

Toy Triceratops:

*Sometimes I wish my heart was not so big,
That its doors were not so open,
That I was not so ready to love,
To loan myself to others,
To be a rock in an inclement ocean,
 On days,
 I help them sit out the weather.
And on others,
 The sun shines,
 The winds are good,
 And I am lost to the horizon.*

Six of Cups:

May you wander aimless in your aim.
May you stumble loved, into loving arms.
Let a seat lay open for you at every table.

You shall never eat alone,
For if you ever think yourself companionless,
My heart shall host you:

A table with plenty,
Each cup overflows.
Take as many as you please,

For in their absence,
Flowers which are remnants of you
Shine brighter than candlelight.

Calabasito:

Beady blue eyes.
Happy birthday,
 My love!
Thanksgiving baby:
 All of the stuffing,

Pumpkin pie for my pumpkin

I wish, *mi calabasito*, that we could feed you plump,

Dreaming of guisauado,

And you, like me in early years,

Would think it was spelled with a w.

Pero, mi calabasito,

All I can give you is hopes of pumpkin pie,

With whipped cream piled to the sky.

These poems are dedicated to my former foster brother Devin. Devin was reunited with his mother in mid-September. I felt heavily mixed emotions at the news. I had one chance to talk to him after I found out. That has been the most difficult phone call of my life. Fighting back my tears as I was about to lose one of the highlights of my life, I managed to make enough funny noises to coax laughter out of a 3 year old. I talked to Devin almost every Sunday last semester, but over the summer overseas communication was difficult and we talked for the first time in about a month and a half, right before I went to school. I was so heartbroken. I still am.

The day I learned Devin would be reunited with his mother I had bought him a toy triceratops bobblehead from Papyrus. I had been planning to buy it since May. Devin loves dinosaurs. He can say ridiculously long dinosaur names and then two seconds later proclaim that he needs to use the facilities, in so many words. Such are the charms of a 3 year old. As my stepmother called to tell me I'd never see him again, I held the toy in my hands and cried. I left it in its box for two months. In November, soon after I wrote Six of Cups, I took the bobblehead out. My desk feels a lot less heavy now.

I wrote 6 of Cups in early November. This poem is inspired by the tarot card, the 6 of Cups. Here is an image of the Rider-Waite Version of the 6 of Cups.



It's my favorite tarot card. The 6 of Cups (in the upright position) represents nostalgia, childhood memory, and childhood innocence.

Here are the original sticky notes that I wrote this poem on and the 6 of Cups drawing to accompany them:

Tarot, in some ways, helps heal me and allows me to pour love into feelings of productivity. Via tarot, I always feel connected to those I love. It may seem silly, but even asking my deck how Devin's 4th birthday went helps me feel like I still can watch him grow up.

Toy Triceratops was written within days of just hearing the news. There's not much else I can say about this poem without mentioning that I have experienced the loss of a foster brother before. Liam was relocated in January. I had spent the 2 weeks before coming to Harvard for my freshman bonding with Liam. We baked a cake, played with legos, and read together. I had just seen Liam at Christmas, and Devin moved in on the 26th. The call was heart shattering. I thought that the situation with Devin was different. I had been told that his mother's parental rights were severed and that the adoption process would start soon. Devin for all intents and purposes was

my little brother, and he still is to me. He had started to call me his sister too. It hurts to write this, but I am lucky enough for it to no longer burn, but this writing to feel cathartic.

Calabasito, I wrote in class today. Devin's birthday is the 24th of November. It was one of the reasons this month is so hard. I felt inspired to write this poem. My dreams of cooking with him again, reading, doing jigsaw puzzles (an activity we both love and that he is INSANELY good at for a 4 year old.) are just dreams and no longer guaranteed. This poem represents how it feels to have a piece of my heart that I'll never recover walking around in the world, just as 6 of Cups does.