

Sus Necesidades

Lifeless body, angry mind;
lion's rage at his restraint,
claw his hair and rip him blind,
change to grim his liar's face.

Never flattered, never flushed or
thrilled, only bitter, and angry
over every action ever,
and broken talks, broken trusts.

Caged like a bird, wings clipped anyways,
not meant to be caged, not destined for a lab.
Or a cubicle. Or experiments,
tied down, literally restrained,
leather straps, like an insane asylum.

Or observed in a room with solid walls
and one way glass. He can see her,
but not all her secret thoughts.
Obsession with freedom, with life amazing;
because she knows it's there,
but she can't get there.

So then it's done,
they play their parts; her mind tucked
inside her secret heart.

How You Might Feel

I see his color before I see him,
yellow-gold,
a light in the dark.

My eyes close,
my heart races,
and I watch each of his steps
falling slow, painfully slow,
against the floor that grips his shoes

every time he moves.

How I long for him,
and how he hurts me!
He knows I can see his thoughts,
his every thought,
and still he does what he does!

How many tears have I shed for him?
A million, at least. Yet, here I am,
longing for him, again.
But tonight he will be mine,
and only mine.

His gold form comes down the hall,
his golden arm reaches for the hotel door,
turning the knob, slowly,
driving me mad.

Can't he see how
badly I yearn for him?
The door opens.
And I shiver.

God, he is a god,
beautiful and chiseled,
strong arms,
a perfect smile,
eyes the color of chocolate,
hair like a sunset.
I shiver.

He comes to me,
smiling that perfect smile,
and he takes me in his arms,
holds me close.
He kisses me.

And I feel nothing.

Violince

Violince is her name, a lady, a Queen
of music, of the strings.

She is a master of the bow, surrendering to the
wooden curves pressed against her face;
soft against her cool fingers.

She dances for her lover, her music screaming tight
over city streets.
But as she plays, another Queen bargains for attention;
a flash of voluptuous breasts threatens to win.

Thrashing her bow over her head, a duel begins.
The Queen howls, "Why? Why? Why?"
"There are no flowers without rain," Violince says.
Evil mind, dripping with need, pain must
be had for pleasure to weed.

Blinded by elimination, her fiddle smashed to pieces,
blood splattered too; and fro are bones.
Later, alone, in a cell of grief, without her lover,
without her music, she realizes:

Nothing but a puppet on a string, she was
made to dance for a man madder than she
with a love of coliseum matches of women.

Like a legion, he caught her, but he could not keep her,
as her laughter freed her, echoing within the dark, empty
chamber.

New York, New York

There was a small box,
in a tree house, long forgotten,
home to but three items:
a stuffed chicken, not so soft,

after generations of Easters passed;
a hammer, wood cracking,
and crusted over with rust;
and a pair of shoelaces, once white,
now disintegrating to dust.

They were relics of a time
when people struggled to live,
but they struggled together,
together against the world.
Families and friends,
forming bonds of trust and love, for matches;
language and customs, for wax.

These relics of the past
were a pact of three siblings, three friends,
who wanted nothing more to change and leave,
but could not bear to go.
These pieces represented all they knew:
tenderness and too much love,
work that drained souls of sweat,
and the urge to get away;
the children were crazy to run.

Chariots of coal and mammoths of metal
captured their home as prisoner of some imaginary war,
disappearing their home under concrete and glass.
All that the children knew and loved
was being taken from under their feet.

In desperation, they consulted and conversed,
and they made a plan to make a home of wood,
in a forest near their town;
they would capture what their culture was
in every grain and nail.

So they bottled up their hopes and dreams,
and painted on the wall
pictures of what once could be;
and they left some books of poetry,
in their native tongue.

And in a box they placed three things:
a chicken, a hammer, and the lace of a shoe.
To show their values,
both physical and non,
for the no one that would come to see
their home after they were dead and gone.

Rights of Man

Man of marble,
no heartbeat,
unable to bleed.
Amazed he was by woman's

beating heart,
tender flesh,
emotions.

How he wished
that he could smile.