

Minor Amputations

“Para Mi”

A family looks like the prosecution
Probing for mistakes
 Shades of another side
A son represents himself
Defending his birthright
Slowly building his case

Is it their responsibility to teach
Or is it his to learn?

That home was so warm
A fire in the Cordillera
Which set the house

Apart

Not so unlike others

That boy was rescued
From a motherland
Which could no longer provide

He'd play in more fertile dirt

Two distinct flags
Share colors

Except one

That boy
Raised in two tongues

With the same alphabet

Here

Another house
Resembled the motherland
La Isabelica came to Hagerman Rd.
The country didn't

The boy
Felt the two sides of his brain

Distinctly

His family
Eyed him up and down
He noticed others did too
So he carved out roles

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Excellent craftsmanship

Minor amputations
Bring mild comfort
For the time being
But still
The mind wanders
“Is there a place for me?”

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“Losing Game”

You are awake

alive

in motion

Bittersweet music

Drowns out

the World’s colors

red

blue

yellow

Picture your life

anywhere

Red

Orange

Yellow

Tears of fire

Shed over something

Meaningless

Outrageous athleticism

Jumping to conclusions

(in the name of something)

To grow and to cultivate

The perfect fruit

The farmer’s curse is haunting

As precious metal

Reflects in your eyes

(The Unholy Grail)

At the cost

of your days and nights

Even the shiniest gold

Stains the skin

Frost on the citrus

Deceives the senses

Dichotomy seizes the mind

Fleas on a terrier

A hostage situation

Victory

Hand in hand

Reality hits

Consider the orange;

Juiciest after the frost

Defeat

Paw in paw

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“Paying for Dreams”

Engaged in life:
Laying in the grass
Giving flowers a new home
Absorbing the colors
Blurriness fades

Smoking a cigarette
To reintroduce yourself
A disconnected World
Interruptions
Disturb your leisure

A meandering thought
Something forgotten
Pries your eyes open
Gray intrudes

Bi-weekly progress report:
Your pockets get deeper
Filled with wood pulp
Hardly leaving room
For the flowers

Doubting your engagement:
A horse in its stable
A stallion sedated
Domesticated to live
With purpose
Cramped, dirty, rusty

Yet
You focus
On a small patch of green
Even a one trick pony rides twice

Dreams now come few and far between
Your jockey
Cannot make time
He offers bits and pieces
At a price
An offer you can't refuse

Despite making the deal
A wild stallion
Cannot be totally tamed

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Owners try everything
They're weaker than your spirit
Weaker than your engagement

Your lust for life
It's become too much to bear
You're slipping
At any second
You could be gone
Disappear without a trace

The perfect Hollywood ending

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“Halley’s Comet Twice in One Life”

Seasons change gradually
Extremely
Green becomes brown
Lush turns barren
You become animated
You turn to vices
The sphinx’s secret becomes prophecy

C’est la vie

Natural shifts
Always find you
Right on time
The solar schedule at work

As Halley observed
A brilliant white light
Soaring through the stars
Crowns consistency as king

You have to be better than yesterday
Sleep schedules
Subject to change
No pain, no gain

Though it may seem
Light years away
Do not crush what you have
A delusional determination

Fuck the sphinx
Burn the prophecy
Block out the noise
Listen to yourself

Swim through ice in winter
Carve pumpkins in February
Sphinx said
“Rise with the sun”
Instead
Stay up with the moon
Witness Halley’s comet at eighty-two
The same way you did at six

Merci beaucoup

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“Realigned”

My mom said
When I was a kid
I always woke up in a good mood
I chose to focus on the word
“when”

It was her favorite thing about me

Now
My morning thoughts are still
Grateful
But not long after
I *sigh*

Now
People look at me differently
Not many offer help
Or explanations
They have their own problems

My mom used to make me
My favorite dinner
I always wondered
How the plate came to be
Now
I know exactly how
I make it for myself
It tastes strange

I never really get to
Look out the car window
Now
I decide
Where the car goes

I still have my sense of humor
I still get excited

I saw a picture of myself at eighteen
I saw a kid
But I also remembered
How it felt
To think nothing could be better
Now

I’m always glad to be wrong