

The Sun — Ploy Jongjaroonrungson '26

I addressed the Sun-things he missed-
nothing stays the same, and I may
as well notify him that I became unstable, that I'm
Not the little girl-in the pink dress, long huge
beaded necklace, wearing
a princess crown- running in the flower fields
the sun beaming on my face
like spotlights on the biggest arena. Couldn't agree more,
he was prime in my childhood. He backed me when
I pursued my fantasy.

Little did we know, that ray burned me until now.
Habitually he burns me,
displayed my status with the darkest wounds. forever
It will stay. No intelligence could heal it,
no hypothesis needed to find cause; I know what it is
I need the moon, the wind, the biggest mass of water,
the rain, the storm to give me a notion of what I did wrong
Consult with the sun for me, blow him as far to the next universe.

The moon's brightness was unnecessary to be great, the moon
is imprecise but the moon was patient with me
hid me from the harsh
Monitoring those that will pull me
back to the heated stage.

My poem is about a girl that had an intense and struggling past. I wanted the Sun and Moon to emphasize that the brightness does not always win over the darkness. She was innocent, but after all, the events that had happened to her burned her down. She is now scared to restart, so she decided to be hidden under the darkness of the moon. She had taken the risk to try whatever she wanted to do, and it turned out fine but as she was opened to the world even more, she realized that she was not reaching the standards and expectations of society. There were judgments upon her. What did she do wrong? She is still finding the answer. This poem has a beginning and a middle, but no ending yet. She is still in the process of escaping and figuring out her fear.

-Ploy Jongjaroonrungson