

Eliana Melo

Mr. Johnson

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Poem

Blue Jar

An immense feeling of pain fills the air,

As I sort through the jars in my room.

All holding memories,

With the bad ones marked in blue.

Shiny ribbons, around patterned cloth.

Holding different colored lights,

Radiant and bright,

Inside of its vessel,

Creating stained glass,

That make beautiful colors,

When the moon hits them at night.

The blue jars hold fear,

Some are filled with stardust,

Some are filled with glitter,

That covers up the ocean of tears.

I only show some jars to my family and friends,
Like the pink jars, or yellow jars,
The jars that I hide piles of blue ones under.
I never show a jar marked in blue.

I hold a jar at school,
Or whenever I'm with my friends,
This jar is a bright white one,
It holds both a memory, and an order.
The day I found out that sharing my blue jars,
Would cause other's judge me,
This white jar reminds me to never share my true emotions with others.
It tells me to pay attention,
To be cautious around others,
"Don't get too attached,
Or else you know what will happen again,
They'll think you're weird,
They'll forget about you like the main cause of the blue jars did."

This white jar has ruined so many things for me,
But I must listen to it,
Or else abandonment is a guarantee.

But underneath all the pink jars in my bag,

Under the books,

In between the nooks and crannies,

Is a jar,

With a lovely white ribbon,

Marked in blue.