

# G.W.W.M.

He hides in the clouds  
As if his pillow rests easy upon the earths breasts  
Most days he doesn't speak  
He watches from sun lit skies speaking his thoughts into existence upon strangers he has never met  
On his off days, he twiddles his thumbs until the wind catches hold of his circular rotation  
He always wins with games of thumb war  
My hands fit into the palms of his perfectly as if he were grasping hold of my innocence  
He, was made from heaven  
Drenched in gold  
He is effervescent  
Placed upon shelves cornered into a life of pictures  
He is beauty, in it's rarest form  
His smile is the world's night lights when insomnia encompasses our night sky  
He is breathtaking  
His skin, is warm wool wrapped into comfort  
Pigmentations reflectance of security placed into mirrors created by ocean bottoms  
My father lives thousands of miles away  
In skies painted in blue fragments  
In clouds white of innocence  
In you, in them, in me  
So how is it that I miss something that is never really gone?  
I ask myself this question every night before I sleep  
At age 7 I lost the one part of me that I could call my home  
Gregory Williams Mills  
And I've been searching for him ever since  
It's almost like misplacing my keys  
Or losing my phone  
Except this time, I'm not sure exactly where I can find him  
They say when people die their soul become reborn into something else  
I can understand that  
I have yet to find exactly where your soul is but I've never given up searching  
I feel you in the wind  
As gusts of air blow past my face I am reminded of your skin and its texture  
I feel you in grass  
As if my feet were still gliding on yours during our daughter father dances  
My bed has never been the same since you left  
Nightmares only get worse when your not around to hold me  
Every second I am reminded of your heart beat  
Because it sounds a lot like mine  
The best parts of my days are when I'm able to close my eyes and hear your voice speak to me  
Thought sounds of heavy breathing traffic and my tears  
I haven't been able to sleep lately  
And I'm not sure whether it's because I know you're out there  
Or like a twin you haven't been able to sleep without me next to you  
I don't understand how something so far away feels so close  
How I can see you in my dreams and wake up to the warmth of your smile  
How the sun always finds me in my darkest moments  
And how my prayers have always felt more like conversations  
My father taught me to stand for something  
Even if that something can't be seen by other people  
They say the only way a person truly dies is when you forget they ever existed  
You have yet to die  
I'm not sure what grieving feels like  
Since I never seem to lose things  
I only misplace them  
And never give up searching

## Jealinda Mills

Jai has been a Northern and Southern California Slam Poet for the past three years. She has opened for activist Dick Gregory in 2011, competed in 2013 and in 2014 as captain for the CSUN CUPSI Slam Team, featured in the Express Yourself variety show advocating for National Coming Out Day 2014, as well as winning best in expressions in the 2014 CSUN Student Showcase. Jai is a focused writer that intends to give back to her community in any way possible. Her ability to write full pieces in 10 min or less has become her strong point in her writing and performance. With her Graduation date set for May 19th, she will be receiving a Bachelors in Communications Studies that she will probably never use. When she is not writing her problems away in poems, she is a regionally ranked triple jumper and a DI heptathlete at California State University Northridge. She loves long walks in the park and staring into peoples eyes that accompanies and awkward amount of blinking following initial eye contact. She loves meeting new people and hope to one day tour the world with her poetry.

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