

Collisions (Poem #1)

Name that
Smell that brings her back
to the smoky air in her mom's
car, after being hit head-on by a man going 60.
If you can dodge a bullet going 1,700 miles
per hour 500 feet away,
why couldn't you stop for three seconds before looking left?
Now every time she hears a rifle discharge
and inhales the gunpowder
her mind circles back
burnt airbag and black glass
and she's crying.
Huddled on the car seat of her little brother.
He wasn't in the car that day,
but they still laid a white sheet over his safe haven
giving her the idea of death by collision
that never left her body.

Name that
Sound her car makes
when the back wheels melt to the ground
and shift her sanctuary
to an oak tree of 50 years.
her church becoming her coffin
in a second.
She picked the color white five years ago.
Right ribs ravaged in red
from her Gatorade
but her mind plays tricks on her
when she's dying.
Her grandmother insisted
she go to the ER
but no first-aid kit could bandage her mind.

Name that
Sight she sees as she approaches the horizon
with people stopped dead and she
still going at least 55 miles per hour
she skids the side.
she didn't spill her coffee
but it still circled back
to gunpowder
and red gatorade ribs
and oak trees.

She could have died then
but a simple missing patch of her skin
on the vein to her heart was as close to death
as she was getting that day.

Name that
Taste of sweet and salty
she eats the inside of her mouth
as she is slammed from behind
she bites her lip
saying damn! Not even realizing she
has been hit for the fourth time this year.
she has grown so accustomed to collisions
that it no longer touches like an accident
but the world hounding her
because she got out of bed today.

He drove off with 70 witnesses
no interventions
and left her with a broken back.
Incapable to sense the touch of collisions
she skipped literature class
and went back to bed.
Unable to name that feeling.

Patience Cherry Laurels

“Patience is bitter, but the fruit is sweet.” -Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Her eyes are glossy;
Dark green
like shrubby cherry leaves.
The green is bitter,
but the cherries are sweet.
Her branches are as thick as bone,
no one allowed to pick her loins
that are leaking precious,
glistened water that reflex
when she pours out
bright cherry red.
Her body and soul
are patience toward growth.
She waits for the quite man,
who gives she his oath.
Only those she chose
can pick her sweet laurel cherries.
Her staying power
grows with ever fruit stones.
Savor her presents,
take every cherry that falls.
Hold tight her heirloom ruby gems.
Hold precious her sweet laurel cherry stems.

Knife

de-
pressed
up-
set

alone
light headed,
don't
go in.

On the floor
in puddles
of ruby
she outpours—

wash the patches
from slit anger
heal her scratches
take her cancer.

Her selfish slaughter
from copper perfume
to red water,
baptize this bathroom.

Pear-Shaped Heart (Poem #4)

It's okay to cry salty tears.
Your mind so tired
you were tender to shoot—
like pulling out a rotten candy tooth.
Salt and pears are quite delightful
then blood fills your mouth.
Slouched skin when bullets came in
your red self didn't stain,
only left splatters on the sheets.
Wash them with fabric softener
lay the whites over your face. Your mild smile was like porcelain
laying in your forever bed.
Be still in the earth and grow pear trees where you rest, let children eat your fruits and
taste the forever you.

The transition from fall to winter is subtle here.
I remember Eskimo kisses from your pear-shaped nose.
Biting into pears is like tasting snow,
like the lightly fluffed clouds on your insides.
I never liked the taste of pears.
Some were too mushy like eating rotten apples,
others were firm just around the outside
juicy when bitten like biting soft baby skin.
I knew you were thin,
but you were firm like grit seeds;
the age spots on pear leaves.
Spot stories from your forever bruise
will not wash away with salt.

Be gentle to yourself, Grandpa.
You are the sweetest pear on the tree.
You are cherished.
You are gentle.
Don't blame yourself.
What can pears do but hang?
You hang in the sunrays.
Be in the now and speak soft to the untamed.
You will always be an outspoken pear,
soft and slow to preach.
We are afraid to go there in fear
we might make you weep.
My heart is shaped like yours,
both pears and tender to death.

You greeted the grim so quietly

and now I know your soul is at rest.
Your gentle spirit will watch over
my wild, pear-shaped heart
until you call me to rest with you
in the forever dark.

The Good Tree

You are the strongest tree in all the forest.
Your firm belly can stand against any lightening.
Your apple-toned lips yearn to be kissed.
The slightest touch can make you wither.
My impure skin will plant sin at your roots.
You are good to look at
and smell of caramel candy.
Your color is deep and seduces my eyes
wrap me in your sweets,
I'll twist your stems off to save in my back pocket.

They warn me not to take you
from the good summery loom.
I want you
your fruit
your caramel candy.
I want to wrap my bruised arms around your belly.
Cover my body in your leaves,
touch me
with your moral apple eyes.
Kiss me with your dangly gold.
I will catch them like Aphrodite
and discover goodness like gravity
when you land in my lap.

Come to me.
give me rest.
I am not allowed to sway
your leaves from its tree.
Fall on me
like utter fantasy.
It is fate,
you and me.
You are good.
I want to be good.
Come give way to my lustful fingertips
Caressing the bottom of your loins.
On my tiptoes I reach
for your sweet ball of apple treats.
You are good to me
and now I know
what good to be.