

# **The Archives**

**Angel-Clare Linton**

## THE ARCHIVES

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# Poetry has always been my first love.

It has always whispered in my ears,  
singing love songs coated in pink daisies  
as the rainbow sings at night.

Poetry has always craved my touch,  
and it would cry like a hungry baby  
whenever I'm forced  
to shift my eyes to something else for a moment  
because it's afraid  
that I would fall in love with that *thing*.

Poetry has always been dancing in the sky,  
painting, and creating oceans  
from the grain of salt hidden in a crystalized cave.

"I would never leave you,"  
Poetry whispers as I cry into my pillow  
in the middle of the night  
as the stars whisper  
to the moon as those very same stars  
dance and sparkle in the night's darkness.

Poetry has always been my first love.

It has been there  
whenever I crave the touch  
of someone sitting in the same room as me  
as they listen with a blank stare  
as I would be on the brink of crying  
because life apparently *loves*  
to throw toxic bullets at me  
in the middle of the day  
as somehow the stars still shimmer.

Poetry has always been there,  
sitting in most of my brain, desperate  
to be heard.

# **There's a monster always following me.**

It flies in the beauty of the daylight.

Its wings push the hot air  
around it as it leaps  
and nearly crashes into the lavenders.

The wings are white, desperate  
not to be stained  
by this grey  
darkness that follows them.

The grey darkness always  
lingers a step or two behind it  
as it hides in its own darkness.

The butterfly tries to cry out,  
but its mouth is stitched shut with black ink.

The butterfly.  
Its wings flap around,  
carrying the butterfly  
across the province  
as it's desperate  
for an escape. *Maybe*  
*this little getaway will make things all better.*

# **i can't breathe**

I can't breathe.

My words are caught  
in my throat  
as they try  
to crawl out as if trapped  
in one of the raging waterfalls found in Canada.

I can't breathe.

I don't wanna be here,  
surrounded by people  
who consume me in a wave, desperate  
to suffocate me while their  
dark grey words

s  
e  
e  
p

out from their pink lips and stab my body.

Maybe I don't wanna breathe.



The air that's pumping into my lungs is strained.  
The blood moving  
throughout my body desperately  
wants to escape like someone trapped  
in an "impossible" escape room  
while the air is thinning  
and the person's panicking.

People want me to breathe.  
Sometimes, when the people  
who were throwing dark grey words  
laced with poison  
at you find out that you've tried  
to kill yourself, their words are suddenly  
coated in pink and red, seemingly desperate  
to keep you alive.

They now throw themselves at you  
as if you were an actress  
in a well-known television show  
that now, for some  
reason, has to go to public school.

I don't want to breathe anymore.

Life wants to strangle me  
while looking at me.  
Its piercing black eyes  
would bore holes into mines.

Its eyes are seemingly  
an endless pit, ready  
to suck me in but never  
spitting me out.

I can't breathe.

# Poetry

has always been my first love. Yet, like the hot red fire (except with its own red pizzaz) has burned me, consuming me in its flames and hugging me as if it wanted to be my mother. Correction: *As if wanting to replace my mother, who sits in the house, writing stories of her own, getting lost in the world she created on the once blank pages.*

has always danced in my mind, desperate to leak onto the empty pages. Sometimes, though, poetry makes me squeeze itself out like a young boy squeezing his teddy bear in the middle of the night as he lies in his bed because he's afraid of the monster that might sit in his closet or lie under that very same bed. *Those are the days when I think I have lost my ability to write, like a bicycle losing its front wheel.*

has always been there, ready for me to pour my blueness into it like water pouring itself into a bowl.

cries and whimpers like a lost dog on the streets whenever tears drop from my face as I think, *Why can't my poetry work? and Maybe I should*

*quit writing.*

has always imprinted itself in my brain like a  
photograph ingrained in an SD card.

is...

## **The Bus to 9th Street**

The sun set before the bus came.

Orange, lilac hues fill the starry skies. The cold air breaks my body & plum jacket. It was nearly the same colour as the sky while the sun was setting. It's rare

for this bus to be late, but at 6 p.m., it speeds through the lights, coming to a stop.

He whips open the door, & a soft smile proceeds from his lips. In a line like children, people hop

only stopping to pay. The speckled moon dances while the driver speeds down the street as if a dark red fox is chasing him, like in cartoon shows for little children. The quick beat

of the traffic echoes in the air. It engulfs the darkness already upon us.

# **The Silent Death That May Not Be So Silent**

Once alive like the  
sun. Now dead like the moon. Who  
am I? Where am I?

## **Freedom is Trapped in the Blue Park Outside of Town**

She was trapped in a four-walled room with a hand-drawn yellow sun on the ceiling and flowers painted on the dirt-stained walls. An iron door was locked from the outside, and a small window was at the top, concealing

her view of the outside with real red roses and dark green grasses growing. She was kneeling on the silver floor that was as cold as a Canadian winter in late December. For

Harper was trapped in a four-walled room with a hand-drawn yellow sun on the ceiling.

As an older teen, she never imagined her mind bleeding

with black blood and transforming into a shapeless figure at 3:33 in the middle of the night.

But she's now forced to be in a room locked from the outside with a small window, concealing

her fantasy-like battle from the outside world. She's forced by silver chains into seeing the shapeless figure grow as quickly as a boy in high school while she wears a white

dress, trapped in a four-walled room with a hand-drawn yellow sun on the ceiling.

It gives her a false sense of playful happiness coated in a vibrant rainbow before she's concealing the dark figure with her not-so-genuine dimpled smile. *Should I write down the blackness? Will that remove me from being locked inside with a window, concealing*

*the painted flowers, dirt-stained walls and the white iron door? Will that give me an escape from this feeling?*

She ended up still trapped in the private room with a hand-drawn yellow sun on the ceiling, locked from the outside, a small window at the top, concealing her existence.



# The Grey Silk Trees Melting in the Night

Leaves crunch underneath her feet. Stars cover the dark blue skies. Her body's engulfed in white, but with the light brown wrinkled time, turned cream.

That night was like a dark blue ocean that led up to a handful of beach houses, but specifically between 12 and 3 in the morning.

*I promise I'll be there for your graduation.*

*I wouldn't miss it for the world.*

*I'll always love you.*

*I'll always be there for you. Always.*

Dark blue roses sit underneath the white cross with dark brown dirt. Leaves continue to crunch underneath her feet.

The forest's air is dark green mixed with light grey.  
The bright red toy fire truck cuts through those  
thick, grey-grey clouds.

A graduation picture sits in the middle of the cross,  
on display like a certificate in a parents' home after  
their children move out.

Her dark green boots are covered in milky brown.

Her tears are hot, like a car's engine after being on  
the road for four and a half hours. They settle on her  
greying cheek.

A rainstorm begins before

The sun breaks through  
dark clouds; dark rivers  
leave her dark blue eyes.

# **the monsters are sometimes hidden but are always there.**

Some nights,  
it ain't as bad. On those nights,  
it's as if the monsters are finally  
sleeping before me. It's as if  
they're tucked away, hidden  
under their blanket  
like it's the thick of winter in Canada.  
It's like they're snoring  
and are deep into *whatever*  
fantasy they've created.

But on other nights,  
the monsters are dancing  
in my mind,  
throwing a birthday party  
with an all-you-can-eat buffet  
in the corner of the room  
with a stage in the centre  
as lights are dancing, too.  
They push and pry  
at my mind  
like scientists looking at bacteria  
(or whatever else scientists do).

The monsters don't have a name  
because if I give them a name,  
it makes them more real,  
like a character in a novel  
that I've always thought about  
that's so *desperate* to come to life.

The monsters slowly  
eat at my brain like oatmeal  
and stain  
the remaining parts of it  
with black goo  
as they hope it will quickly  
grow into the rest of my mind  
like plants in a garden.

The nights are dancing  
with its stars and moon as *something*  
(or *someone*)  
whispers sweet nothings  
like what many people say  
in romance novels as the rain lightly  
falls while the darkness  
has long since consumed  
the world.

Some nights, it ain't as bad.  
On those nights, they're already asleep, dreaming  
about who they would have been  
if they had chosen a different  
career path as they dance  
in the rain as the clock  
down the street slowly  
ticks away as if ticking away

to their deaths.

On those nights,  
their minds are seemingly  
off as they snore  
because if they think too hard  
before going to sleep, their own  
nightmares creep into their dreams,  
causing another nightmare

they didn't ask for.

On other nights, the monsters pry  
into my mind with their black goo  
as they suck the pinks and reds  
from my head as they try  
to keep those reds and pinks  
for themselves, hoping  
that it would make *them*  
feel better.

# **i am not good enough.**

Whenever the words are etched  
onto the empty pages,  
there's the tiniest  
voice at the back of my head, whispering,  
*This is not good enough.*

*This isn't good enough.*  
When the words sneak  
into my mind like a snail  
in the rain during Fall,  
it beats me  
similar to a boxer in the ring  
as there are occasional  
flashing lights from the crowd  
that's on the edge of their seats.

*You are not good enough.*  
It only comes every once in a while,

echoing

like crows or rosters

at 6 in the morning.  
*You are not good enough.*

*You should quit.*

*Why are you still writing?*

*You will never be successful.*

*You should quit.*

*Who would read your grey-tinted words?*

*You're not good enough.*

*When will your writing ever  
dance on the rooftop, glittering  
with diamonds and rainbows  
as the mouth threw up  
the galaxy with illuminating stars?*

*Your writing will never be good enough.*

*You will never be good enough.*

## **crossed minds**

*You should do it.*

*You shouldn't do it.*

*You should do it.*

*You shouldn't do it.*

*Why can't you make up your mind?*

Rain has been crumbling  
inside my home for three  
and a half weeks,  
wanting to know  
every inch  
of it as if they were hired  
to renovate the early 1800s home.

“Sorry for the mess,” I say  
as The Endless Well walks in  
with a slightly crooked smile.

“No worries,” she says



as she takes off her shoes,  
then walks in  
as if dead roaches  
scattered around the entryway.

The house is nearly empty.  
The clock ticks and tocks  
on the wall. My mind  
is surprisingly clean.

The Endless Well sits on the black leather couch.

*You should change the trajectory of your career.*

*You should begin working on the short story col-  
lection.*

*Maybe you're doing  
something  
wrong in your career.*

*You should change the genre of your podcast.*

*You should stack your schedule.*

*How about starting a new poetry collection?*

*You should quickly release a series.*

The Endless Well spits  
out her words like  
a poisonous snake  
sinking its teeth  
into the ankle

of an unsuspecting adult  
sitting in the sand  
as they stare into the distance.

Then she leaves.

*You should do it.*

*You shouldn't do it.*

*You should do it.*

*You shouldn't do it.*

## **dear diary**

When I was younger and had no light grey clouds crawling in and out of my mind as if I was just a temporary home for them for the sparkling night, I used to write in diaries as if it was a job I'd dreamed about since I was born.

My hand would ache after I poured my river onto the creme pages.

But then, when secondary school slowly passed by, the need to have my hand interact with the pen and paper like what I loved to do when I was younger disappeared like an imaginary ghost that used to float in the skies of the night, hoping that a dream would creep into my mind.

But then poetry entered my life like a new boyfriend who has promised to always stay with me.

It begged for me to pour my water-filled emotions into it like a cup, and it promised to throw it out at the end of the night while I drowned in another dreamless sleep. It wanted me to pretend my world wasn't crumbling around me like in cliché

T.V. shows people would watch during the weekend as they would try to turn off their minds.

Poetry would sing at the top of its lungs whenever I sat in front of a screen as I began painting my blueness into black words. Poetry wrapped its arms around me as I rested my fingers on the keyboard while I waited for Poetry to hand me a cluster of words that wanted to be heard.

When I was younger, I had no light grey clouds that would follow me around, wanting to dance with me like a husband I don't yet have.

When I was younger, I used to flow words on the cream pages whenever I had the time.

But then, when those light grey clouds consumed me, Poetry was there, ready to wrap me in its warm hug.

## **the alphabet soup**

My mind is mush as I lay on my bed while my laptop screams at me as YouTube videos drown out my loneliness.

### the alphabet soup

Letters that try to form words (which always seem to want to go against me when they swim around my mind) are getting drowned out by the videos that are still beating on and on like drums practising before their first-*ever* band concert.

My stomach floats up and down, wanting to float away while hoping my outer skin would look flatter.

Scars still litter my skin, but predominately my thighs, stretching whenever I move and lay down. The fresher ones cry out during the mist of the day. They beg for fresher cuts as if they're growing fruits and vegetables while the sun glistens in the light blue skies.

My skin wants to feel itself breaking apart as if it's

dying in a ditch, as it'll bleed out, crying like it dances in the rain after finding out they would never be the same again.

### the alphabet soup

The rain falls, pittering and pattering on the rooftops.

My thighs still itch from the redding scars. *What if they're infected? Is it normal for my scars to itch so much?*

My mind is mush as I lay on my bed while my laptop screams at me as YouTube videos drown out my loneliness.

My body is drowning in acid while I scream like a dying calf in the forest.

I can't breathe, but I don't know if I want to.







## **About the Poet**

Angel-Clare Linton is a poet, writer, editor, and publisher. She is also the founder of Spray Paint Magazine.