

### **Words off My Lover's Tongue**

In your belly, lies slept waiting  
to belch up the whole truth  
and nothing but the truth.  
After spilling the beans,  
I was left with the heartburn.  
I assumed you would choke too.  
Instead, I did.

I wished you had the hiccups---  
just for me to reject your crooked letters .  
Somehow, I managed to construct a  
new airway by holding my breath  
to hear you out as you compare me to her.  
You titled me exclusive---  
just to say you love her more.  
I say, you only wanted to taste  
my love until it chewed out.  
But I refuse to digest  
in your chronicles of obsession and lies.

**Untitled**

At the corner of inequality and denigration,  
do you not see me and my sisters standing---  
not sitting, folding, breaking, or bending, but  
standing to push one day and pull the next?  
Do you not see us under the sun,  
day in and day out,  
disclosing our struggles until  
they are enumerated  
and our voices are reverberated  
beyond your order of class?

Do you not see us---  
in pursuit of privilege,  
nursing our wounds  
from a marginalized history to vitalize justice?

Do you not see us-  
or are we faceless distractions  
in silk, lace, and seawater pearls  
on display as we stand against the world  
with everyone's daughter watching us?

**Everyday, I Am**

**W**oman, one who has overcome  
**H**urdles and  
**A**gony  
**T**hrough prayer.

**A**imlessly trying to survive in a world of  
**R**acism, sexism, ignorance, and violence  
**E**verywhere.

**Y**early, yearning for the exponential  
**O**ccurrence in love for all God's children to be  
**U**nderstood without further  
**?s**

## Human Error

Am I not you're type of woman,  
sister, lover, daughter, or friend?

Sobeit.

I may not even practice what you preach, impart or influence.  
I may not even listen when you speak at times  
Cause I was eavesdropping for God-like words.  
I may not even stroll where your been.  
And if I roam there, I will not perceive what you saw,  
sample what you tasted,  
inhale what you smelled,  
or hear what you heard.  
'Cause I am not made in your image.

I will not move the way you move.  
I will not groove the way you groove.  
'Cause my spirit is a surprise.  
And I am no high, holy roller  
on a high horse with a nose of a plane.  
I am no broken soul  
with a bittersweet smile in a sugar coated frame.  
And I am no seraph with crystal wings.  
Cause I was born into sin--- like every living being.

## Pink Sands

Please assign me seat D7  
and fly me into L.F. Wade International.  
Escort me to the Pink Palace.  
Let me stroll by Mark Twain's writing room and grin.  
Hide my blinds and crack open the  
door to my balcony for the day's air to creep in.  
Let me breathe in the scent of the coral reefs,  
and daydream at the pink, yellow, indigo,  
and lime pastel buildings and homes on the hills.  
Hand me a cool Robinson drink and  
store a case of Bermuda Stone's Ginger Beer for later days.  
Bake me ginger bread,  
and blend Bermuda Rum Punch while I snooze.  
Wake me up to floral scents and prints.  
Hitch me a ride on the pink and blue lines,  
to and from the Town of St. George's,  
Southampton, and the Royal Naval Dockyard  
for Harbor Nights, live Caribbean melodies,  
and to play *sight and see*.  
Let me drift away on the ferry from Horseshoe Bay until the sunset,  
or watch colorful souls flaunt the beauty of their shaded skin,  
Gombey troupes dance to snare drums,  
Runners and floats lead the way on Bermuda Day.  
Shop and savor gourmets on Front Street.  
But first, let me dip into the turquoise sea  
and exit only with pink covering me.