

# Defamiliarize

written by Guest Contributor | October 18, 2019



What will you do with the rainstorm I've put in you?  
When a desert has become a forest  
how possible is it to adapt?

You were the river that guided me  
to the waterfall I didn't know was there.  
You were the smooth rainbows of oil  
come to slide across my ocean's surface;  
and when the sun had parched my skin,  
you came as the downpour  
that created a flood.

In the dunes  
I never could seek you out,  
though the desert always suited you best:  
in the forest we created together  
the foliage pressed too far apart  
for me to see between;  
every grain of sand's  
impossibility  
to remove one by one,  
to reveal a shining silver  
treasure of a core,  
fit you just right.

The old chair with its creak,  
the song of the chimes above the door  
pushed by a jasmine-scented breeze  
so known by now it's become us—  
does it become unfamiliar?  
And will you  
stay reeling from what you've done,  
the will to expand  
shrinking with the ability?  
What will you do with my rainstorm?  
What will you do?



**Zaji Cox** has been creating stories since she started reading at age three. She discovered her passion for writing when she wrote her first short story at nine years old, and began seriously considering it as she went on to write and self-publish a fantasy/adventure novel by the time she was thirteen. She wrote a collection of short stories for her high school senior project in 2012, which she compiled into a book that she self-published in 2016. Her prose and poetry have been published in *Pathos Literary Magazine*, *The Sunflower Collective*, and is forthcoming in the *Portland Metrozine*. She is currently working on a children's book as well as a memoir. Along with being a writer she is also a dancer, Portland State alumna, and animal lover.