

Open Book  
A Collection of Poems  
By Maggie Whitmore

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## Author's Note

This collection of poems has been inspired and themed around the beat poetry movement. In my Humanities class, I have learned and researched the history of beat poetry and have used it as a base within my poetry. These poems all mean something to me, through their stories and voices. Though my poetry does not necessarily carry very many themes of beat poetry, it is still inspired by the works of many beat poets. One of my biggest inspirations for this collection is the poet Diane di Prima. Her work within the beat poetry movement is unlike most poetry I have seen before. This is apparent through my poems in their line breaks and rhythm structure. These poems show a closer look into what I think about, and although most of them do not mirror my own experiences, they are all ultimately inspired by my life. I usually do not care to write about myself, but I am very proud of these poems. I hope you enjoy Open Book.

## The Cloud

I awakened to the soft glow of the rising sun pouring through the air down to me.  
So sweet, as sugar spun for a fairgoer.  
Spring was long since past.  
Apparent this was, as the birds who once sang their sing song of hope, no longer were they heard.

It was long since my time to wake,  
Dizzy as I stood,  
Glimpsing around.  
Stepping out onto the once flat ground, my shoes paled and grew cold.  
The settling of the icy air had forced the clouds to fall.  
The clouds lay, calm and still, in front of my feet.  
They lay there, asleep, as the world around listened to their words and echoes.

The taste of crisp dew and the feeling of chilled air on my uncovered hands filled my head.  
I looked out to places I'd known my whole life, disguised as though they didn't recognize me.  
As if they weren't for me anymore.  
The streetlights were as clouded as the sky after a heavy rain. The light reflected down faintly.  
Differently from before.

The world stopped spinning for those few moments  
And suddenly  
The slight crunch of the cloud as I stepped upon it, broke the silence of the morning  
And slowly I fell back to earth, from my dreamy state above.

## Soup Spoon

I went out for lunch yesterday.  
I bought a bowl of chicken noodle soup  
And with it, came a clear plastic spoon.

I put the spoon in the pocket of my jacket  
On accident.  
I forgot where it was  
So I asked for a new spoon.  
I finished my soup,  
and left,  
With the old spoon still in my pocket.

Today, I put on my jacket and drove to the store.  
The spoon came with me,  
hiding,  
As I picked up eggs and milk.  
It stayed in my pocket as I checked out  
But I still didn't know it was there.

As I made my way home, I stopped at the bank.  
I had some cash to deposit into my account.  
I decided to leave my jacket in the car.  
The spoon was alone now.  
Spoon had no way of knowing where she was.  
She was all alone in her own world.

I opened my car door,  
And Spoon was no longer alone.  
She and I drove home in silence.  
When I arrived home, I took my jacket off  
And hung it up on its hook.  
Everything has a place in my house.  
The milk and eggs belong in the fridge.  
My jacket belongs on its hook.  
But spoon doesn't have a place.  
She isn't supposed to be here.

Pt. 1

The grey scape of towering buildings  
A mix of old and new  
Opening into a bustling world.  
The noise of the world so intense it is hard to hear  
And it's silence is deafening.  
It's difficult to understand how big this world is  
Since most of it is hidden.  
Below ground, and in plain sight  
Every step is new  
Yet traced by countless before it.  
Everyone in this world is clueless.  
Unaware of the stories of everyone around them.  
Each with a different reason for being  
Right here,  
Right now.

Gone

The crisp cold winter wind  
Blowing through the air  
Waiting for a door to close

She steps forward  
Onto the cold pink stone  
Looking towards the sky

It's only a few days  
She said  
As she walked out the door

## New Shirt

I just bought a new shirt.  
Not for anyone else,  
Just for myself.

This shirt is grey.  
I have not had a grey shirt before.  
It feels crisp, but soft  
Like wind on a sunny day.

My shirt is like a child  
Young and hopeful  
With it's whole future ahead of it.

My shirt is a new beginning  
Lawless and hopeful  
Something different than before

I will wear this shirt  
Tomorrow, with blue jeans and black shoes.  
It is short sleeved  
So I will wear a jacket.  
I hope that it doesn't rain tomorrow  
Because my jacket doesn't have a hood.



## Moonlight

I don't know whether moonlight exists.  
I've never been lucky enough to see it  
Experience it's delicate touch  
Feel its coolness disguised as kindness.  
Perhaps I haven't been awake for its show  
Or perhaps I haven't been paying enough attention.

Pt. 2

A man steps down stairs which are stained with water  
From the previous night's rain.  
He is on his way to his favourite lunch spot  
A sandwich shop two blocks from his office  
Where he works for a company  
With little respect for his dreams.  
He is excited to go home,  
Because he will see his dog for the first time today.  
He slips in the pools of rain,  
And bumps into a woman  
Who scowls at him.

A woman steps up stairs which are stained by water  
From the previous nights rain.  
She is late for her bus.  
She needs to catch a bus that will take her to a coffee shop  
She is meeting an old friend.  
She nearly slips on the water on the steps  
And grabs the railing to catch herself from falling.  
A man bumps into her  
And her bag tumbles over  
Spilling it's contents into the air.  
The bus drives by as she is picking up her wallet.

## Quiet

In our world, everything is clear  
Either true or false, real or fake,  
Nothing to question.  
But in the dream world, rules don't matter.  
They don't even exist.

Anything could happen  
As we fall into a slumber.  
As we fall into a dream  
A better time, place,  
Experience.

When our eyes close  
As we drift from this world  
New eyes open.  
Never realizing what is happening around us.  
Just allowing it.  
Shapes and colours form around us  
Yet go unnoticed until fully formed.

If only once

If only once  
I'll see the light of the sun  
Shine down upon your smiling face  
If only once  
I'll hear the song  
Of the soft patter of the rain  
As you look towards me with a grin  
I will never be the same  
If only once  
I'll feel the warmth  
Of this bright summer day  
As all is over much too fast  
I'll have to enjoy what I can

## Chronology

Some of my poems are roughly inspired by events and occurrences in my life. Here is a chronology of some of these events to better show my perspective.

June 22nd, 2012

I moved to Vancouver from Canada from Seattle, WA

December 11th, 2018

I bought a new grey shirt which quickly became my favourite shirt

January 12th, 2019

I started writing down my dreams each morning

February 12th, 2019

I didn't go to school because it was a snow day. Instead, I woke up early and did everything that I wanted to that day.

November 1st, 2019

I went and explored a part of downtown Vancouver I hadn't see before

December 13th, 2019

I found out that I had a plastic spoon in my pocket and tried to figure out where it had come from