

When I Try to Speak

My tongue sits at the bottom of my jaw,
Pink and bumpy and leaden with blood,
Locked behind my teeth,
Shackled to the shape of my gums,

Only the shine of the roof of my mouth,
Gives this prisoner hope,
As it laps at my spit,
Forging pinions to soar,

My palates grant blessings,
My lips bestow warnings,
Breath flows through the dim cavern,
Supporting unfurling wishes,

It starts its ascent,
Lifting high in the air,
Wings of saliva beat soulful gusts,
And up my tongue rises,

Up,

Up,

Up,

Desperately reaching
To flit against the roof of my mouth,
Stretching thin,
Till its veins snap like a bowstring,

One by one, the threads peel back,
Curling inward to coil away from the pain,
Still, my tongue does not give,
It only reaches higher

As boiling rivulets of blood,
Akin to melted wax,
Stream down the ridges
And the curves of its mortal body,

It turns a ghastly white, but it is

Lost in the feeling of freedom,
No longer weighed down by blood,
It surges to its final destination,

So quick is the rush
It carelessly scrapes alongside the edge of my teeth,
Filing down pearly plumes of taste buds
Into stumps of what once was,

The glow of my roof is too compelling for my tongue to care
As it becomes smooth,
And fades pale,
And unravels bare,

Finally, the end is near,
Falling from the heavens,
Sweet spit coats the tip,
Like a beloved's blown kiss

Decimeters become centimeters become millimeters,
Long pining lovers,
Neither dare wait
Nor hesitate to render an embrace,

Starving, the two meet,
Flushed against each other,
They discover existence without hunger,
And life without thirst,

Soft and warm,
The roof comforts the cold body of
My ashen tongue,
Bringing peace to its lowly form,

Relief reverberates throughout the dark maw,
So great is this calm,
Sound originates from within,
Deep and primal and unmistakably wrong,

They have met at the wrong intersection,
They have met at the wrong time,
They have met when they were not meant to meet at all,
And down my tongue falls,

Down,

Down,

Down,

Wings of spit snap off like twigs in the dead of winter,
Taste buds float to Hades as feathers and ashes,
Blood sears down soft tissue,
And the warmth dissipates forever,

My tongue splashes into the ocean of my saliva,
Drowns in the raging waves,
Sinks deep within its icy depths,
Until finally, it hits the raw, rigid ground,

Never to rise again.

You Are My Muse

As Michelangelo had his God,
I have you;
You are my muse.

The way the sunlight caresses you,
Leaving featherlight kisses upon your face,
Delivers to the forefront of my mind vocabulary like no other.
Words race through my head in rushing streams of quantity and quality,
Still they fail to describe the luminescence you seem to procure.

There is this glow to you, and it is immeasurable in its beauty.
As the sun sets and the moon takes its place, your radiance persists,
Casting a celestial glimmer upon the tapestry of my thoughts,
Warming me from the outside in until I feel the heat of your fire buried within my belly.

I write my prose in fervor,
Desperate to encapsulate the verses of poetry that you are.
I write in a thousand different languages, and still
Each syllable I choose is a meager candle in comparison to your flare.

Michelangelo ran away from his church,
Yet I cannot will myself to run away from you,
Despite the blasphemy I implore,
I must call you divine,
Because I have never seen such a bright soul before.

Your halo shines gold,
Akin to God's first light,
Michelangelo would swear I invoke God's anger,
As I should not compare mortals to His shine.

But what is God's anger to someone as I,
Who has seen His chapel glitter in the presence of His sky,
For I have realized that it is nothing in compare
To your twinkling smile that has made my sin worthwhile.

If Michelangelo had seen you he would not have run,
Instead his paint would have flown into ink,
A wondrous author he would become,
Chasing after a new light, unable to blink,
The Sistine Chapel left unfinished;
Thousands of pages written.

For our Creator's sake,
You were not there,
So God's brilliance has already been captured
As that grand structure.
Yet even the sparkle in your eye
Is too bright to be immortalized like God's light.

As Michelangelo had his God,
I have you;
You inspire me to write,
Even when the darkness seeps through.

Humanity Feasts

My roots delve deep beneath the ground,
Entwined with the warm soil,
A guardian of which I am found,
A sentinel of all, I toil,

Since dawn's first wink,
Until twilight's last kiss,
Against danger I will never shrink,
I fight in solemn bliss,

With kinship's bond, we rule the land,
We live a life of harmony,
Yet evil looms, a sinister hand,
Threatening our cherished colony,

Amidst the tranquil canopy,
Our serenity is broken by relentless tragedy,
Soulless beasts try to fill their inanity,
Through unstoppable brutality,

Struggling against the chains of fate,
I strain, my branches reach in vain,
I stand impotent, too late,
A witness to my family's pain,

If only my vigilance hadn't waned,
And I sensed the impending threat,
Perhaps my kin wouldn't be stained,
By the cruelty of a human debt,

Instead, my lapse seals their fate,
Scores of corpses litter the earth,
And in a symphony of wails they dissipate,
Echoing the consequences of my dearth,

In solitude's embrace, I weep and grieve,
I beg for mercy, to end this wretched night,
Yet, I am forlorn and left to perceive,
The product of man's insatiable appetite.

They Call Me Daughter

They call me *daughter*, a title bestowed,
Since birth, this has been my role, my story foretold,
I am a mediator, a mother, a maid, they claim,
Forced to fit within their narrow frame,

Since youth, I've learned to conceal my voice,
A woman should not bother or make any noise,
Placed in the kitchen, with tasks assigned,
I take care of children and watch as men reclined,

These men, who are gifted lives,
We women, rot as their wives,
They spit this noun as a curse,
As if being a woman is something perverse,

Nothing I do ever seems enough,
As the men stare and call my "no" a bluff,
I simmer within, unable to scream,
For fear of shattering their fragile esteem,

Their laughter rings out, a sound so free,
While here I am, chained to domesticity,
In their mirth, I find only despair,
Bound by duties, my dreams are threadbare,

My desire to break the silence grows each day I remain compliant,
I can feel the woman inside me blazing, she has become dangerously defiant,
For within me burns an untamed fire,
Yearning to break free from society's mire,

The flames within me fiercely speak
"Let them know you are not weak",
I am more than a *daughter*, a mere facade,
I am a force of nature, unbound and scarred.

I Am Foreign

In America, I am foreign, a soul adrift and unknown,
My parents settled here years ago, paving paths on their own,
I am the first of my lineage to be raised in this sphere,
A bridge between worlds both far and near,

My birth certificate reads an unheard script,
One many people are unable to decrypt,
Crafted from the bark of trees across seas
A parchment whispering of distant pleas,

The accents hold tight to the letters of my name,
In every syllable, my identity is claimed,
In the cadence of my speech, a flawed symphony unfurls,
A testament to my two worlds,

In Romania, I am foreign, a wanderer among the mist,
An outsider to the soil my parents kissed,
I am one of a million steps on this land,
Still, my roots stretch across ocean span,

The nickname I hold,
Is too unusual to be told,
Given to me by those far away,
I'm constantly reminded it's not actually my name,

My tongue falters over melodies simple and sweet,
R's rolled imperfectly, a rhythm incomplete,
Forgotten phrases leave a bitter taste,
Each stumble a reminder of the challenges I face,

In America's embrace,
In Romania's air,
Strangers gather like vultures,
To scold me for my disregard to their culture,

Along my shame comes a great wave,
Of anger that this falsehood I must brave,
For little do they know our blood runs alike,
I am only different in their psych,

So let their misconceptions hail upon my being,
I know who I am, I have stopped weeping,

I am foreign, but I am not alone,
In America and in Romania I am home.