

Studio One

Volume 44

Article 7

2019

The Heritage I Dreamt

Sydney Robinson

College of Saint Benedict/Saint John's University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Robinson, Sydney (2019) "The Heritage I Dreamt," *Studio One*: Vol. 44, 22-23.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol44/iss1/7

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.

The Heritage I Dreamt

One of my parents was a flame, the other a rope.
one was a blanket, the other a dial tone.
In the night I would wrap myself
in the comfort of the cotton,
the gentle scents of cinnamon,
and my loneliness.

One of my parents prayed for Winter, the other hid till Spring.
one was an eyelash, the other a smirk.
How they amused each other.
In the revolving door of my becoming,
one pushed outside,
the other never left.

One of my parents was made from Fire, the other from Ice.
that crooked, insincere handwriting
tattooed on my lower back.
a constant reminder that words
are more permanent than people.

One of my parents was a star, burning through the night.
the other, a cup I held hesitantly with two hands,
convinced It was too fragile.
one of my parents drank, the other I dreamt.
the cold press of comforting hands rocking me to sleep
while the other burning their memory in my mind.

One was a candle, the other a bird.
I was ashamed of burning,
frightened I'd never learn to fly.
I was a girl, lost across an open sea,
missing someone not missing.

Sydney Robinson
Las Vegas, NV