

Two Poems

by Asha Abdosh

Over It

I'm over overthinking
'cause quite frankly it's a waste of time
I'd rather protect this mind of mine
hate when I can't think in a straight line
and all my thoughts bounce around and can't be confined

forgetting how I got here in the first place, simply doesn't feel worth it
'cause when the picture isn't quite so clear
and the pieces don't add up
I fear that my peace
will get lost in the mix,
I fear that my peace
will cease to exist,
I fear that my sanity
will become endangered in favour of the spiral
a simple thought suddenly gone viral

it starts with a simple reflection
over analyzing each moment
overthinking each thought
my mind working overtime, going over what went wrong
and then over again

well, I'm over it
I'm overturning it
I'm overtly returning it:
so instead of being sucked into that hole
I choose to stay whole
and focus on my goals,
I'm protecting my soul
by staying in control,
stress locked away
with no chance of parole

because there's nothing like a mind still as a pond
and your reflections as tranquil as dawn
conflictions scatter like fawn
and as resolution arises
deep breath
Finally.

Proof

I'll give you my attention like an incomplete fraction
the root of our love is undefined
it's something you can only imagine
derived from passion

we might be opposites
but when adjacent to you
it's as if we've stopped time
nothing's comparable
it must be a sign
my missing variable
the stars realign
and suddenly I see

there is no one right angle
seeing both perspectives is integral
because two rights don't make a wrong,
ours converge and a long line headed forward is our destiny
the product of our love is a legacy
endlessly heavenly
and the limit does not exist
an infinite moment of bliss
beyond the real world
because our parallels
brought us together

we beat the statistics
rebuke their logistics
we are nothing intrinsic
can't fit in one bracket
and I might sound insane
but trust, I can back it
because I've done the math

by embracing our difference
considering distance
and instants of resistance
combined with persistence
my inference is
there is no quotient of uncertainty
therefore
it works out so perfectly
I say this earnestly
and honestly nervously
we are destined for eternity.
Q.E.D.

Asha Abdosh was the 2025 Youth Poet Laureate for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and a keynote speaker at *Atlantis'* 2025 conference. She is a writer and poet with Ethiopian roots. Since migrating to Halifax, her identity and lived experience have provided a unique and multifaceted perspective on the world around her. A lens that made it clear that she must dedicate her life to fostering a society where liberation is no longer a fantasy but a reality for all. She has committed her years to uplifting marginalized voices and inspiring meaningful dialogue within local schools by participating in councils and leading student associations. For Asha, poetry is more than an art form—it became a sanctuary, a medium of boundless expression, and a means of building a bridge between personal and collective experiences. Through her words, she aims to forge connections across diverse audiences by not only resonating with those who see their struggle and triumphs reflected in her work, but also by challenging others to consider new perspectives. Ultimately, she strives to create art that educates, inspires and unites.