



A photograph of a tree at night, heavily decorated with glowing white spherical ornaments and lights. The ornaments are spherical and have a complex, lattice-like internal structure. The tree's branches are dark against the black night sky. In the background, a horizontal line of lights is visible, possibly a distant city or a light display. The overall scene is festive and illuminated by the warm white light of the decorations.

her
demons
come to play

a collection
by
Jessica Lee

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

her demons come to play

POEMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Jessica Lee

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

CONTENTS

Introduction	1
I	
when She walks	3
II	
the porcelain princess	11
III	
the vapid raconteuse	19
Acknowledgements	25
About the Author	29
Questions to the Author	31
Note to Reader	35

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

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.

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

I

WHEN SHE WALKS

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK



PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

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.

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

II

THE PORCELAIN PRINCESS

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK



PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

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.

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

III

THE RAPID RACONTEUSE

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK



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.

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author would like to thank:

Professor Sheryda Warrener, and her teaching assistant, Erin Kirsh, for their guidance throughout the duration of the Creative Writing: Intermediate Writing Poetry course. They provided insightful readings and helpful tips to advise me during the process of writing and revising each of my poems.

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

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

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.

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

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.

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

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.