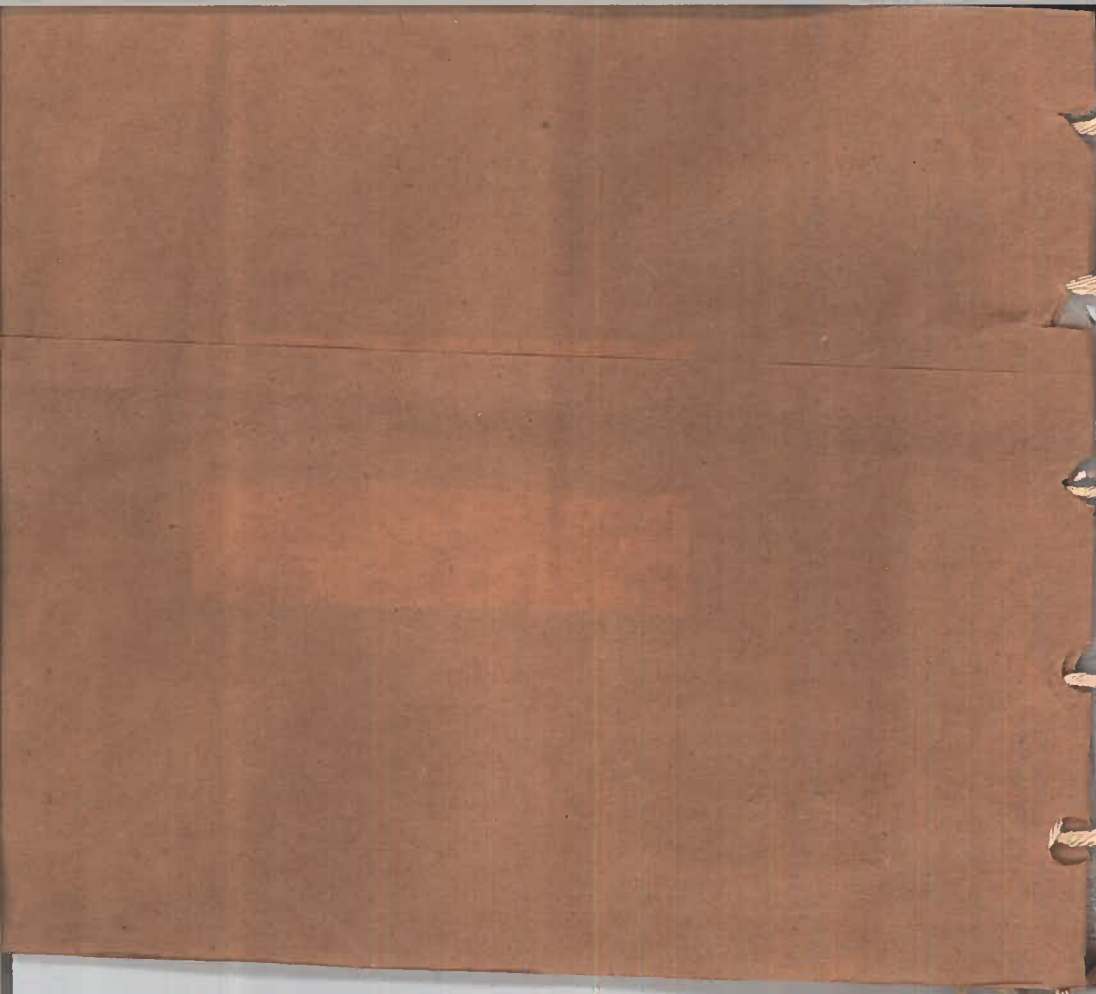


Iterations of Gaia

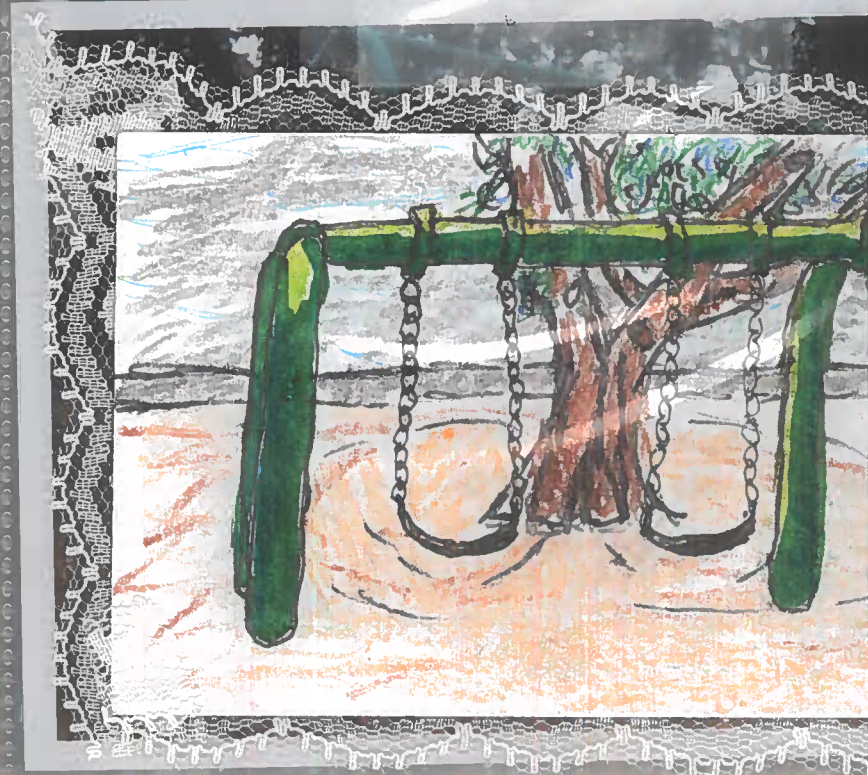
VOL IV

By: BAEVY



Bedroom

Grandma left and there is  
no one  
to admire my work  
so I hold the crayons  
in a row  
and color like a toddler  
in hopes to lick these wounds  
take  
take  
take  
the flowers are dead anyway



## Bedroom

I sat in the swing  
and felt the dug out footing  
made by so many kids before me  
I am much to do to be on this side  
and better suited for pushing  
to listen to a little one laughing  
to be greeted by a tall tree  
I can relate to myself as growing  
to be seen by another iteration of me



Huntington Park

When I first arrived at the park  
I sat in the swing  
and felt the dug out footing  
made by so many kids  
before me  
I am much too old to be on this side  
and better suited for  
to listen to a little one pushing  
to be greeted by a tall tree laughing  
I can relate to myself as growing  
to be seen by another iteration of me

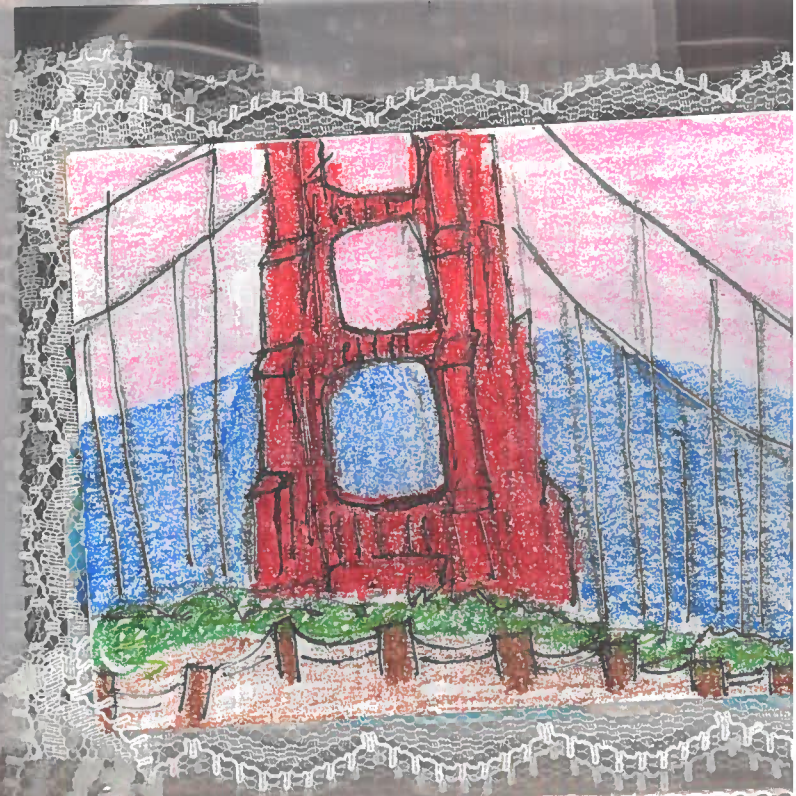


Golden Gate Bridge

I find myself in a crowd of tourists  
and wonder when they look at the bridge  
more red than gold

if they project their dreams on it too  
one where the cars below play their songs  
or go home to watch the movies their in  
with the art they made hung on the walls  
or just a family home where their love  
lives on and on

their backs facing the monument  
should I take one too? pictures snapping  
to prove I'm even here



# Golden Gate Bridge

and wonder when they look at the bridge  
more red than golden  
if they project their dreams on it too  
one where the cars below play  
their songs or go home to watch  
the movies their in with the  
art they made hang on the walls  
or just a family home where their  
love lives on and on



Great  
Bridges

I asked him  
would you rather be the sun  
or its likeness reflected on the  
water

he said the sun  
and I knew we  
were too different  
where he is running  
I stay still and contmplate  
studying the ripples in my face



Keller Beach Park

I asked him once  
would you rather be the sun  
or its reflection on the water?  
he said the sun  
and I knew we were  
too different  
where he is running  
I stay  
still  
and contemplate  
studying the ripples in my face  
a flash of color  
he  
no time for me zooms by  
to study him



## Evran Beach

all wet from running in the  
water with his dog

I like to watch him play  
and wonder if he would's till  
be my boy

perhaps I judged him too harshly  
and studied his flaws  
and under the sun  
forgetting the moon can be