

## She craves the skin

She craves the skin,  
the hand to intertwine  
and the fingers to lock.

She wants the gentle  
stroking of her hair  
away from the trickling breeze.

He looks right at her eyes,  
into the ripples and  
clear through to space.

There is no him  
in the reflection.  
He wants to wrap her pain.

He reaches into the frigid  
for a hand that does not come,  
yet, he smiles.

She climbs the stairs  
of the well that grows taller,  
Why did he leave?

She does not see the hand  
reaching for hers  
right there.

She searches for another's  
scent.  
A scent long washed away.

## Drop in the coins

Drop in the coins,  
bubbles go round and round.  
The clothes get cleaner and cleaner,  
Supposedly.

Drop in the coins,  
clothes tumble and tumble.  
they get drier and drier,  
Certainly.

11 minutes left,  
reach for the mag,  
beautiful people flip after flip.

8 minutes left,  
it's damaging to girls,  
I've heard, over and over.  
Yeah, supposedly.

6 minutes,  
Ha. . . God is unfair.  
Certainly.

2,  
"Missy,"  
A little hand gives me her sweets,  
"Don't be sad."

She runs to her mama.  
And the mundane melts,  
and the cycle melts.  
Her Jupiter eyes see me naked.

The time is up  
and I am reduced  
to a little pile of sticky sweets.

## How to explain

How to explain  
I don't know  
where I come from  
I think to myself  
I am from my mother's belly

You asking me  
what I mean  
I tell you  
Half mother half father  
One whole me

But no grow up like them  
I grow up in foreign place  
my blood is different  
than my land  
is different  
than my tongue

So  
where I belong?

I no sound like you  
I no look like you

So  
where I belong?

How to explain  
I am like red, yellow and blue  
theory say it make a black  
but really  
it make a brown

How to explain  
I am like sunny day  
with rain  
like sunny day  
so cold

Tell me,  
how should I explain where I'm from,  
now that I sound like you.

