

4-4-2023

Flowers in the Snow

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Recommended Citation

Ali, Rueida (2023) "Flowers in the Snow," *Digressions: Literary & Art Journal*: Vol. 20, Article 38.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol20/iss1/38>

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Flowers in the Snow

Author Bio

Rueida Ali writes poetry she cannot live. When she's not living through the glamor of her alias, she draws inspiration from the mundane, because she believes that's where true beauty lies. Poetic inspiration comes at any moment in the day, and she is always ready, piling incomplete stanzas to each other in an endless Google document. For every poem that passes as slightly above mediocre, there are hundreds of vile poems that'll be sent to the ends of the earth before they befall another human's possession—yes, they can be that lousy.

Flowers in the Snow

RUEIDA ALI

You'll find the bright of my light in the dead of night
And the darkness of my smudged mascara in the dawn of day
Even my reflection, can't catch a glimpse of my mercurial state of
mind

Every day is the discovery of a new inhibition
And the acceptance of the elusivity of perfection

Indulging poison in delirious magnitudes--
Faltering heartbeat and decaying organs
Battles of my fatigued eyelids in mountains of fortitudes
The high numbers in my mind's eye
Surrender your sanity or don't even try!

Beholden to a decade of fellowship
That stood by me in my zeniths and my nadirs
In midnights, entering a celestial starship,
Where one calls to God for the welfare of a despaired fellow
Yearning for the poets on the wooden bench of the willow

I cried for the 86 men I sent to war
And I stared at the 65 sacrifices in vain
Numb from the 48 left to ruin; for peace they implore--
All or nothing at all!
All for nothing at all!

Wipe my skin and check again,
Needle after injection...
The nurse is gone, I'll visit again
I'll reach the checkered lines, before I raise my white flag
Because they need someone to smile at their face and hold out a
hand

The ticking of time is the foe of man
Rest assured; it is never too late
Fear not, I'll fill white boards with pseudo hours and an
imaginative plan
In the "Winter" I'll sprout, once the snow has thawed
When by the ticking clock, I don't feel haunted.

Author Statement

"This disoriented poem serves as a poetic memoir of the fiasco that was my first few months in college. While each stanza explores a different experience or feeling, there is a consistent delirious tone throughout the poem. I watched as all aspects of my health deteriorated and felt myself reach sheer madness. In each stanza, I explore the highlights of my first semester, visiting sacrifices I never imagined myself to make because of the failures that persisted in haunting me."

