

The Fridge Collection
Volume 3

Poems By Aaron Smith



Breathe in more

magic and surround

yourself with trees

that know you



There is always a
thing, if you let it

Broken pie

will always

be delicious,

so never

worry



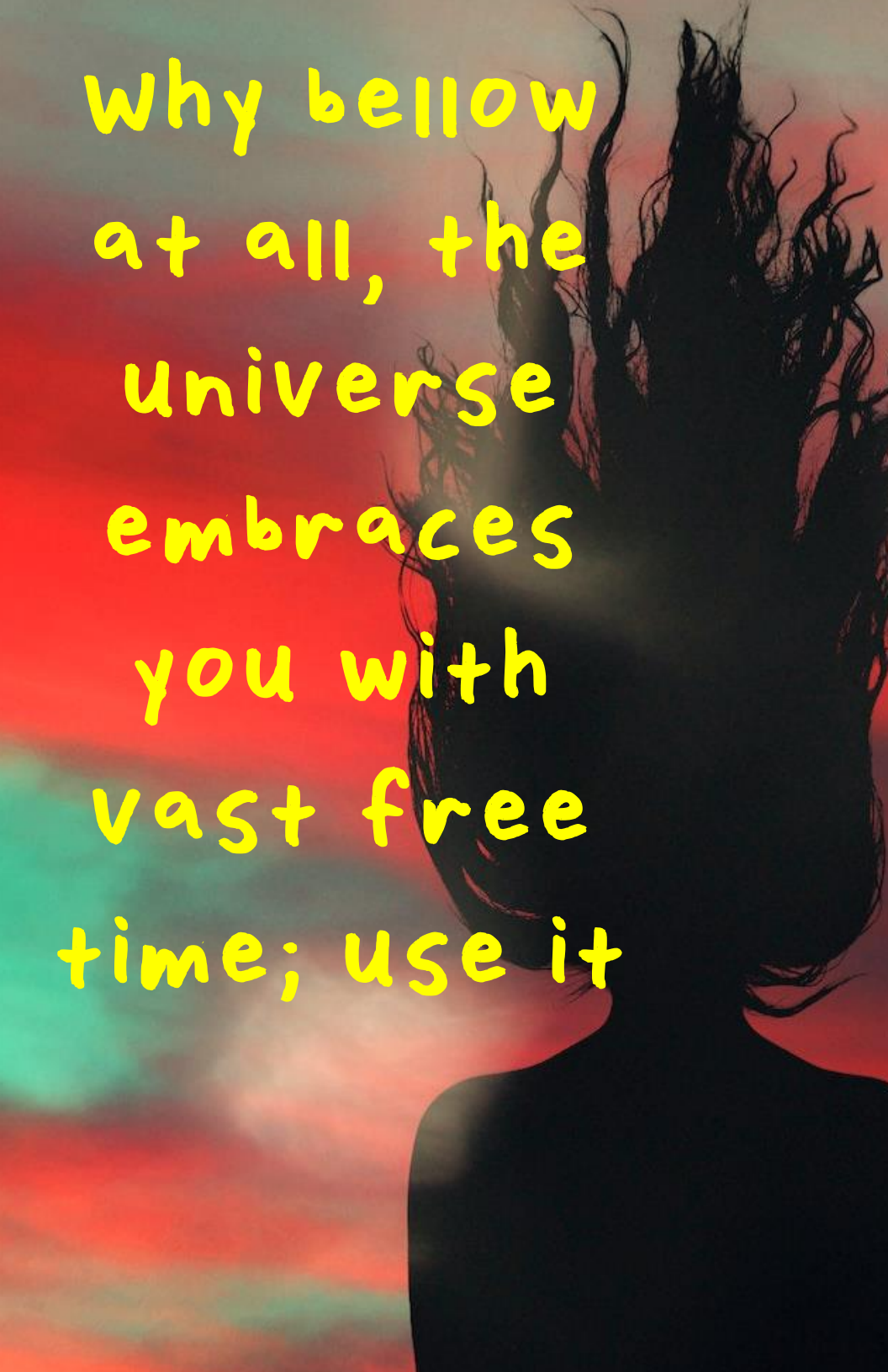


When dark cups of

caramel fly, my

poison decay is beat

for today



Why bellow
at all, the
universe
embraces
you with
vast free
time; use it

A person with long dark hair, wearing a dark long-sleeved top, is lying on their back in a field of tall, dense green grass. Their arms are extended outwards, and their hands are resting on the grass. The text is overlaid in a bright pink, bold, sans-serif font.

Pick grass,
miss glass,
lie naked on
concrete,
this is the
wild poetry
we long for



**Once my dance would pierce the
night like prisoners streaming
from a window**

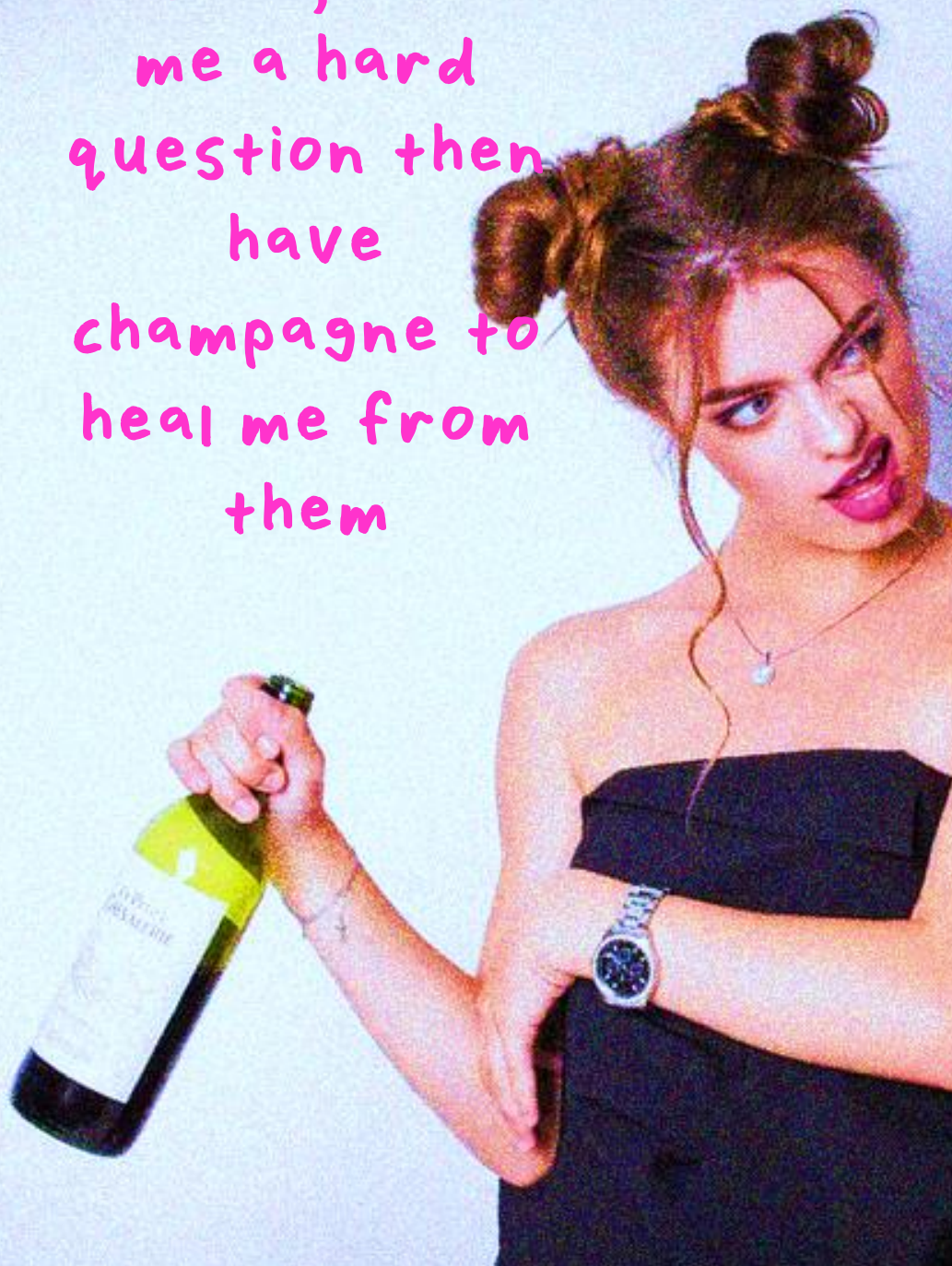


Fish work too,
though wet they
have deep secrets
to celebrate

A long-exposure photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sky is a mix of deep blues, purples, and pinks, with soft, wispy clouds. The ocean is a deep blue, with white foam from waves crashing onto the shore in the foreground. The overall mood is serene and peaceful.

Speak slow,
picture the sky
almost marble
the breeze
lingering like
perfume

Sister, hand
me a hard
question then
have
champagne to
heal me from
them



Eating a
hotdog
after a
good bath
is perhaps
something
to explore



Look out to the pool,
home of translucent
liquid, clean of dirt,
daughter of the ocean,
yet warm





Women


sail

where

men

could

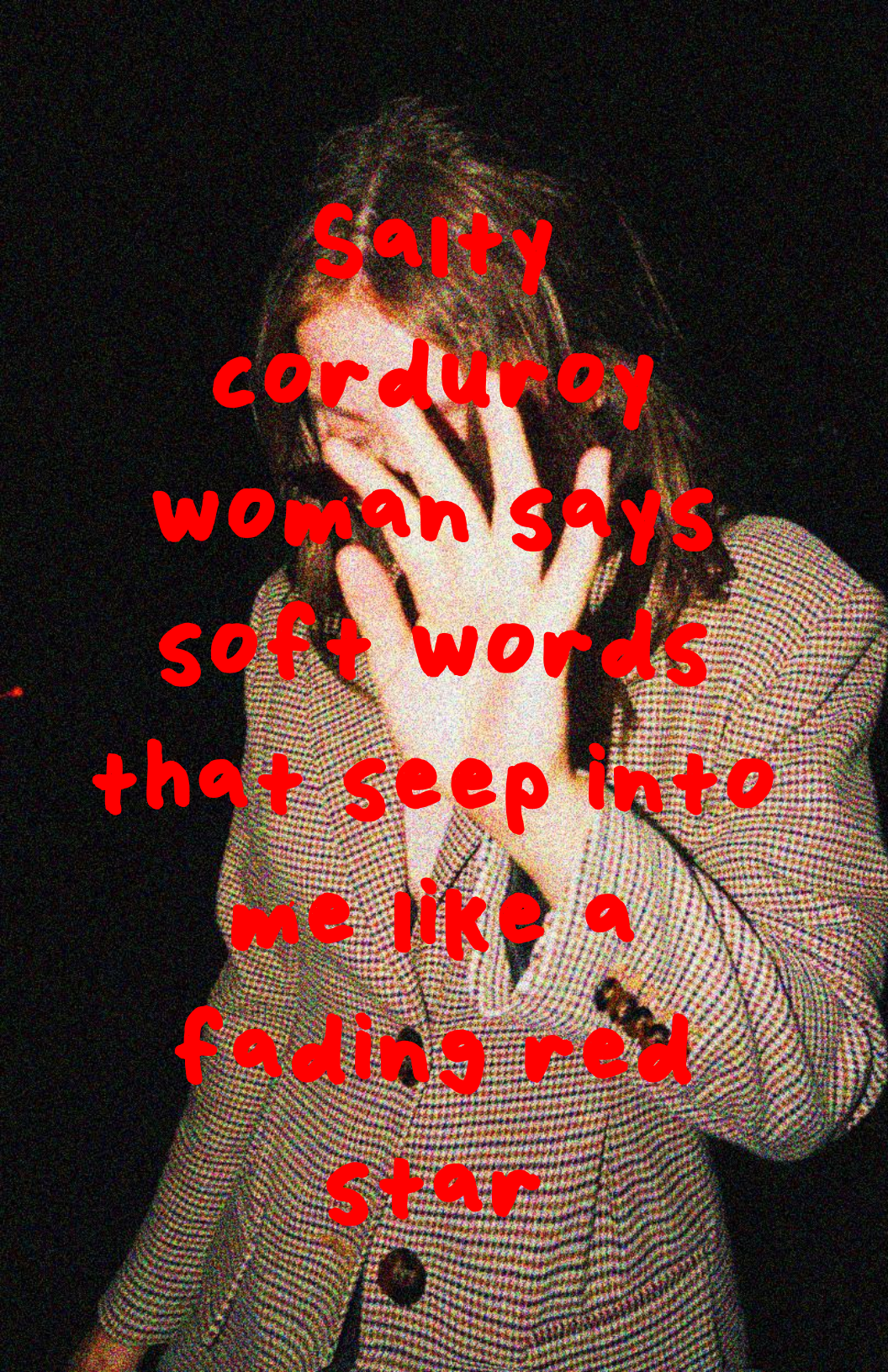
not

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair styled in a bun. She is wearing a white sleeveless top and is holding a white cat with striking blue eyes. The cat is looking directly at the camera with a calm expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Overlaid on the image is a three-line text block in a yellow, monospace-style font on black rectangular backgrounds.

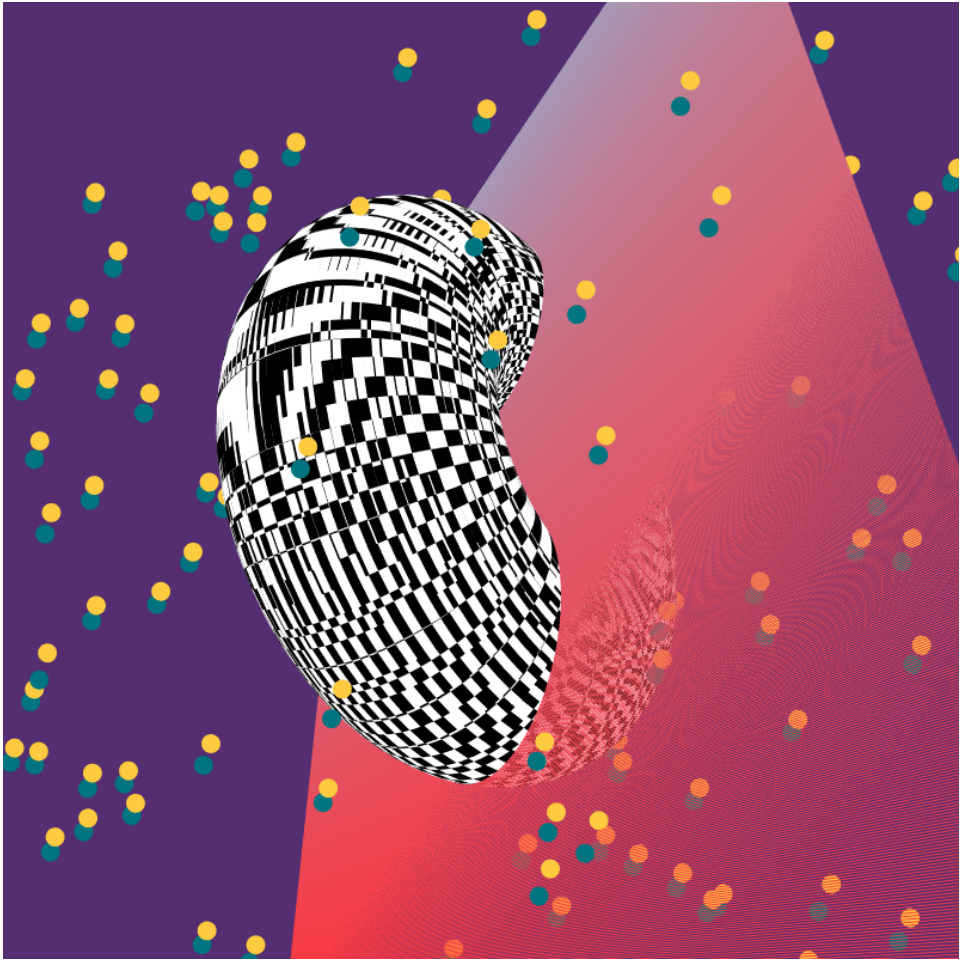
Their ice-cold porcelain
feline squirmishly robbed
our eye of color

**Live fat on
presentness**



A woman with long dark hair is wearing a plaid jacket. She has her right hand raised to her face, covering her eyes and nose. The background is dark. The text is overlaid in a bright red, bold, sans-serif font.

Salty
corduroy
woman says
soft words
that seep into
me like a
fading red
star



Omega Contact, 2021

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Only Blankets Art Collective
Santa Cruz, Ca 2022