

poems for the end
college poetry anthology

sunny
feldman



Spring
2023



dedicated to Dad and Poppy, who made me a
writer and gave me my name.



forgotten fairies



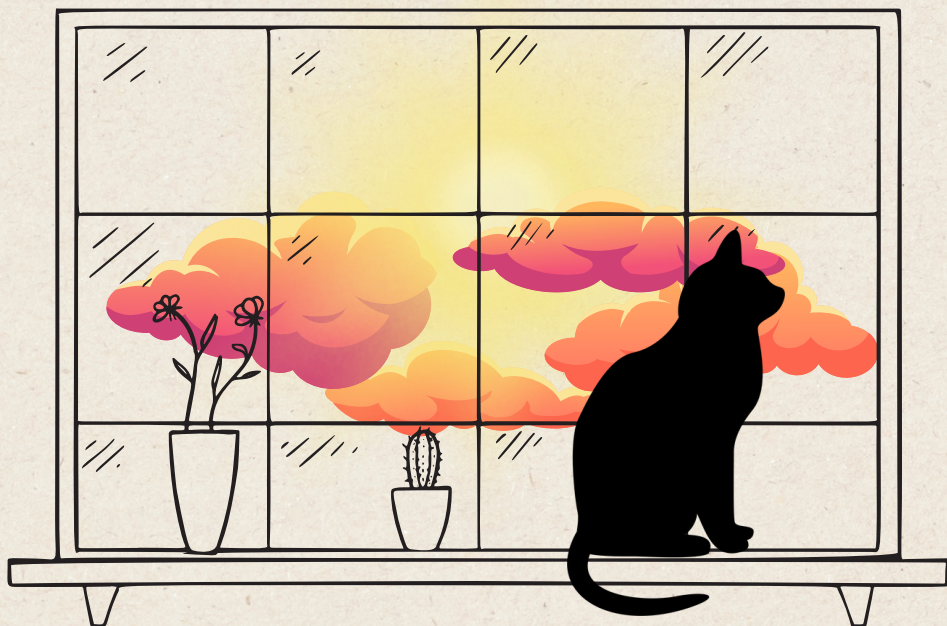
if i could i would shrink myself down and live in a terrarium.
a small glass jar filled with velvety moss, carefully places sticks and
leaves and small petals to wear as a hat.

like a young girl prepared this place, like i am her backyard fairy.
bringing me tiny curved leaves of water, and scraps from the dinner
table.

i was no older than the little girl when i tried to shrink for real.
i became so obsessed with mirrors and numbers and shrinking that
i had forgotten about my own backyard fairy.
about making her a place to sleep, lounge furniture out of cool flat river
stones,
whittled twig welcome signs, fern woven rugs, and petal hats;
i hear her twinkly voice calling me out back-
she whispers:

“when you find yourself again,”

“i will still be in the glass jar
waiting for you to bring me acorn cups of tea
smiling at how much you’ve grown”



did my years come and go so fast
that i didn't even see
clouds darting
as sunrises and sunsets pass
i grow old



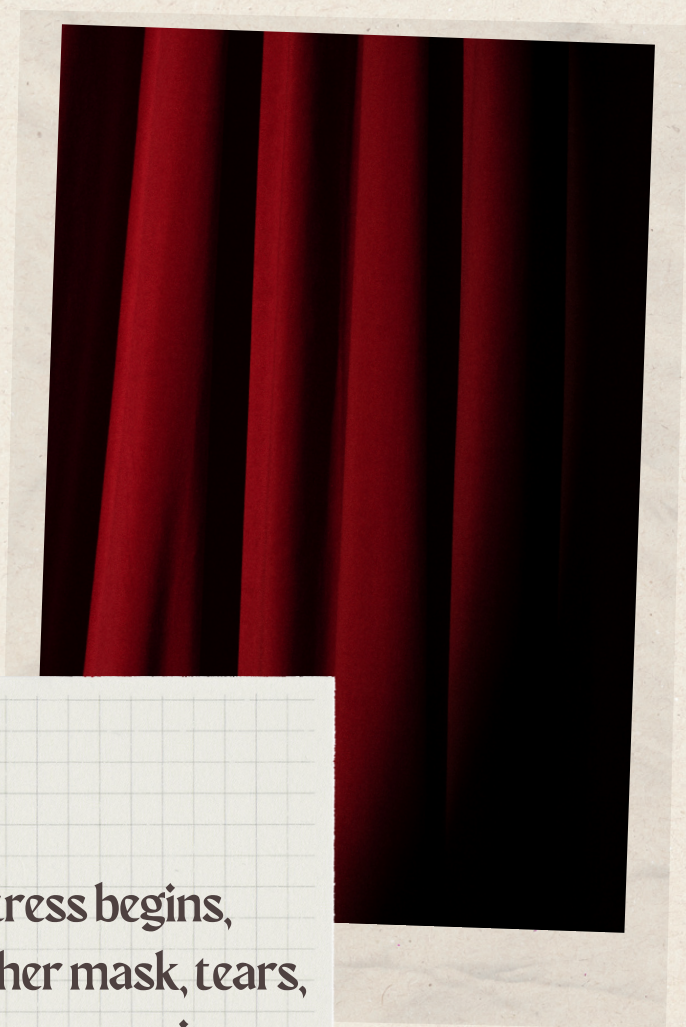
body (neutrality)

my human form is not beautiful
it is chaos in the jaiyard of my bones,
food fights in the high school cafeteria,
it is never dormant
this body, eats, sleeps, drinks, stands, breathes, dreams,
and gives birth to those with dreams,
the delicate balance is ethereally involuntary and terrifying
you can look at me superficially, and want me to look too,
but what about-
my mind, my heart, my presence, my non-physical form?
i want to leave my ego behind
so i remain- neutrally in awe-
of what this body can do.

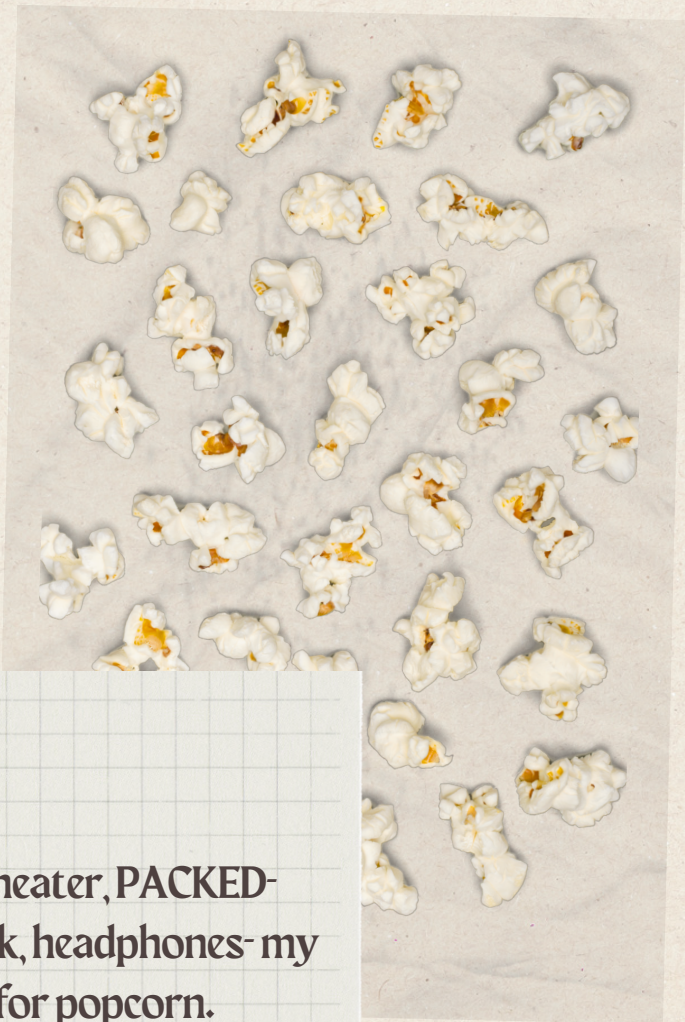
i will endlessly love my soul
but please
don't ask me to love my body



and forever in this threshold
etched into wooded planks of time
our last act of friendship



the actress begins,
under her mask, tears,
anger's expression.



movie theater, PACKED-
help desk, headphones- my
respect for popcorn.

a weekend at
dartmouth college, hanover, NH
march 3-5, 2023
a haiku story
by sunny feldman

dartmouth
voices in the wild,
freedom, and the evergreen
brother of my blood.

air mattress
we share his dorm room.
we are six once more. twins,
grown bodied, asleep.

eight inches of snow overnight
"too many feldmans-
in one place" can make blizzards,
can make the earth shake.

fratting
the house of penis
has a pull-out method—next
one, next fun, next-done.

bestowed
an ally is not:
someone calling me "queen", NO.
it's who i say can.

greek lives, observed
brother's indifference,
the fermented aura, and
rape awareness sign.



NOTES

@sunny.feldman on instagram

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let all you leave behind
sign and smile
"she was like sunlight"
because she made everyone belong
under her glow

- sunny