

Bits and Pieces

A story in verse



It's almost like
I am standing in bits and pieces
Of a picture.
The picture could be beautiful
If someone even tried to put it back together.

By the way, the picture is of me.
I am Alonna.
I am in bits and pieces.

People say they're trying to figure it out.
People like the guidance counselor at school.
But somehow, I know they're not.

Here on Hawaii,
December sixth, 1941,
My family is preparing.
Because tomorrow is a day of rest
For military soldiers.
A day of rest for my brother.

My mom was making my brothers old favorite meal.
My older sister Laya was counting little American flags.
My twin little brothers were licking sugar off the table.

I was sketching a picture
Of me as a hero
Saving helpless people
From death itself.

Basically,
I was sketching my dream.
Of being the hero of it all.
The person who saved you.
But being a hero probably requires the ability to speak,
Something I don't have right now.

There are still warnings
Of war and destruction.
But I am able to tune it out
Without making any noise,
Without moving my mouth and making sound.
I use
Drawing
As my escape from reality.

I draw what I want to be.
But of course, my family has a different way.
They scream and shout,
And wonder why I won't do the same.
But they don't wonder about me much.

Because I am the outcast, the one in the middle.
I really like it better this way than before.
Before, as in when Leo was alive.
Leo as in my brother.
When he died, it silenced me.
As if his soul followed me, spreading glue on my lips,
Stopping me from making my sketches into a reality.
But even if I could speak, I think I'd still be scared of being a hero.

I am too excited to sleep.
My brothers are as well.
Laya is out with her boyfriend, Ron, like always.

I pull my window shade up.
I open my window a crack, and try to feel the ocean.
But all I see out the window were stars, and all I feel is a breeze of warm Hawaiian air.
The stars are so intricate, beautiful.
Everything feels fresh, as the wind whistles its sawal song to me.

But the stars,
Tonight, they sparkle
And I barely miss the smell of ocean salt
With the stars right outside my window.

