

OMNIVISUM

literary magazine



who we are

Diagram of Color: My Body as a Glowstick

Written by Jordyn Taylor

my body / a glow stick,

crack me open,
click my colors into place.
neck, knuckles, arms, ankles,
try to release the tension built up in my
twisted body.
feel my plastic skin break
and start to glow.

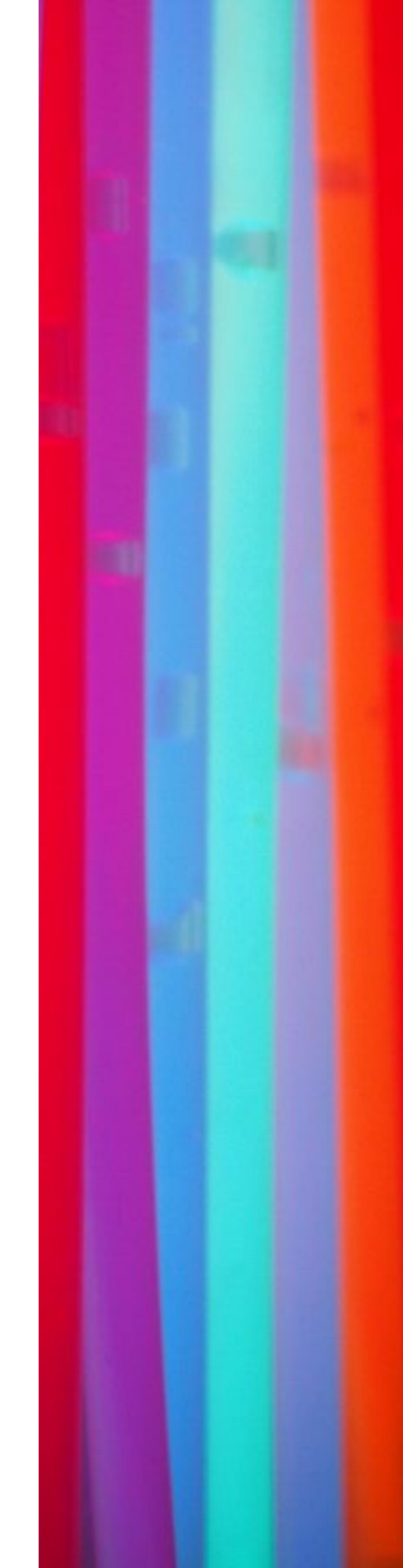
what color is it?

Blue,
like the veins inside me leading to a heart that's
beating,beating, beating,
a neon sign blinks 'we're open' but I fear it may not be for long,
the sky above beckons for me to fly like a bird,
but I much prefer the ground.

like the ocean the liquid flows inside me but
one wrong move and the bubbles spill over the pavement
when my body relaxes it's like popping a balloon,
but this time I'm not scared of the noise.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Jordyn Taylor
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lover of murder
mysteries, poetry
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excited to have her
poetry published by
Omnivsum.



Green,
bright emerald eyes stare into my hazel ones,
bearing into my soul, my body,
breaking my bones with words instead of stones,
bottling my fears inside with no plan for escape.

bet you've never seen a liquid the color of the grass unless it's
neon. radioactive.
if you drink it, will your insides be glowing too?
maybe you shouldn't. I heard what's inside is toxic.

Red,
blood runs thicker than water
but I fear the bonds with break along with me,
binding in string doesn't always last forever,
the tightness of the knot breaks with just a simple *snip*

bend my fist forward until i feel a release,
bend my plastic tubular fingers so they have a color
other than pale. or sunburn. or bruised.
can you feel the colors change? what is it like?

Yellow,
blonde hair dances of the light outside my window
that begs to be let in,
but I'm not focused on it. peering through the blinds, begging for
attention,
begging for warmth to shower me in.

i'll give in, but when i stand i need to let go of my weight
let my body sink into my feet, the carpet matches the
walls and the glow now looks like sunlight, but when
i open the blinds, i can't see the glow anymore..

Kaleidoscope,
mix all the colors together to form one
sea of rainbows so
just for a moment my body can let go,
breathe out the air bubbles, take it all in,
 each movement (each crack)
each breath (each release)
each reflection (each glow)
each feeling (each sensation)
separate the colors,
separate the patterns,
separate the stress from the sanity,

it doesn't matter the color now, just listen,
hear them beg me to take a breath and try to release the
tension.