



2021

Aura Aloud

Julia Tietz

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Tietz, Julia (2021) "Aura Aloud," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 4 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss4/11>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Floodwall Magazine by an authorized editor of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact und.common@library.und.edu.

Aura Aloud

Julia Tietz

Just as the cloud-covered sun begins to rise,
rolling fog the color of your cigarette smoke
coats the lake below.

My feet dangle over the dock—
with just a simple touch, the water
ripples. The smell of morning dew overwhelms the air
the way the smell of old denim does—
when being held by you.

Time slows, the water is glass,
And I—am floating to you, to all of you.

The autumn breeze wisps the golden leaves away,
every step, a purpose.

The cup of apple cider burns
but I bring it to my lips anyway.

A bell chimes—
the leaves follow.

From the old man in the corner
sifting through the classics,
to the naïve boy searching for *THE* record,
the one that will introduce him to the power—
of rock and roll.

The old record store holds it all now
The love that matters
in the lyrics of songs long forgotten.
Records of the greats line the shelves,

stopping time in its tracks.
And the smell,
God, the smell—
nostalgia and ancient rice paper.

Street lights fly past in a streak of lightning.
The windows are rolled down,
letting in the unforgiving wind and—
the smell of gas with a hint of cinnamon.
The urge to fly,
the urge to be free, overwhelms the heart,
the soul—
The temptation to hang out the window takes over.
Half of me is safe in the passenger seat,
the other half can feel that wind—
leaving tangles in my hair.
It's dangerous—
I know—
With cars passing near inches from my split ends,
without a care in the world,
time—somehow—slows down
at 80 miles per hour
so close to falling
but I've never felt more safe.

These specks of moments—
these memories, pass us by.

Without a second glance,
they seem irrelevant.

Just another day but—
they are you.

The calm, the blast back in time,
the freedom, and most importantly—

time stopping altogether.
They are the unspoken emotions.

One day—I will tell,
I will be brave enough—

to tell about all of the moments,
the emotions your presence gives.

But not today,
nor tomorrow.
For I am not brave enough to tell your aura aloud.

***Julia “Jay” Tietz** is a third-year English major with a Spanish minor. She aspires to one day be an English professor and publish a book of poetry. The majority of Jay’s poems are inspired by nature, spirituality, mental health, and last (but not least) the feeling of love. In addition to poetry, Jay is an avid animal lover and is intrigued by the understanding of auras and energy. She loves to spend time with her friends and family, oftentimes singing, playing, or listening to music.*