

Deseo

I want you.

Desire is not only
seeping from my skin
it is leeching from within my bones.

My heart isn't just
skipping a beat,
my sternum is jumping
out of my chest.

My mind is whirling
and I'm getting dizzy
and all I can focus on
is the edge of your mouth
beneath my fingertips.

I am looking at you
feeling my hard pulse
in my temples.

I am using my hands.

I'm discovering,
learning
how your parts work.

I'm imagining
Instead of paying attention.

I am feeling around
and using my skin,
not just fingers and toes,
eyes and ears,

but my hairs and
arms extended out,
legs wrapping around
and heart beats racing
to the same finish line.

I can feel you in certain places
long after you have left,
yet my mouth does not tell,
it merely remembers
(remembers remembers remembers)
your taste.

Inheritance

There is a certain
experience,
an air
of elegance I feel
when I wear my
Grandmother's earrings.
Their weight in my lobes,
the feel of metal against
precious stone on my fingertips.
I imagine I am
a woman of grace,
dignity
like I can extend my arm
to its fullest length
and watch the beauty
drip off the tips
of my fingers.

Pisces

It's been a month.

There's no way to
resolve your passing.

"To pass" is to leave slowly,
little by little,

until each bit is eventually gone.

But you haven't "passed,"

you are just

gone.

You left in a single breath.

The day didn't feel dark until then.

The sun has set

and now all we have

is the full moon

to pull us out

of our shadows.

The Marilyn Series

1.

Call me Marilyn
She says.
She was in a constant
State of fear
She was stupid
And naïve,
She was insecure
And doubtful,
She was a secret,
An imagination
And she had abundant issues.
Suppose
She knew what she was doing
Suppose
Her best technique was
To make the world want.

2.

Everyone went
To New York
To see the sights.
Well, everywhere
Marilyn went
She was
The sights

3.

She was fed
A bowl of bullshit
Every day
How could she tell
The real from the fake?
All that she knew,
That she could trust,
She could hold in her hand
For one fleeting moment
Before it flew away.

4.

She thought
Her mother left her
And all she ever wanted
Was to be loved like
Any other.

What hurt her the most
Was that the world
Thought she was Marilyn
But she knew she was not.