

PUTTYCOMPS
VOL. II

ODE TO...

Puttycomps are collections of creative works made by the amazing multipotentialites in the Puttytribe. This volume is a book of love poems inspired by our favourite people, projects, locations, hobbies...ANYTHING!

Learn more about our wonderful, supportive community at ThePuttytribe.com.

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Aarti Iyer
I Like Patterns

I like patterns:
airborne,
but not by much
Transient, special,
for a few full sweet seconds
Mostly from stuff that sprinkles, sparkles
sprays, and splatters?

Soft brown sawdust dancing in the wind
Embers from a welder's workshop that beam
A toothbrush dipped in white paint
makes distant galaxies you've never seen...

Spare me your snotty little sneeze!
Instead, why not some fake blood
carefully sprayed to decorate
a make-believe crime scene?

At times it takes a solid ground to make these patterns
Visible.
Mid-air? No one cares - unless,
you burst firecrackers way out there

Other times, auditory effects accompany
The oil stutters and sizzles with jumpy mustard seeds
crackled to temper my South Indian curry
Need some salt for the seasoning?

Seeing tiny patterns in the air
before any surface contact
helps me live in the moment.
Till time erases it all
Like Windex:
spritzed to clear the grime
off the mirror on your wall, sublime.

Emilie Wapnick
Schnauzer

Up a grassy hill you fly,
Sweet bundle bounds, knows none
Bluish sunlight, felted skies
We breathe the mountain's lung.

Racing the pacific breeze,
Your trusting eyes seek mine
Little face upon my knee
Bushy and divine.

Henriette Hamer
AE97

a prime to the left
outside a normal window
ninety seven down

- a haiku on an Excel cell -

Mattia Maurée

I'd Rather Not Say

Surrounded by morning coffee lovers,
quick typers, pb-banana-biters,
knuckle-backs on new face fuzz, my pen halts.
You fill the space between fingers and lips.
Plans for tomorrow, corporate love day,
may not rival last weekend's tied torture
or painting you in the Walt Whitman room
(you're right, his poems about dicks were good).
But like other escaped words, only so
long can I hold back "wanting you always."

Brittany Williams
Everyday

I wake to a new day, yet there is no sun
Shining, brightly, burning me
Alive.
Is what I become
In secret, watching you puff on cigarettes around the
corner,
Where I make fantasies and weave
Dreams of you
Before me, as you drink
Coffee,
Watered down with cream and
Sugar,
To make life a little less
Bitter,
Like blackberries that are darker than moonless
Nights,
Where we spend all of our time talking about the little
Things,
That seem so unimportant to anyone else, but
Mean the world to
you,
Who
Might be the best part in this continuation of
Hello
And
Goodbye.

Rachel Waxman

Falling

I have fallen in love so many times
this week, I am exhausted.
Some feel love like a spark in the soul,
I feel it like a drain in the body,
every connection, every longing
carving something out of me:
the man on the bus with indigo eyes and
the server who poured my coffee,
a guy taking pictures of flowers
on the side of the street,
the writer on the laptop beside me.
It goes beyond the human:
hidden gardens and streets and corner cafes,
shoes in a shop window,
a song on a passing car radio
dissolving into the sun.
Sometimes, just the idea of something.
I have tried to hold back,
I have tried to reign it in but my mind
keeps handing out pieces of myself like concert fliers
and this city is full of strangers
wandering the streets with mementos of me,
of moments
they will never remember.

Mike B.
Sometimes

When you cry, I hurt.
I would say I love you,
Sometimes I just can't.
When I do wrong, you can be curt,
With me and ghosts of sorrow haunt.
Sometimes you don't hear me,
But most times you listen.
You have double standards with TV,
I almost cry in anger, my glazed eyes glisten,
In the glare of the television.
There's things that happen,
To we three, that Charlie doesn't see.
Things unimportant, but they happen.
It's mostly only sometimes you make me angry,
And sometimes I can say I love you,
and I know you do too.

Heather U-K
Fourteen Billion Years

It took almost fourteen billion years to put the knowledge of humanity
into the palm of my hand,
the flow of bits and bytes filling up empty space.

It took almost fourteen billion years for us to create
more complexly
more creatively
more vastly
and
more deeply

It took almost fourteen billion years to put a car into space,
Starman heading out into
dark and mysterious depths.

It took almost fourteen billion years for us to explore
more complexly
more creatively
more vastly
and
more deeply

It took almost fourteen billion years to put humanity
into the ocean of the Universe,
vast waves moving and pushing Selves together into One.

It took almost fourteen billion years for us to love
more complexly
more creatively
more vastly
and
more deeply

Than ever before.

H.A. Sprague
Untitled

I put you on
You slip inside

Beguiling and absorbing
You envelop me

Every sense heightened
All emotions personified

You provoke and expose
My raw unbridled self

You are the mechanism
Through which I find
Release

(Music)

Gaia B.
Love Starts from a Blank Page

A light that comes from the eyes
When she looks down to it
Her friend and enemy
What really makes her heart smile

The mind full of whispers
Worlds to discover
Strangers that feel like friends

The pen in her hand
To put ink where is white
A dance of lines
An act of love

One page
Then another
She writes

It's a fight
With a gentle sword
No right or wrong
Just a page that was blank before

Doug Walker
Resonance

Singing

Before rehearsal

You said, Now look at me

You put your hands on my shoulders

Your nose an inch from mine

I could only see your eyes

Sing

I heard your voice so clearly in my ears

We locked pitch and tone and onset

We didn't need a band or a beat

I found rhythm in your blue irises

And joy

Suddenly

Resonance

We were one in that moment

I lost where my voice ended and yours began

Sound that grabbed my spine

Vibration that shook my soul

You smiled, Isn't that fun?

Yeah, wow

Why didn't I kiss you?

Alicia
Romance

That you are a man, just like all men, I knew already.
Still, I took my time to gather evidence and see
We had been touched before this festival of skin
and all that – persistence is the heaviest of weapons

Not a trace of embarrassment: this is an extension of us.
This is not a rehearsal, or a party. This is what it should be:
the detailed answer to an open question

Talking waves that pound in the middle
of a well-lit stage where you and me follow
An ancient, simple script we didn't write or learn.

We own fast fingers like little hungry animals
foraging for food in muddied waters, exploring fields
and helping fruits ripen, half bitter, half delicious

Just like all men you will inevitably leave an imprint
the consequences of which are still to be measured.
Yet it was worth the scent. And eyes that do not hide
or seek shall find the truth, eventually.

Rita JC
You Are So Beautiful

You are
So beautiful
And you are
Giving me so much
By just being
So unapologetically you

Words fail me
To describe your beauty
But what are words?
Just a product
Of my restricted human brain

They can't express
My experience of pure Awe
When I watch you soar
And play with the air
And be
So unapologetically you

Sara Oliver GV.
Love Beyond

<< Black within Black,
Darkness within Darkness.
Shadows within Shadows.
What is life without mystery?
What is mystery without magic?
Magic of connecting with others,
beyond empathy, beyond emotion,
Love.

Love, essential, crucial, vital, necessary.
But words,
Even science,
will never be able to fully embrace its message.
Words will never be able to contain
the whole meaning of an emotion.

Love for what it lives beyond what can be explain with words,
Love for the invisible, Love for the hidden,
Love for feeling that something exist beyond our senses,
Love for life.
We may live in a cave within shadows,
But we can always untie our chains.>>

Joel Zaslofsky
My Kind of Frozen

Each breath revives the cells inside,
Today my lake makes my heart wake.

The crunch of snow beneath my toes,
My spirit soars as I explore.

This cold, so bold, it has a hold,
Like strings that vanish come the spring.

The warmth I feel cannot be felt,
On skin, it's in ... something deeper.

Stay on the edge because the ledge,
Is there, the middle, oh so brittle.

I peek behind to seek a sign,
Of my dog's whiteness among the brightness.

I see from tracks as I walk back,
Other creatures have been featured.

That tree is free to freeze with ease,
My frozen lake, my rare escape.

Ryan Cina
Youngstown

Cold, steel grey skies
Surround me in warmth
When I return
Always home to me

Business left, people stayed
No jobs to sustain
Children leave, come back to visit
Always home to me

Mom and dad are not forever
They'll be earthed with the others
Their memories live forever
Always home to me

Pride came before the fall
Pride rages after the flames
Pride forever
Always home to me

Want it back
Give up what I earned
For permanent return
Always home to me

Thea van Diepen
You Are My Heart

You are
Where my voice is.
You are
The silent communication.
You are
Magic made manifest.

And yet I struggle with you;
I fight you;
I sweat to refuse you.
You show me my jagged places;
You don't let me forget them
As you lead me to walk.

My feet bleeding,
You give me shoes.
My feet bleeding,
I push you away.
My feet bleeding,
We rise to find the end.

I give up as many times as I succeed;
You don't leave me.
Each time we begin, you are ready,
Hand outstretched,
Eyes gleaming,
Confident I will journey to joy.

When I could not speak,
You were my words.
When I could not feel,
You were my dreams.
When I could not,
You encouraged me onwards.

You rebuild me
Every time.

Mercedes Calcano
Inexorably in Love

It's a long journey my Love
The one that whispers your name

In the rustling leaves
And the humming wind
Scattering my longings
In the morning mist

In the kiss of the Earth
To the rising Warmth
And the chirping of hopes
Scurrying a promise of love

It's a long journey Dearest
The one that hides your face

The tale of absence afar has gone
Your path concealed by the dust of loss
Unavoidable lines trace your name
Invisibly leaping across the worlds

It's a long journey, Sweetheart
The one that skips a beat in your presence

Past lives semblances forgone
But not you
The taste of life is disturbed
But not you
Contours fading in my mind
But not you

In the Soul a memory quiver
It knows your touch
The sphere of your light bathes my senses
I surrender all pretenses

It's a Pilgrimage my Love, what you request from me?

Wandering in Faith's intricate compass
I quest for you, I burn for you
I join the sighs of oblivion
Begging to be remembered

I ponder where you dwell
And seize the wonder of your spell
The rawness of fray binding me to a wake
Unfathomable truth without a shape

Is it more than a fragmentary thought riding along within us?

Don't leave me empty walking into the blaze
Time is a cruel hollow gnawing at the edge
All meaning erased
All longings defaced

Yes, my love...

It's a Quest, and a sacred one

I trace your heart in the pages of this life
The one without you and see myself

It's a long journey my Love, the one for wisdom
The light is lulling the dark asleep
And I know, I know
I'll be seeing you

Harshvardhan Chawla
Excelsa Love

The Fluttering scent
of a flower that blooms in strength
Every year for a fortnight it dwells alone
creating a wonderland in its scarlet tones

During its lifetime each morning
it whispers a music so charming
that I wish to capture its impermanence
on a butterfly's wings that would carry its essence...

Sparrow Read

Metamorphosis Sets In*

We began.
Together.

(Fragile)

Alone.

(not lonely)

(Longing)

(each other)

We found:
kindness,
and joy,
and desire.

(Chrysalis)

(Of)

(Crow)

We began
to find
ourselves.

(Together)

In between

(worlds)

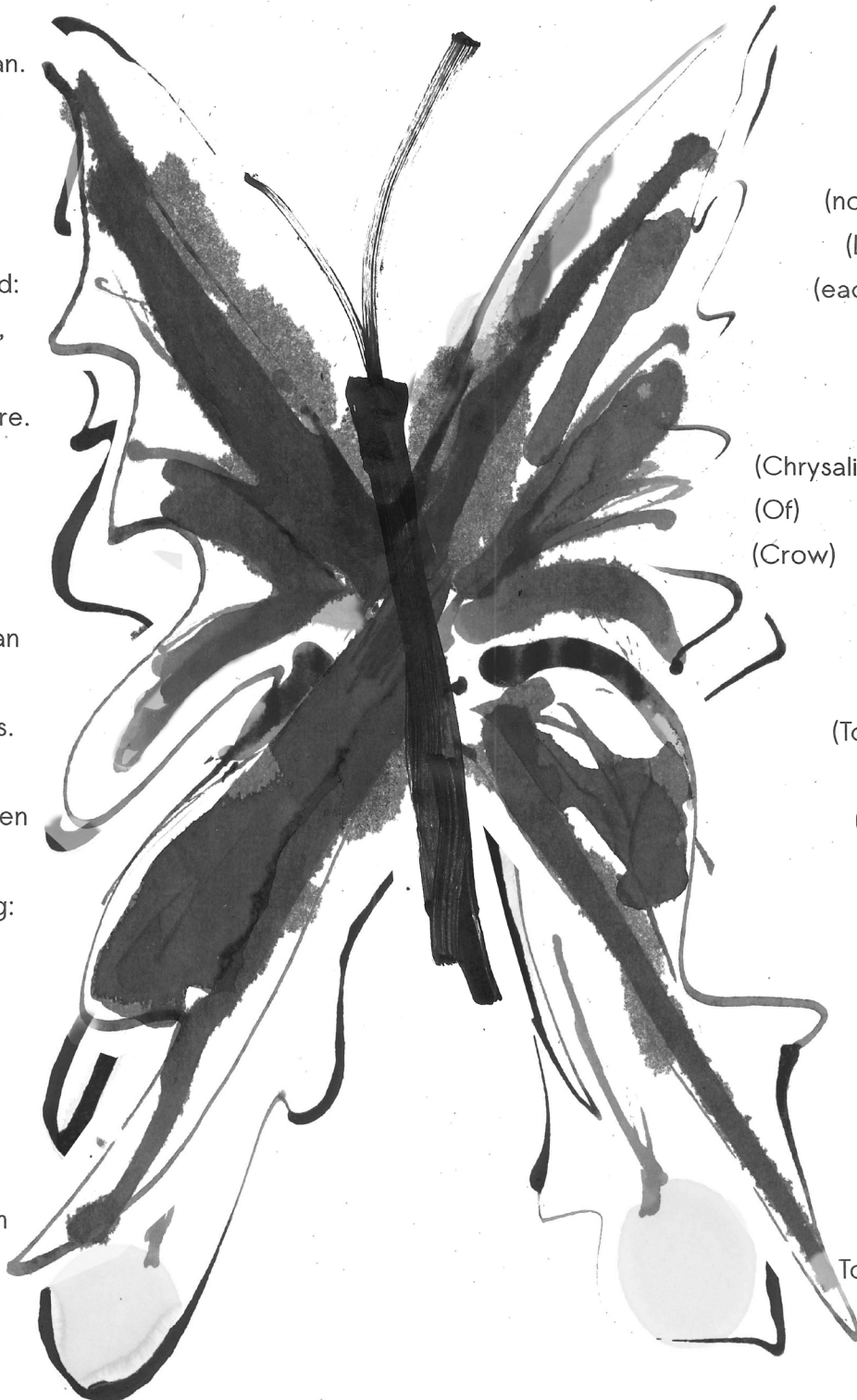
searching:
flowers,
and
sunshine;

to live.

(flow)

We begin
to begin.

Together.



*not my words

(making them my words)

Joan
Curiosity

Sure, she may have killed the cat, but...
She also saved my life.
The cat was old.
I just felt that way.
Tired. Toothless. Torn.
Done for.
I thought.
I had done her in.
Now it was my turn.

—

Rightly so.
I thought.
I ought...
I could have protected us.
I should have questioned my urge to fight so hard, so long - so wrong.
I would have stopped and smelled the roses, then.
Instead I stopped sleeping.
Listless.
I stopped listening.
So she stopped speaking.
And I was too busy to notice.

—

When I finally realized she was gone, I couldn't find her.
And I barely felt.
Except senseless.
Lonely.
And dying.
Much too slowly.
At the speed of tectonic plates.
Wanting -
Nothing.
But not this.

—

Nothing.
I understood.
Nothing.
What use was this fogged, faulty mind?
In a hopeless body.
Surrounded by actors.
Adrift.
Groundless.
Remembering.
And not remembering.

—

I tried to recall -
Something important.
Gone from Nothing.
Come to Nothing.
Surely, it had only ever been an illusion.
I thought.
I had been dreaming.
But - not anymore.
I thought.
Desperately.
Then.
A faint flicker:
Isn't that...
Curious?

—

Nothing never changed.
A flicker.
The tiniest spark.
Barely.
But it caught.
In my heart.
Then gently touched my brain.

And I stared at her.
Wide-eyed.
Holding my breath.
While she switched on light after light.
And I made a wordless vow.
And we started to move.
Slowly.
Deliberately.
Together.

