

# Poems

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In the quest for happiness that life seems to be, I have documented my thoughts along the way. I have searched for happiness in others, nostalgia, attempting to understand life, being alone, comfort, discomfort, summer, thought, accepting mediocrity, and in hope. It can be hard to recognize happiness because we often do not appreciate it until it is gone. Nostalgia overtakes being present, which perpetuates the cycle. In my eighteen years, I have found that there is no destination for happiness; it is a journey. These poems are my journey of learning that.

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## **i can't afford the rent in my head**

the december sun is setting  
i won't see you now for a few months  
how could i ever be ready  
if you can't get through the winter  
just try  
you've got a car if it all goes wrong  
the only the hand i'd strongly shake

i wish i could buy a new house  
but for my brain to live in  
i can't afford the rent in my head

the emptiest heart  
frayed meaning  
don't get too caught up in it

you go in & out  
light pours on the couch

i wish i could buy a new house  
but for my brain to live in  
i can't afford the rent in my head

spinning lights & cold floors  
muffled back rooms & an old sofa  
open up a bottle of cream soda  
let it sink into the core

a filter over life  
it'd make it seem better  
that's what photos are for  
nothing at the center

you go in & out  
light pours on the couch  
so nice & warm  
i wanna feel you but you're not mine  
through many moons

the december sun is setting  
i won't see you now for a few months

## **who's going to know the world before it goes**

we speak softly  
passing greetings  
breaking expectations  
the cold light of day  
but it's okay

we whistle home  
we move blind  
jagged in sound  
we settle down  
in faulty harmony

we attend our own grief  
we whisper through  
oh dear  
we burn  
resolute

who's going to know the world before it goes  
it's hard to find a place to go  
who's going to know the world before it goes  
you'll never find a place to go