

Tailored to Me

Mango Tree

My uncle has a mango tree.

It is in the neighbor's yard,

but it towers over his.

I remember walking barefoot

in the dirt,

the mango tree was massive.

My uncle would go out and shake it

until yellow, orange, and green

mangos would fall.

My uncle was so strong,

strong enough to fight

a thousand men

and women.

When I would ask for a mango,

his wife would get it for me.

Her eye was just as colorful

as the mango tree

her skin brown like the trunk,

yellow pus and green veins

surround her pupils.

I would say nothing,

retrieve my mango

and proceed to eat it.

Stalked

I feel it ooze down my back side every time

I open the door.

The breeze tickles my neck
when I stare through the window
and sew needles in my eyes.

Anxiety pinches me to proceed,
but time slows me down.

I frown,
someone is watching me.

The hands on my wrist tell me something else exists,

I twist and the only thing that releases is my breath.

My bowels erupt and my stomach churns,
like butter.

Stutteringly I step on,
and my anxiety pinches me again,
someone is watching me.

The phone rings,
my idea goes ding,
and I feel my heart drop,

Stop.

I pick up the phone,
the familiar tone stops me in my tracks.

My back stacked up

I back up

and retrieve.

I received a call that briefly made me believe
someone is watching me.

Typical

Sittin' up in my room like Brandy
This pen and paper comin' in handy
Life can be cruel
But it can also be sweet and dandy

Standin' in my room
Handlin' my own
Thrown into adulthood
Could've been better
But my shoulders get heavier
When I think of loss
But I just wiggle it out with some floss

Layin' in my room
Singin' into a broom
It spins, I dip, and finish
Stitchin' and sinkin' into my world
Falling into books
The outside world got me shook

Playing in my room
Soon thing will need to change

Stained on my shirt is some pizza
Betcha didn't think I could keep busy?
Feelin' dizzy, so I sleep
Keepin' it on repeat
I never pick up the phone
Because I love being at home

Art

Listening to Digable Planets, tapping my foot,
Bobbing my head
Wishing I was in a coffee shop
Wishing I was living in the 90s
Smooth jazz, firm ass, drinking hot tea

Snapping my fingers to the rhythm of the cello
The rhythm of the bass
Booming in my spirit

I wish my crystal ring sparkles in the low light
In the dim scene
Jamming to the outspoken word of my fellow artists

Colorful art from a colorless artist
That's the most important lesson

Father Chants

“Never step on a man’s toes,”

My father says to me

He needs to be needed

He wants to feel desired

You must listen is all I hear

“You will want a companion, so never step on a man’s toes,”

My father chants to me

How can I not step on a man’s toes,

Society puts the patriarchal

Foot to my face, to kiss

But I push away and step and

Dance all over a man’s toes