

Musique

Hear me out over the lyrics
of heartbreak, love, religious verses,
Free prose, street poetry, crying-jolly blues, ad-libs
bygones and shenanigans.
Listen to my rhythms as they repeat.
Play me loud and clear
as I disperse tingles in your ear
and sketch the outline of your spine
while on a journey from ear to mind.
Soak me in your soul
until I evaporate from your pores.
Turn me up high.
Let my rhythms kiss the sky.
Balance my treble and hand over the bass
As I jaywalk strings,
To and fro keys,
and waft through horns.

Please, hear me out---
over the rift and raft
of rush hour traffic,
lovers in the mist of making love,
birds tweeting,
outburst and profanity on the streets,
city's aches and pains,
loose change escaping skinny jeans,
breaking news and vehicles radioed to rescue
tapping feet, clapping, and finger snapping
wet and unfed babies,
hustlers and busters,
please hear me out
over the world.

Line by Line in the Walking City

It is
 Twelve. Nineteen. Thirteen.
 Two hours and fifteen minutes later,
 I met the Silver Line at Logan's
 and passed by the bay that once consumed tea.
 It is now frozen with moored sailboats and ferries.
 First exit and I look up to read,
 "Welcome to the Home of the Red Sox and Celtics!"

By a corner of shoveled snow,
 I visited the South Station to purchase
 a Charlie pass to route through the city.
 For minutes, I trailed the Walk of Freedom.
 Before meeting the Red Line to Harvard,
 another set of welcome letters
 spoke freely in bold crimson.
 Here, I taste of sparkling water,
 fresh seafood, spring greens, and crepes
 by the scent of roasted coffee beans.
 Topics by noon:
 Research. Literature. History.

On Bus 86, I note of the city's day-to-day blues,
 then chime an exit to Lechmere.
 Before reaching Heath,
 I observed art collections of ancient Egypt
 to American contemporary,
 drapes of tribal patterns and textures,
 centered antique gems,
 and walls mounted with frames
 displaying loud and silent love expressions.

Back into the black of the night,
 I noticed the stars peeking through the clouds
 and the songs stringed:
 The Nutcracker's anthem,
 and *We Miss You a Merry Christmas*.
 I began to think of home.
 Then, I check-in to my suite.
 In the A.M., the sun and I smiled together.
 I hopped on the Orange Line train.
 From Oak Grove to Forest Hill,
 I realized diversity,
 studied various graffiti,

and chuckled at the images
photographed by Vans.
I snapped a few photos.
Smiled.
Thought of home.
Forgot about the Blue.
Assembled myself to meet the Silver again.

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Since I Met You

Since I met you,
you have shifted
the emptiness of my heart.
Decorating each space with
an elegant taste.
Adding colors of passion,
courage and grace.
Instilling a sanctuary of strength and stability
with embroideries of wit, affection, and honor.

Never once have you hung
me up on commitment.
You nailed it
with communication and patience.
Although it took time to adjust,
to humbly design us in trust,
and loyalty for longevity---
especially before we invite
additional members
to our family.

In this chair of hope,
We unfold our fears and sit in peace,
nibbling on scoops of reality---
sharing slices of spirituality.
And sometimes-at-times before dusk,
colors conflict within us---
molding walls or scattering foreign objects.
Then we break them down
until we are back at one---
smiling comfortably without reasons.
Resting our heels from the
path of withdraw---
we welcome hugs,
then exchange our favorite words
of the day.
I love you.

Stiletto Blues

I walked to that corner where
music played matcher maker with our footsteps
and you placed a magnolia in my hair.

I walked back here-
where we first locked eyes,
kissed, held hands, and laughed
like high school sweethearts.

I walked here.

Alone.

After I stood in a full length mirror
wearing pride on my chest,
I welcomed a stride of seduction---
drew circles in confidence and hugged my curves.

I even introduced my lips to a new color,
loosened up the curls of my hair,
and laced my hips in a black peplum dress.

I walked here---out of my home of lilac scent
with my guard glued to my bronze skin.

With no chin kissing shoulder,

I paid condolences to this
once upon of time love---
permitting it to rest in peace
forever.

Ignorance As We Know Pt. II

It owns no say so, nor a crown.
Cluttered by insecurities,
it hangs peace by a thread and
politely smothers the concentrated with uncertainty.
Like an irrepressible disease, it taints the plasma of the soul.
It shakes many shadows loose---
cut-and-dried out for the obtuse to spread eagle.
It is chained by columns contrary to the
rows of regrets under the names that saved it.
It walks without poise and cancels the assurance of charity.
It is without sight.
Yet, it lives dimly in hollow spaces.
Clasped by the hands of insanity,
it guts the past, tortures the present, and cripples the future.
Then, it snips and shoots at joy.
Before knowledge can mum, with its hands in the air,
it scans and haunt to wring a lifetime of despair.