

ALETHEIA

Alpha Chi's Journal of Undergraduate Scholarship

Volume 11 | 2026

These Words I Write to You

Alexa Overman

Rogers State University
Oklahoma Iota

Aletheia Vol. 11, 2026

Title: These Words I Write to You

DOI: 10.21081/ax0448

ISSN: 2381-800X

Keywords: words, stories, writing, poetry

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License. Author contact information is available upon request from aletheia@alphachihonor.org.

Aletheia—The Alpha Chi Journal of Undergraduate Scholarship

- This publication is an online, peer-reviewed, interdisciplinary undergraduate journal, whose mission is to promote high quality research and scholarship among undergraduates by showcasing exemplary work.
- Submissions can be in any basic or applied field of study, including the physical and life sciences, the social sciences, the humanities, education, engineering, and the arts.
- Publication in *Aletheia* will recognize students who excel academically and foster mentor/mentee relationships between faculty and students.
- In keeping with the strong tradition of student involvement in all levels of Alpha Chi, the journal will also provide a forum for students to become actively involved in the writing, peer review, and publication process.
- More information can be found at www.alphachihonor.org/aletheia. Questions to the editors may be directed to aletheia@alphachihonor.org.

Alpha Chi National College Honor Society invites to membership juniors, seniors, and graduate students from all disciplines in the top ten percent of their classes at hundreds of college campuses nationwide. Since the Society's founding in 1922, Alpha Chi members have dedicated themselves to "making scholarship effective for good." Alpha Chi is a member in good standing of the Association of College Honor Societies, the only national certifying body for collegiate honor societies. To learn about chartering a chapter of Alpha Chi on your campus, visit AlphaChiHonor.org/charter.

Title: These Words I Write to You

DOI: 10.21081/ax0448

ISSN: 2381-800X

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License.



These Words I Write to You

Alexa Overman

Rogers State University
Oklahoma Iota

Abstract

The following is a collection of three poems that detail the importance that writing and words have to me. The first of my poems connects with a poet who came before me to explore how stories shape our world both in the past, the present, and the future. The second acknowledges the hold that words have over my life. The final poem confronts my fear of not having anything worth writing. Each poem is deeply personal and a reflection of the struggles and challenges in my life currently. Through my poetry, I hope that readers will understand the importance of writing for both self-revelation and empathy, along with the power that words have to change worlds.

Keywords: *words, stories, writing, poetry*

Encased in Ink

*Where black bones
once buried are
now words where I wave to you
at 2:34 am they survive*
~ Ocean Vuong (*Dear Sara*)

I hold these memories in my hands,
filled with moments of long ago
encased in black ink. The writings
tell tales of a people long dead
ravished by war, broken by hate.

Where black bones

cry out under the burden of remembrance,
stuck in a time loop, replaying horrors
until every light is blotted out,
leaving only the stench of pain and heartbreak.
Good things

once buried

are impossible to get back.
If I write over these horrors,
any dignity that remains is lost.
But if I don't, then there is no way
to look forward.
All these hopes and worries are

now words where I wave to you

promising not to forget where I come from.
For how do we know where we can go
if we don't know where we've been.
Warnings of treacherous paths taken in hopes
we don't fall down the same valley
Maybe we'll fall, but I hope we won't.
But know that your words and stories
they survive.

Dangerous Creatures

Words are dangerous creatures.
Each one a marvel or disaster waiting to happen;
beings of possibility.
I hold some tight to my chest
while others bounce around in my brain.

I am unsure of which ones to let out.

Words wielded with malice
strike their mark, cutting deep to the bone.
Daggers of diction sting.
I try to walk off the pain
despite the blood draining out around me.

Words, if handled with care, can heal;
a blissful relief over deep wounds.

Words create a safe home for the broken.
with a light leading out
of the dark, I follow
despite my stumbling feet.

Used by twisted manipulators,
Words can tell a story leading
down the road towards destruction.

If I listen too closely,
they become poison to the mind
and a corruption of morals until
all that remains are malignant words
standing triumphant over free thoughts.

Used by mavericks,
Words can pave a way for hope;
a new path, an avenue for change.
I ride that wave, create words that I hope
create a better world for those less fortunate.

Words hurt or heal, corrupt or change.
The line between is thin.
The delicate balance could tip
when one word leaves without intention.

Words Breathe Life

Fear coats every nerve in my body.
Outside voices taunt me, whispering,
*Every word that leaves your body is a fraud;
a hollow repetition of those who wrote before.
Your words do not matter.*

Stop writing.

But I don't write for them.
I write for the little girl deep inside me,
who begs for a new world, looking for
an escape from this cold, heartless one.
For so long, the only way to grasp a better life
was to write it for myself.

To write is to live.

Otherwise, I would be nothing,
but a dead woman walking;
a voiceless echo begging to be heard.

Does it matter if nobody hears me?

The words I put down;
pencil on paper or computer keys may
never leave the page.
My writings might only remain
as scratchings against the ghosts of trees.

But those words healed me.
The landscape was enough to save the painter's life,
even as the emperor called for his death.
The mere act of letters on a page saved me.

To write is enough.