

CAP HILL, WA

& FEEDING THE ACHE. FLEEING TO REYKJAVÍK.
SO I RETURNED. THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD SHONE

WITH HEALTH WEARABLES & GALLONS OF CRAFT
ICE CREAM. WE MUST BE ON A FLIGHT PATH

I SAID, FEELING THE GREEN OF NEW PLANT-
LOVE ON YOUR BALCONY, THIS IS INCREDIBLE.

poetic
journeys

Poetic Journeys A collaborative project of the
UConn Creative Writing Program & Design Center
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Excerpt from “Cap Hill, WA”
Poet Aidan Wood with UConn English Department
Designer Cole Heitmann with Design Center

Series 2025
Information poeticjourneys.uconn.edu
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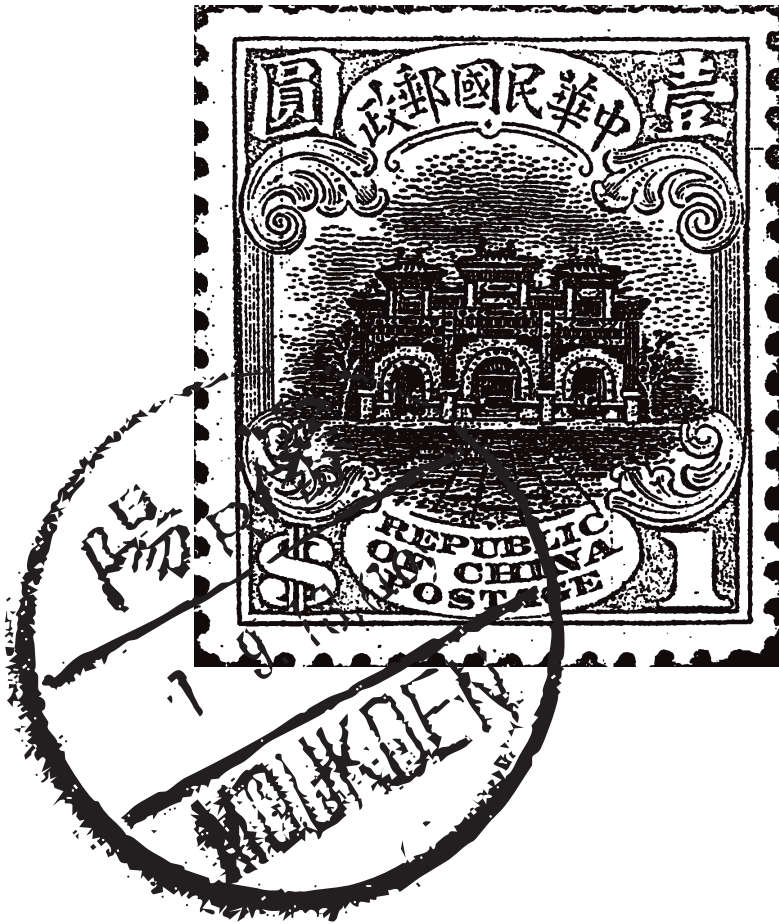
Text & feeding the ache: fleeing to Reykjavík. So I
returned. The old neighborhood shone with health
wearables & gallons of craft ice cream. We must be on

a flight path I said, feeling the green of new plant-love
on your balcony, this is incredible.

The last time I held Grandpa’s hands was a
handshake exchanged in an apartment in Hubei.
Had I known it was the last, I would have studied
those fissured lines, memorized the warmth.
I would have grasped his hands, communicated
remorse in a touch that surpasses speech.

I find myself apologizing for all the words my
fractured Chinese could never give.
Now I have only stamps carefully snipped out by a man
who mailed himself to America for us,
The tracing books for English alphabets made by a man
whose tongue knew only Mandarin,
The fading memory of the landscape of a hand,

And a love too late to repay.



wings scorch the air my ears
those most important appendages of birds
reflect dark down wards & bodies up around
they fit lightly into the skies

at that ~~unending~~ horizon,
I glimpse a yearning,

only silence answers
and I

back,
glance
at my map,

x
a cosmos, x
x
x

with all its
[creases] and

yellowed borders

evidence of no
corner untrodden
...

The blue between the stems.

How Van Gogh never visited Japan
yet saw it everywhere.

Delusion or projection?

Stretching around fifth avenue,

tough like taffy

mulled in the mouth.

I remember the teeth of men who loved me.

After twelve hours,
I had to induce you.

Pitocin is
a cruel god.

She railed
through my body,
demanding our
connection crack.

She demanded blood,
she demanded rupture.

And I
split like
a crock.

You spilled from me.
Purple, smeared with white vernix,
ROARING at the rival god

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Excerpt from "To My Fickle Goddess"
Poet Sophia Wallis Buckner with UConn English Department
Designer Cole Heitmann with Design Center

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