

Poetry Chaplet
“My Beloved Rivers of Silver”
By Maria Belén Rios Sialer

Dedication: This collection is dedicated to young girls living alone away from home. I see you.

My Name Is

My name is

What I write all over but not often leaves your mouth

Mispronounced as a foreign destination on your dream vacation list

Not balloon nor melon it is

a welcoming house of bread

Google says

Jesus Christ!

born in

my name

Half-written in my best friend's "take a shower" text

like a single splash of soothing snow

A copy of my mother's ring on my middle finger

A "to live for" breakfast cookie

previously "to die for" but I guess I don't want to bury

my name - yet

For strangers, four words too long

For my mother, grandma, and generations after me

a reflection of their own

Embrace the tunnels of M's and B's, may the rivers of silver

when it leaves your mouth

a dream

A letter

Sweet Rosemary, would miracles await if we believe?

Hold this secret: friends find coffee sour

Only words could be playfully bitter

Sweet Rosemary, To scream.

Am I a child of devotion? Are you?

But my dreams have been covered in gasoline

Sweet Rosemary, not the herb, merely the name

It is a blessing to not understand

To read citric diction found in your letters

Sweet Rosemary, If you bring salt, the sea is the only thing missing

Puppy barks choke my silence to death when I say

I never understood the smell of flowers.

Mr. dog

Mr. dog yawns as if life were hard enough

I have been alive too long to know

I have been alive too long to know

some good ones are scared to be mean to others

Some may never be mean to others

only to themselves when life is hard enough

Life is hard enough for some good ones

but what if they are not afraid anymore?

I am not afraid while coffee is in me

I hide crown silhouettes under my eyes

Under my eyes, Mr dog lays on my lap

and whispers "I want to enjoy life"

I want to enjoy life even when it's hard

Mr. dog, not good nor mean, just alive

Self-portrait as a Trash Can in a Coffee Shop

I hear different tones of customers intoxicated,
by drinks caffeinated and decaffeinated
The “thank you” of many young adults, kids, and elders
and a little boy cries out to strangers

I witness the lonely sighs of people on laptops sipping their one cup
sitting next to each other to mirror the illusion of company
At 5 pm sharp my insides are vacated of the day's residues
I am left empty, like those kids, our existence long overdue

But when someone gives, instead of taking away, I feel
the caffeine dripping from cups, and lids inside me heal
My organs take showers in the residue of liquids,
mixing potions of milk and sugar

Last night I dreamt my descendants were recyclable
With a purpose for eternity, unlike me
My only wish is for once to experience a clean drink

In Southern France

A chimney whispers smoke it seems
Our silhouettes find comfort near burning steam

Shades melt in the background with bees
Baby blue, baby green, baby you, baby me

An order by the Ministry of Love: Blush!
The leaves wave a last goodbye rushed

Headaches make the lentils in my brain scatter and simmer through thoughts of shame
In spring my lungs exhale in the forms of lullaby flames

European tears cover oaks, pines, and orange roses
My faith disappears like water in soil when the sun approaches

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Bio: Belén is a third-year psychology student at the University of British Columbia. Her interest in poetry and scriptwriting led her to pursue a minor in Creative Writing. Born and raised in Lima, Peru. Currently based in Vancouver. Her work is inspired by family, a search for identity, love, pain and humanness.