

# AN ANGEL'S STONE



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**BIBAT**

**Our dearest Laine,  
a spunky princess,  
we miss you—  
your jubilant laugh,  
your cheerful voice,  
your dimpled smile...**

**You will remain,  
immortalized  
in our thoughts.**

**Teaching us so much,  
you will rise and  
rest,  
to teach us so much more.**

**In a place where the ground is clouds,  
The sky is purple,  
everything, is perfect.**

**This is dedicated to you, Madelaine Shil-Lei Mammen,  
we love you.**

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### About the Poet

Julia Qiao is an 8<sup>th</sup> grader at J.L.Stanford Middle school. Her hobbies include swimming, skiing, snowboarding, drawing, playing the piano and violin. In her free time, Julia can be found reading or writing some fiction stories. She lives with her sister, mother and father in Palo Alto, California. She also loves to hike with her friends or roller skating with her family.

### The One That Touches All

It is my grandma  
drinking chamomile tea,  
telling adventures  
from when she was free.

It is a day at the pool,  
surrounded by friends,  
a time for joy,  
for friendships to mend.

Free from sorrow,  
free from pain,  
The open meadow  
flowing, a horse's mane.

It is the "surprise!" and the gasp  
that all will yell,  
the mirthful glances,  
joy rings like a bell.

It is sunshine blooming  
a rainbow above,  
the moist grass soothing,  
a day for love.

It is the sun that breaks  
over a stormy sky,  
the awakening birds  
spread their wings and fly.

It is the hearth at winter,  
the snow outside,  
softly falling as  
we sit by a fire side.

It is the gleeful laugh,  
that escapes a broken heart,  
releasing all wounds  
to return to the start.

It is the laughs of all  
rise in the air,  
family and friends  
all sit there.

It is the gentle climbing,  
rising over the sea  
as the sun greets the world,  
just to see me.

It is the flickering light  
of a campfire's flame,  
reaching towards us  
calling each by name

It is the trill of birds,  
the color that sets us free,  
It is yellow,  
the color of family.

## Dreams

The solution was hydrochloric acid;  
the problem was therefore,  
a hopeless dream.

A dream so crazy,  
impossible to reach,  
a dream to touch the sky  
in a breath and a blink.

Everyone told him  
“It’s impractical, so stop”  
but it consumed him until  
he could not halt.

It was dense, quixotic,  
foolhardy and silly,  
it made no sense  
it was impossible, really.

But it was a dream,  
a wish to be better,  
to rise above all,  
and set the standard.

A dream is like a song,  
beating with hope,  
never ending  
without resolving.

A dream like a pearl,  
that Kino would hold,  
so small yet powerful,  
a beacon of light.

A dream is like a broken bird,  
spreading its wings,  
finally flying free,  
heart beating as it sings.

A dream is a starry night  
after weeks of pouring rain.  
It is the crystal silence  
that crickets always break.

A dream is a crashing wave,  
it overwhelms you in a flash  
always ebbing at your heart,  
it constantly laps.

A dream is like a forest,  
reaching higher into the clouds.  
It entangles you and keeps you  
moving forward to find a way out.

No matter how hopeless,  
it still was a dream,  
a will to be  
someone, they want to be.

Someone they yearn for  
when they look in the mirror,  
someone they can be  
If they could just continue...

Yet it seemed impossible,  
consuming him with every breath.  
It needed to be stopped,  
Destroyed on contact.

Nothing could hurt it,  
It burned deep within,  
warming his fragile soul,  
with hope and pure contentment.

The problem was a dream,  
The solution was, therefore,  
following it.

## Mona Lisa

You stare at my portrait,  
judging me every single day.  
“Why does she not smile?”  
“She is so plain!”

I will tell you why,  
in the simplest of words,  
my face so solemn,  
not singing like birds.

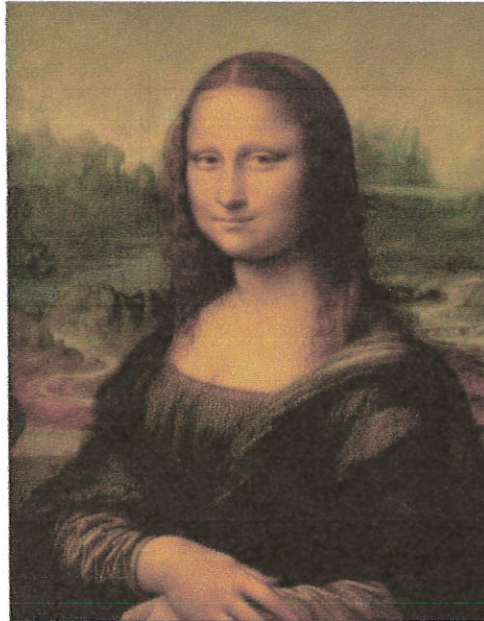
Do you think I enjoy,  
the constant sound  
of angry words  
flying around and around?

I may be art,  
but I still have a soul.  
To hear such words  
is like a haunting ghoul.

Have you not considered,  
how much pain I endure,  
forced to sit there,  
my feelings obscure.

Do you know how much,  
I wish to stand,  
to shout, to laugh,  
to lay in the sand.

But instead  
I am made,  
to sit in a frame,  
my face stiff, like a blade.



I acknowledge that  
the landscape behind  
is covered in darkness,  
as some will find.

I tried to leave,  
baggage from the past,  
but it somehow finds me  
heavy, like a cast.

What lies behind,  
is not so bright,  
and at times seems hard  
to bring it to light.

Can't you see,  
my inside struggle,  
a civil war,  
pain I must smuggle?

I am you,  
average and all.  
Must I look stunning,  
to capture and enthrall?

Your cruel kindness,  
to hang me on a wall,  
to be marveled by none,  
to be marveled by all.

I am the Mona Lisa,  
plain as can be,  
but I do not care,  
as you can clearly see.



### **The Mist That Stays Forever**

The darkness shrouds the light  
as despair lowers like a veil.  
When love and laughter takes flight,  
happiness is so frail.

As despair lowers like a veil,  
all will succumb to blindness  
happiness is so frail—  
I will not kill with kindness.

All will succumb to blindness,  
not unlike her mother, sorrow.  
I will not kill with kindness,  
but shall fight till the morrow.

Not unlike her mother, sorrow,  
when love and laughter takes flight,  
but shall fight till the morrow;  
the darkness shrouds the light.



### An Angel's Stone

I cannot say,  
I knew her the best,  
I cannot say,  
I saw her the most.

But in my heart,  
she will always remain  
unbroken—  
a small girl.  
A girl with a heart of gold  
pure as the night,  
purer than the largest diamond  
that we all hold dearly.

I hold her fragile soul—  
a glittering stone of purple.  
Its tiny convolutions capture the light  
and continue to let it sparkle.  
Sparkle with hope and melody,  
sparkle with laughter and love,  
sparkle with her memories,  
of everyone she's thought of.

We all hold the stone,  
perfect as can be,  
its tiny imperfections,  
make it all the more alluring.

We all want her here,  
we all want her now  
to be by our side every day.  
But in the rush of emotions,  
the stone falls away,  
dropping, into the mist below.

It descends to the floor in a crash,  
shatters,  
a broken amethyst,  
millions of pieces scattered about,  
shards of memories to take.

Gently, I pick up one.  
It's my 10th birthday again.  
The crash of bowling pins  
falling to the ground,  
her smile wafting,  
all throughout.

Slowly each of us choose a piece,  
some, one, or two, or three.  
We all painfully stare,  
at these memories,  
each fragment so tiny.

A wind blows through the world,  
picking up each shard,  
drifting it through the air,  
as each find a place in our hearts.

There the stones will stay,  
forever to remain in our scars,  
where the memories will replay and replay,  
and linger for all eternity.

I cannot say,  
I knew her the best.  
I cannot say,  
I saw her the most.

But in all's hearts,  
she will remain,  
our dear little Laine,  
who has taught us so much.

Taught us how to love,  
taught us how to laugh,  
taught us how to enjoy life,  
no matter the tragic past.

Laine will always stay,  
immortalized in our thoughts,  
her cherished grin,  
her happy laugh  
will have a piece  
of our hearts.

**Works Cited**

"Mona Lisa Postcards." & *Postcard Template Designs*. N.p., n.d. Web. 17 Apr. 2014.