



her demons come to play

POEMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Jessica Lee

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INTRODUCTION

Eerie. Unsettling. Engender.

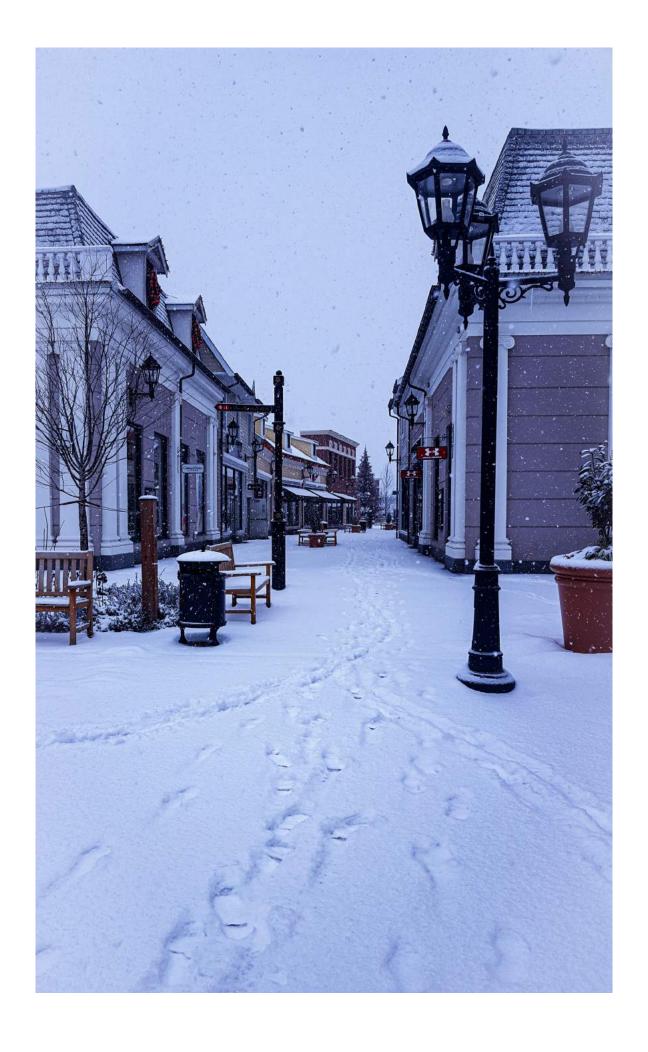
When I whole-heartedly connect to a poem, I feel the need to act upon the matter discussed. annie ross' "wish, watch, wrist (be beautiful", from her collection Pots and Other Living Beings (2019), is the poem that inspires me to seek for my own personal connection to poetry. Her aspiration in her collection was to reveal the bridge between poetry and our damaged environment that lacks a voice to speak to us about the growing concerns of the Earth.

I used to think that the moon is the moon, the trees and the trees, and there is not anything more to them that to exist. When I was thinking about my place on this planet, I realized I felt overwhelmed from inspecting everything I consumed to be mindful about the waste I was adding to our environment. I later realized that it is equally as important to care for ourselves as it is to care for the Earth.

The poems in *her demons come to play* were chosen to empower you no matter the discouragement, confinement, and challenges others may enforce onto you. I hope you will soon believe you can become the independent, resilient, and inspiring individual you dream to be the next time you look in the mirror.

I

WHEN SHE WALKS



when She walks

Angels of Snow fall and silence the breathes of the gentle mortals.

cars curse and slur in whispers as they tread heavily across the pavement.

men and women camouflage in their vehicles. hot breaths pressed against the windows of frost.

parched pupils stretch across glacial cheeks as She descends overhead in her leathery mantle.

mothers weep as She glides towards the youngsters.

her cherry eyes and edged smile tease each electrified heart with momentary bliss.

She swings her colourless, alabaster hair to charm the little ones with her flair.

enticing boys and girls of every kind to seize this time to gambol with ice.

kisses of salt and sand granules cuts their soft and gentle hands.

the ankle-biters shriek with joy: eyes flickering a shade of vermillion,

metamorphosizing into Her little minions, scampering to romp with their new toys.

Angels of Snow deliquesce from the tears of men and women watching their progenies fling sleet ashes on the streets.

She beckons the formidable creatures to muster at her feet as a cloud of dark soot proliferates and envelopes the little zealous cadavers.

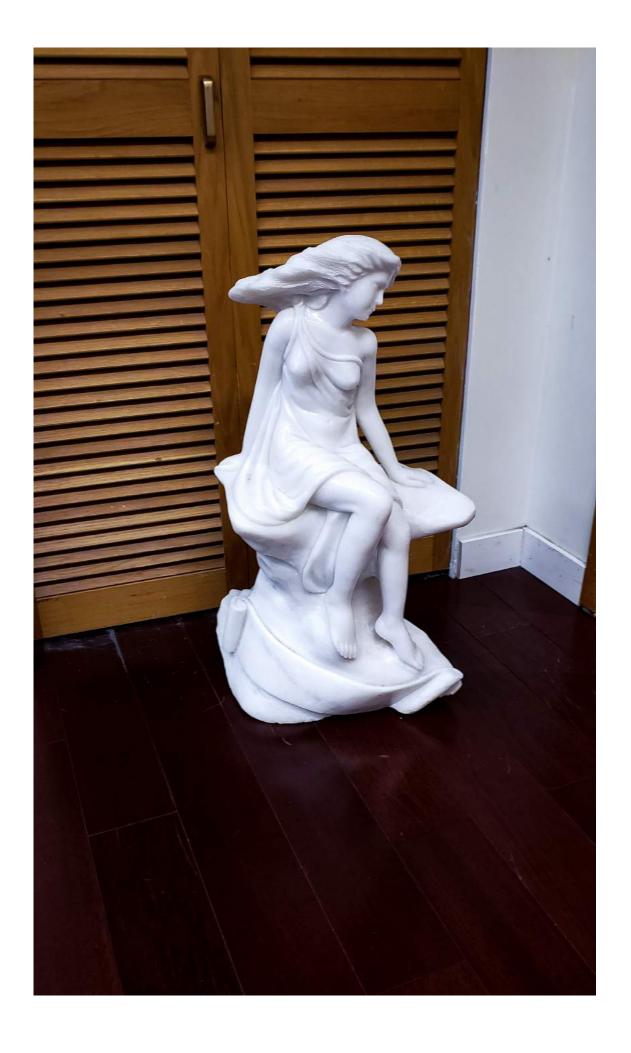
mothers wail and lunge for their tails but immediately withdraw their palms from the hissing sounds piercing from their children's blood-stained orbs.

her porcelain face and devastatingly bewitched eyes smile at the mothers and fathers,

appeased by their crushing oblations offered every waning crescent moon.

II

THE PORCELAIN PRINCESS



the porcelain princess

Her legs shake to make her blood wake for her heart's sake.

she holds still with all her will to avoid being killed.

Ends of her hair take the form of a stake stabbing the air like a vertical rake.

Lips press together into a thin line, brows raise at the sound of a whine, as her mind loses track of the passing time.

her eyes signal mine to look at the hand on nine, asking me if this is the sign. Pupils do not stray from me. absence of teeth, but I can still see her eagerness to pounce any opportunity to flee.

porcelain drapes hang onto her like her kin, the glacial complexion proliferating onto her skin, they will not let her escape and win.

locked to imperceptible shackles prompting her to unravel quietly, exasperating from her voluntary surrender.

she fears for how long it will take to liberate herself from death row.

Her statue-like posture will not fend her from their greedy pointers and gluttonous hunger. they desire to devour her white gold and scour her innocence of her world and of her form.

Eager to break this constriction to leave her position, finally live with passion and fulfill her vision,

Ready to stand on her own and find a safe home away from her family catacomb where she can peacefully rest her aged bones.

III

THE VAPID RACONTEUSE



the vapid raconteuse

rickety desk, can only hang onto uneven lengths of paper,

> over steeped tea, dried frigid sheets, and a tear at twilight,

a salivated stargazer scribble the kaleidoscopic speckles across her woebegone cahier,

> spellbound, a gashed lapis lazuli vinyl, her sable pen,

void of ink
vacant of vision
incapacitated, she wails,

waning and waxing, waxing and waning, wailing and fading,

failing to note the destination of her constellation of ruminations, expressionless symbols,

unusable witching hour, neuralgia osculates her endmost pinch of lucidity.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Her classmates from the Intermediate Writing Poetry course for sharing their thoughtful feedback to support the craft of her poems.

PHOTO CREDITS

All photographs were taken by the author including the front cover photo.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

She is not who she appears to be.

Jessica's story begins in Vancouver, British Columbia where she continues to hone her storytelling skills. She combines her passion for storytelling in songwriting, screenplays, and interactive storytelling platforms, to show her idiosyncratic interest in perceiving this reality with an otherworldly lens.

QUESTIONS TO THE AUTHOR:

1. What is your writing process like?

My ideas sprout from an image, scene, or a piece of art I see from my day-to-day life that I feel gravitated to. I take a picture or video of it as a visual aid for when I begin drafting a poem. I note a list of words and phrases that come to mind in a notebook or word document to have all my thoughts in one place about the image.

I like to believe that the object or person of interest in the scene has a story to share. I try to reveal their story from what I can gather as an observer or I would imagine what it would be like to be them for a moment. I scribble my ideas altogether and reword everything until I can feel the right feeling from only reading the poem.

2. Do you hide any secrets in your work that only a few people will find?

Yes, I do! I try to keep a few mysterious elements tucked into the world that the poem exists in. I enjoy investigating the universes of my favourite stories from television shows, films, graphic novels, and video games. I think it's important for everyone to continue stimulating our imagination and our ways of thinking regardless of our careers.

3. What was your thought process for the organization of this collection?

For this collection, I integrated the influences from annie ross' approach between texts and images. In addition, I wanted to present an experience for the readers without a moving image unlike a video game. I wanted to crack open the door for the readers to get a glimpse of the world each poem lives in.

NOTE TO READER

Thank you for taking the time to read my collection.

I hope you found inspiration from these poems to begin collecting memories of your own in the form of photographs or text in your own book to share with others or just with yourself.