
POETRY | FALL 2022

Grief Is but a Ghoulish Thing That Occupies the Spaces We Can't Fill

By Maeliss Gelas

Son of my mother
never knew the peeling of a sunburn,
the episodic victory and despair
of a schoolyard crush,
or perhaps luckily the persistent smell
of Vicks VapoRub.

Hijo de dios, they've called you,
as you did not come from a woman.
Belitos for you, sometimes the rising smoke
strains upward in the shape of a child's hand,
expectant and wonderful.

She used to eat for two and I wonder even if
the unborn can taste the excitement,
Mama's love.
Her heart turned bitter because father will never
understand
what it means to carry something dead inside.

Maeliss Gelas is a second-year medical student at the University of Arizona College of Medicine. She obtained her Bachelor's degree at NYU in Biology and Creative Writing. In her work, she seeks to explore the role of intergenerational trauma in the experience of intimacy. While in school she is involved in the Health Humanities program and is currently working on her first graphic novel.

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