

FIRST WISH

The air surrounding my small frail body feels dry as dust.
It is dark, dank and dangerous in here:
It's impossible to make out the fingers of my own hand.
Something or someone strong and powerful exerts
a crushing pressure on my shoulders and neck.
A tight coil encircles my chest pressing like a vice against
my tiny ribs and thin bones.
Its steel grip winds my muscles tighter and tighter into
the texture of my tender flesh.
My knees reach up and around and wrap themselves against my ears.

I feel dizzy.
Sick in my stomach.
My little body is folded in half at the waist.
I'm trying to move. I can't. I'm stuck.

I'm trapped.
I have no voice.
There is no way for me to let anyone know that I need help.

A woman near me is screaming.
A relentless shriek of a scream
She bumbles over to the only window in this very sterile room.
Despite her pain, she scoots onto the window's ledge.
The shelf she sits on is thirty feet above the ground.

Suddenly, as if on queue, my father walks into the room.
He hears the screams of his wife in pain and his eyes
widen in fear as he takes in the reality that she is
precariously perched on the window's ledge.
At any moment she may throw herself
down to the unforgiving ground below.

One day soon I will call this suicidal person "mommy."
I am a fetus inside her angry womb.
She never wanted a child.
Somehow I know this.
This dry 72-hour breach birth is a bleak omen of the emptiness,
angst and years of sorrow to come.
The poisoning to my psyche that occurs today
will take me years to unravel.

God, don't let me be born from this woman!
Isn't there another womb for me?

ME, TOO

You whored me 'til my juices stopped
You whored me as I cried
You stripped me of my womanhood
And hung me out to dry.

You drained me of my laughter
You drained my of my joy
You sliced away my sanity
I was your favorite toy.

You bled me 'til I shrank inside
You sapped me with your lies
You ate away my loveliness
And wondered why I died.

EASTER

I lived as one entombed
embalmed with the deeds and beliefs
of lifetimes injected in my veins

A composite of caricatures and counterfeits
though I always blame mother
the truth is not so simple

I wake from transfusions
of love and hatred...gasping for air
It's dark. Is anyone here?

I wither
long before I learn to cry
contracting to the size of death and infinity

Metamorphosis
Is easier to say than do
and comes not without a price

Leaving shed flesh
and old friends along a path
I'll never walk again

THE ROSES

why I shook as I took
your bud from the vine
few will understand

nor will they care why I share
your beauty with only a few
hand picked selected souls

why I gazed-amazed you
throwing notes to your petals
few will understand

I love you

my twenty-five white lives
whose petals unfold
in my quivering hands