

head in
the

Clouds

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Author's Note

Head in the Clouds is a short collection of poetry inspired by my most runaway thoughts. I give breath to my lived experiences through dreamlike and celestial musing, transforming the mundane into the extraordinary. I hope to inspire my readers to dig a little deeper into passing thoughts and to take a second look at everything. As you read, keep in mind that wonder and adventure are always nearby, hiding in plain sight.



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Art Inspiration: Double Fine's *Broken Age*, *Shay's Kitchen*

The Leak Under the Sink

Sometimes, she liked to imagine her apartment was drifting through space, with the stars as her only neighbors.

It's 6:27am when she greets the day, dragged from the dregs of sloth and dreams.

A limp arm reaches for the blinds above her head. The sun is out, but it too is only just waking up. She drags herself from her lofty bed of clouds onto her plush bedroom rug, wishing (like every morning) for the stars she calls her neighbors.

Into the kitchen she trudges, house slippers plop plopping underneath her. She can already taste the warm spice of her Winter Wake Up Tea on her heavy tongue. Gooseflesh grows on her bare arms.

The apartment is cold.

As she opens the blinds to let in the light, she thinks that her stars can wait.

She turns to head deeper into the kitchen, anviled arms already reaching for the wake-me-up cupboard, when her right foot steps into a puddle of galactic matter.

The gooseflesh flutters from her arms down to her toes.

Her eyes follow.

She stands in a puddle of quantized astromatter, desolate and teeming all at once. Black, blank, shimmering, zooming. It is running. It is racing. Her morning mind is the same. *So that's where the stars went*, she thinks, half here and half there in all senses of the phrase. The stars on her toes tickle her into movement, and she starts.

The liquid seeps from the cupboard under the sink, a place she goes rarely and thinks of never. What she thinks is not *Why is there a puddle of dimension on my kitchen floor?* but rather, *I have to clean this up*. She is not ready for an adventure today. She pulls her frozen foot from the ice and into the kitchen sun. As she goes for the mop, she hears the stars on her floor twinkling in the silent rays of the bright morning.

It sounds like mischief.

They laugh at her. *Some neighbors*.

She's not sorry when she mops up the galaxy at her feet.



Metro

It feels like I'm zooming at the speed of light.
The wind feels like the sounds of sparkles giggling in my ear throughout the sunny days.
The gossip of the stars jangles around my wrist
I am moving without ever shifting, not even an inch
And in my stillness, the thoughts in my mind keep running
The ones that control the mind like hypnotists
Whispering that the body is only a vessel of the brain
That nothing is really real, and the sky is a screen
And this screen holds scrutiny
It sees all.
It sees everyone who comes on, everyone who steps off.
Monitoring the world through a warped, wavering portal.
The fluorescent lights beam red across anonymous faces
All facing downward, their eyes are closed to the adjacent shooting stars
and vehicles blurring down the speedways
Although I face the outside, I fail to register the sprinting trees, the skipping lakes
I do not see the looming poles or merging powerlines
I think- we are no different, these faces and I
But just as my sense of self begins to shift into its waning phase
Through the window, the moon says hello
It is silent once again.
The speed nets to zero
The wind and sparkles stop
The doors open and close
I get off the city bus.



Art Inspiration: BTS Jimin's *Serendipity*

When I am Older

When I am older, I would like to live by myself in the company of my plants and the sky.

We will live in a small house with many windows so that, when we wish to relax and chat, my plants and I can photosynthesize together.

When night falls, my stars will never be too far away.

And when I wake, the clouds will always receive my first hello.

There will only be a few rooms so I never feel fear, and I will take pride in my personal space.

The sunbeams and I will be the perfect hosts.

I will spend each day growing and learning in the presence of my most supportive and favorite friends.

It will be amazing.

And I will love it all very much.



Growth

I see the sky below me
I'm a stalk, reaching my limits
This world has no bounds for me
And those that rise, I choose not to recognize
Going higher until I become the earth
The earth that owns the sky
As I become my own ceiling
I fly into myself
And float within all that I am, with all that I am
I am the stars
I am the clouds
I am the lofty wayward breeze
Pushing along the path I pave each day

GREAT
😊

GOOD
😞



Great to Good

From great to good I go
One day full, the next not so

Great to good I go
Sore thumbs from texts
Lethargic and idle like my brain

Great to good I go
Until the lights have been off for 3 days
And no one knows how I am
Including me
But when they finally ask, and I finally answer
All I know to say is "good."



Invite Me

I know it's a lot to ask
And I know it's been a while
But these 4 walls aren't doing it for me
And I'd like some company, too.

Does it seem like I wouldn't?
That was the me of yesterday
And even then only sometimes
Why don't you invite me?
Now that I need reassurance that I exist
Outside of these 4 walls?



Condensation

Early rise before anyone else
They don't think me to exist in the nighttime
In the daytime a sturdy presence
Too constant to be rare
But collection slows down on a day with some sun
Thoughts and asides stored away for a stormier day
Accumulating, rumbling, greying.
Until they manifest themselves as rain
Falling down to the concrete that is skin, cheeks, wrists, thighs
It tastes like salt and sadness, catharsis calming the cranium
You create water
You're only human
The clouds tearily rejoice at your existence.

