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A Collection of Occurrences

Dylan A. Darling
Nova Southeastern University

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A Collection of Occurrences

Author Bio

Dylan is just another Brazilian American who hasn't learned how to settle. Not in the way you're thinking of... it is more along the lines of things like work, passions, and hobbies, Dylan is someone who has to try it all. And in this moment, Dylan is a writer in need of an outlet, and maybe, just maybe, you're a reader in need of an outlet. Welcome to a snapshot of me, who wrote purely research a year ago and one year from now will write something else oddly specific but just different enough. Maybe.

A COLLECTION OF OCCURRENCES



DYLAN DARLING

THE MEMORANDUM: A SIJO

I would rather live as a story than a memory
Memories paint too raw a picture, too visceral a blemish
To be loved, I must let a vague story eclipse this troubled past.

HOW MY FATHER DIED WHILE STAYING ALIVE TO HAUNT ME

I lost my very much alive father as a teenager,
In presence and in memory.

You see,
My father thinks of me as a liar.
Both a liar and a victim to a world of liars.
It would seem,
Only what he knows is truth.
Only he is aware in a unperceptive globe.

Experience was once known to inform knowledge,
Now it does not.
Narratives have taken its place.
Delusion stands where experience once stood.
To this father,
Whoever stands on his soapbox speaks gospel.
Gospel that can dispel the world around it.
Gospel that is sacrilegious to oppose.
So praise be, To my all-knowing he,
Who molds the world into a world of his own
Where reality is merely tampered with
If it ever threatens to make his narratives untrue.

Artisans of slander jointly stunt societies
distorting people, like my father,
distorting progress, in our very real world.
Only pain, with patterns so intrinsically sewn, is left in its wake.
Did you know?
Didn't you know about pain's profitability?
Progress however, that's quite the liability.
Greed and self-preservation has sewn itself into falsehood,
Into the altered realities my father has so wholeheartedly be-wedded.
A marriage so beautiful it seems, it overshadowed its predecessor
And so, this father, has consequently unmarried himself from family.

Yet still, he spits
 that I am the manipulated,
 My self is blinded and disabled by the lies of experience.
 He spits out his nicknames for me from my childhood
 To others, what is known as slurs.
 To him, I have traded my humanity it seems.
 Not he.

Nothing may hold a candle to the gospel of manipulation.
 I lost my father as he lost his family.
 He has resigned so gradually,
 So very gradually,
 so that the loss feels as if nothing was missing—
 As if a father was gone this whole time,
 As if a father was not there to begin with.
 Eventually, there was a clear point in time
 Unmistakable in circumstance and emotion
 Where I knew a father could never return
 Where I knew I would never have a father again

One day, I survived a tragedy.
 I came home covered in blood not of my own.
 To me, this day will forever haunt me
 From both the unspeakable terrors I faced
 And as it was the day my father truly died.
 Even though I was here, painted in the horror of experience.
 My tragedy, to him, was no reality of his.
 A false flag, his eyes screamed.
 Soon enough, his mouth screamed the same

Bodybags of my friends were never enough to prove it
 Suddenly, friends he had known now never existed before.
 I had to then wonder
 If I was the deceased, would I too have not existed?
 My father was buried that day, in head and heart.
 Somehow I treated him the same, and my emotions he has never seen.
 What good would my honesty do?
 What words are there to say against a world that doesn't exist?

Death is not sacred, when it can be a tool to an agenda
 And as I am forced to rewitness a cherished friends death
 Upon every booming sound, upon any quiet moment.
 Others speculate how she never existed, just like my father.

Now you should be able to see,
 Just by the spread of deceit and false realities
 How I've lost my father as a teenager, in presence and in memory.

