

## Fruits of Our Labor

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# Fruits of Our Labor

## Diallo Weeks

Buoyancy from the boat we made  
Colored pencil line sketches  
Crafted from paper planes  
On paper plain ink dripped  
And every rain piece skipped  
Clusters of puddles no wonder we huddle  
Under umbrellas Japanese white rabbit flavored  
Candy, can we, really determine the motion  
Of our pen scribbles little did we know  
Tapping into an emotion  
Left overnight  
Coagulation soaking a moment of omens  
In potent scenes of the membrane  
Flashball memories so obscure  
How can we ever endure each hard  
Ship crashing against the edge of a rocky shore?  
Serrated by outer shell of what we intend to hide  
How many times have you expressed a feeling  
Through the movement of your body?  
Sweat beads dripping reeling off the presence  
Of interior moving to the exterior

Our turtle shells only last so long  
Before our arms and limbs have to extend  
Within to migrate across the sand  
That they've stepped on  
But don't you ever forget the path  
You've trekked on withdrawn from  
Memories that could alter the way  
Your tears drop, and you're afraid  
The truth of pain will release in a way  
That test the tears  
Took like a clock  
Whose second hand clicks  
Past waves of sand whirls-pooling

Swirls-drooling till the demon's caught

Are you open to omens commemorating  
Change or are you halting with every exhaust  
Fume extending from your range...  
Rover was the name of her first dog  
Rover roaming over the hills meandering  
Like zig-zags on her jacket sweater

Under the weather whether or not her  
Mother would tell her the dangers  
Of the boy whose thoughts went far  
Beyond the boundaries of a surface level thinker  
Her defiant never overly-compliant heavily sighing  
Daughter could never be altered painting pictures  
Across the walls of her room she ventured farther  
Thinking of all the times she spent sneaking out  
Of bedroom windows to howl under the moon  
Light shines on each blade of grass evading her  
Weight of passed time confining the only moment  
In her mind peace was silence in the pretense  
Of anxiety

We scurry like scattered rats trying to find our way  
Out of the lab a maze designed to keep the brains  
Circular docile like a wave forever  
In slow motion ignorant of the commotion  
Solitary confinement cages in our environment  
Wages do not inspire the ways which our desire spills  
Monetary means could never expire  
These dreams  
No, don't get a BA in creative writing  
It won't pay enough  
But....

He'd rather be broke still happily re-reading notes  
From the poem started in the middle of lecture  
Than, sitting in an office cubicle for his 9-5  
His mind defies any form of rigid norms  
Fidgeting was a side effect from a space cadet

Who strangely crash landed on a distant planet of  
ADHD and maybe  
Being from another land  
Didn't always undermine his feelings  
Of being "othered" but he didn't want to  
Be bothered by...  
The awkward nature of small talk that danced in circles  
Like pre-school girls in unison singing ring around the rosie  
So what is this really?  
An extraverted introversion searching  
For a deeper motive floating above the grass of serpents  
Succubus trying to suckle his last ounce of freedom  
Holding hands he and she, her and he, she and me  
(I know it's supposed to be She and I)  
We, levitated over the gremlins  
Entering each kingdom greeted  
By empirical hiatus because the King is deemed the greatest  
When he steps outside of his throne and blends in  
Drinking gin with the common folks who soak through  
Every systematic convention years of static venting  
And dance freely amongst one another

So even when the flames would fly  
Blame in eyes, hate in mind  
Holding hands he and she, her and he, she and me  
(I know it's supposed to be She and I)  
We found a way forever escaping over the all  
Encompassing dome  
Phone home to the mother ship  
Origami notes like pigeon messengers  
Encountering turbulence but morphing into  
A frame where every ideal, thought and dream  
Could float....  
Buoyancy from the boat we made  
Colored pencil line sketches  
Crafted from paper planes.  
We aim: To live

**Diallo Weeks** is a writer from Oakland California, currently a Senior English major with an emphasis in writing. Diallo aims to receive an MFA in creative writing after Dominican in hopes of publishing poetry and young adult fiction.