**Melody Wang** currently resides in sunny Southern California with her dear husband and hopes to live in the Pacific Northwest someday (or somewhere with gloomy weather). She dabbles in piano composition and enjoys hiking, baking, and playing with her dogs.