

Final Portfolio Chapbook

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ENG 306: Practicum - Writing Poetry

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Nguyen, Hoa, November 7, 2023, “White Phosphorus” prompt after Alice Notley, [Week Nine],

TMU, Toronto, ON.

Peeling Jasmine

Wake up

Its paranoia

Or shall I say poeia

your hearts already

half way down

the race track

1,000 thoughts/km

Go on in, its just class

Time block tapered

With your face

I know best

The maggot nibbling away

Don't you trust me?

(Of course you do, because I tell you to)

Fine

Don't

Watch

Your heart explode

Dusting the chalkboard

Or

You'll be too

Busy reading

Ahead

Scrabbling with

Scrabbled blocks

(Don't sound stupid!)

Would you like to add to the conversation?

No

NO

You heard nothing

I sounded the siren

Beneath your

Left breast

Burying your heart

In blurs

Like a pint

Your welcome

Speaking of

Your breasts

What face did

The mirror make

This morning?

Who cares

For school

Its a playground

For devilish

Eyes

Your distracted

Quick

Eat your paper!

There she goes

I clock out

And you

Think to yourself

Never tastes

rotten

As an apple

Kicked around

Between trash

Ya right!

See you next week

Nguyen, Hoa, September 19, 2023, "Dream Poem" prompt after Rita Dove Lecture [Week Three], TMU, Toronto, ON. Revised.

Don't Walk in the Woods

Footprints left in a field painted grey.

Red eyes suffocating me,

We know them as crows.

To me they resemble beasts.

I began to remember how my mother told me to hide,

From the guys with red eyes.

My mouth is so dry, so I hide inside.

Blue eyes poured onto the field,

Washing away the grey.

Making me wish that it would actually rain,

So my eyes would get a break instead

I awake by my own hand,

Beaking at my neck.

Nguyen, Hoa, September 5, 2023, "At Fifty I Am Startled to Find I Am in My Splendor"
prompt after Sandra Cisneros, [Week One], TMU, Toronto, ON. Revised.

Panic at The Flesh

I am navigator
controller of lens.
Capturing flaws
Crawling beneath my skin.

Breathing in so lovingly,

As I spy on each pore
Gushing with anxiety.
Navigating myself
With warmth

From my clammy hand.
I am redirecting lens
From silk skin,
Calm pulses,

Milk for hair.

To meadows

Growing lovingly flaws.

Watering roots

Overgrown on nail beds,

I lay on,

As heart pours

Over the sheets,

For anxiety

Paints beauty

Within.

Nguyen, Hoa, October 24, 2023, In class prompt after Structures of Poetry [Week Seven], TMU,
Toronto, ON.

he *Loves* me, he *Loves* me not

I love her more
but you'll never know

I love you.

Halls wallow
And whisper my secrets in your ear.
That hangs in a coat rack only being asked
For the number,
When something is needed.

I hate you.

Only using your fruit,
Where hers fed my soul

I love you.

“Exercise 3/2: Postcard Poem” Guppy, Stephen, *Writing and Workshopping Poetry*,
Broadview Press, Peterborough, ON, 2017, p. 51.

Greetings from the sleepest of woods my dear,
Where trees take there first and lasts,
And roads longer and narrower than our minds at their high points.

The small little cabins a mile apart each,
For ideal relaxation.
Wooden fences surrounding the pine scents and little critters that have a permanent
residence,
when wondering souls find their way out.

I’m exploding with excitement,
For when I get to introduce you to the sleepy woods my dear.

Sending all my love,
Em.

“Exercise 11/14: College poem” Guppy, Stephen, *Writing and Workshopping Poetry*,
Broadview Press, Peterborough, ON, 2017, p. 208.

The Edible Women

As I came in
I felt cold and dark,
As if I was stuffed into a box
Made of ice.

Only views were an ironing board
Yet the clothes were neglected
Hiding in cardboard.

A tool of words
Sat on the floor,
Hoping to be kicked in
With the rest of his baggage.

I melt the box
To escape what
I thought to be
Magic.

Nguyen, Hoa, September 12, 2023, "I Remember" prompt after Joe Brainard, [Week Two], TMU, Toronto, ON. Revised.

Te vas / don't go

I remember screaming Doctor Jones with a full heart.

I remember Lunar Lime and Strawberry Kiwi smacking my lips.

I remember the pleasantly sweet smell that sharpened up my nose on 4:00pm on a Thursday.

I remember making yellow flower crowns that sold to those with the right offerings of hubba bubba.

I remember how many sheep to count.

I forgot what Aqua sounded like, both the band and the actual thing.

I forgot what sunshine smelt like in August.

I forgot how to French braid hair, my hair.

I forgot what colour my tongue would turn after knocking on doors with riddles.

I forgot how many sheep I was at.

I remember the constant worry of the state of my hair.

I remember tediously matching my top down to my sock.

I remember how to walk like Veronica Sawyer in order to face the Heathers.

I remember that I lost count of sheep by the time I turned 14.

Nguyen, Hoa, October 17, 2023, “Epiphany” prompt after Angela Jackson Lecture [Week Seven], TMU, Toronto, ON. Revised.

Fuck you Trudeau

I am poor

I’ve been rich.

I am searching couch cushions

I’ve been awarded more than a Queen Elizabeth II.

I am clocking in

I’ve been *minimally* missed.

I am a mechanical bull, governed by ties

I’ve been the main act.

I am just another face in the crowd

I’ve been picked out before.

I am asking for help

I’ve actually had my call go through.

I am only spending on necessities

I’ve had pearls around my neck.

I am getting a call back

I’ve been told no.

I am *so* tired

I’ve *been* tired,
Of not having two Mackenzie King’s to rub together.

Nguyen, Hoa, September 5, 2023, "My Name" prompt after Sandra Cisneros, [Week One], TMU, Toronto, ON. Revised.

Sour Milk

My name in Polish is Emilka, three syllables, one, for my nickname Milk.

However I do not associate it with milk, for it is far too bitter for my tongue and my taste buds do not seem to familiarize with the warmth it holds in my mothers mug.

My given name spills out in just three drops,

EM

I

LY

A name most popular in the year of the Ram. A supposedly fearless and confident animal. Or so the horoscope book say. Approved by the very buyer of the book, my mother. She hoped the name would suit its host. Yet far too sour, as I tsk the name away each and everyday because this name is not mine.

A name that should have been given by my father, with just one drop that shines on all five sides, up in the sky laughing at that three syllable lie.

The name that should have been

Star.

“Exercise 1/2: Hermit-Crab Poem” Guppy, Stephen, *Writing and Workshopping Poetry*,
Broadview Press, Peterborough, ON, 2017, p. 14.

I Have Hated High School for too Long

RECIPE:

Ingredients: Confidence, a new leaf, optimism.

Optional: A new attitude.

Wash bad energy thoroughly before beginning.

With this routine you should start feeling fresh and clean,
So clean, the confidence has shaken the unclean off of you.

Now take your new leaf, we'll call her free,
Soon you'll finally feel yourself breath.

Adding in the optimism, you'll notice the roots beneath you slowly turning into dead wheats,
Resulting in a new attitude where you can finally begin a new leaf.

Work Cited

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