

Open Mic

I sit down
Second row to the left of the isle
That looks like some sort of a runway
set for a fashion show
I have a perfect view of the retro mic
Constantly being attentively adjusted for every speaker
Up and down he goes
And up up again
Like a curtain being pulled at the opera for the next aria

As writers recite,
Some hold him as if they are going to take off to a dance floor
Others timidly keep some distance
Words flow in and out of this voice funnel
That for a moment controls the crowd's body movements.

It's your turn now,
Are you going to read from your book
that took you 13 years to write?
I look at the mic and the lion is roaring
I can see deep in his throat the perfect size of my head.
In his eyes I see how anxious he is to chew on my
Mispronounced English words and savor my Russian accent
of unknown origins for desert.

I step back
Tonight the lion is not having my head.

I go home
I cry
Why couldn't you read at the open mic?
You were not scared to jump a tall fence at the
tender age of five to steal food to feed yourself
and your brothers, while your mom was busy
Screwing, yet, another man.

I sleep,
Thinking,
Once again I have silenced my voice.
But not today I roar.
And as I look at the lion on the mic,
he roars back,
But I'm roaring louder.

My words shall be funneled today
Nothing will get in the way of my voice

I grab the lion by his head
Throw him on my back
Now I'm blond again
And that blond little girl is jumping the fence once more

This time
To read at the open mic
To share with the world her trapped voice.
The lion may fright
But the lioness is the one who does the hunt.

A New Beginning

Patriotism and compassion
Expresses itself in your face
Where your gleaming eyes are fire
Revealing your courage and faith.

Go on my soldier I shout
May the wind guide you,
through the dark forest and its wolves
May they feed from your words and be tamed.

I'm cheering,
Praying for your safe return
To a house full of colors
Where love and peace are a given.

May when the gates open
And from the white house you depart
As the angels sing a thank you tune
Your breath be of glory.

I'm Obama
Barack Obama
Not the end
But a new beginning.

The World is III

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An epidemic took over the world

The world has gone blind

Leaving only a few open eyes

They are scared of their sight

How can we ignore our greatest gift to humankind?

Fear of social confrontation subdues the mind

Hence, we equate ourselves to an inferior kind

The world has gone blind

I see a sea of assumptions,

Worlds and words not analyzed

Only postulates are left behind

A cease of kindness taken over by pride

Superficial,

Material,

Capitalistic conversations,

Overpowers intellect

We go on,

Generation to generation,

Total neglect,

As we measure the wise man by his fortune

Even our writers have lost their sight,
Shelves after shelves of beautifully written words,
Well-constructed sentences full of nothing,
Nobel Prize!?

The world has gone blind,
Even I, temporarily lost my sight,
I found the cure,
I need a place to hide,

A place where the sighted may meet,
A place where no fear exists,

A place that never ceases,
Where the blind can't reach,
And I may not be devoured,
By blind eyes which aim to gag me

The world is ill,
Choosing to be deadly blind than sanely alive,
Shame is human kind,
The world has gone blind.

Blindness

Beset with mediocre fictions

Our writers have lost their vision

A poor repetition of the past remains intact

The world has gone blind

Shelves after shelves,

Filled with beautiful words,

Nobel Prize!

All about nothing

No words,

No revolutions,

No strength or evolution,

Only a poor recollection of human rights

We are empty,

We are shallow

As humans we lost our values

Universities are nothing but a hollow name

Professors have lost their freedom

As universities exploit their gifts

As education becomes commercial

Wealth is the idolized treat

In our blindness,
We walk street to street
Agreeing, accepting,
Giving up on our intellect

Wisdom and free will?
Sleeping beauties with no prince.
In our blindness, our intellect becomes deaf
With no time for recovery

Our lips have ceased to speak the truth,
We walk like zombies
As in our coffins,
We hide our treasures,
And in our soul,
The longing to live

We are empty shells
Nothing to give,
No intellect to share,
Our worth is limited by
The status quo

The world has gone blind
The few open eyes are scared
They choose to cease
They cover or hide

They run way
They fear the blind
As wisdom becomes scarce
Our beings cease to transcend

Blindly,
We follow,
Ignoring our greatest gift
Ignoring our intellect
The world has gone blind.

A Night under the Stars

The crickets,
In perfect harmony with the frogs,
Serenate Bachianas outside our window
Inspiring the candle to a seductive dance

Tempted by the candles charm,
Your hands shapes into a bird
That flies to the flawless white ceiling
To join her shadow

Your eyes, two stars
Brighten your lips
As your hands gets more and more lost
In this Swan Lake

I get lost in your kiddish smile
I welcome the blessings of your lips
Your hands gliding my body slowly
Landing on my hips
All I can see are the stars above me

In this archetypal setting
Set by you and the universe
I surrender my body and soul
I become the host to your passions and desires
And you patent me

Slowly,
Your silky white skin

Covers my body

And we become one under your heavenly mantle

The river wants to join

She raises her voice

to announce her grand entrance

And with her wide motherly hands

She claim our bodies

In her currents

We float throughout the night

Travelling in the rhythm of Bachianas

Under the stars

Through fields of vanilla scented purple Dahlias.