

Poems

Sarah Krohn

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