

## **to be a Plum**

Before,  
I was a pale-colored, kneek in the wee-d heart  
-overcooked and cracking,  
hysterically tamed and collapsing  
into soggy pieces of art.

Although, I can be like soft, creamy sky  
with clouds blue, and a touch of a mother's milk,  
her hue and head hanging high  
because she "had to be" for them-  
stronger for the child,  
weaker for the lover,  
and more absent within.

However,  
I've been like a fire who demands color to fry wild,  
to understand and be heard, to make believe and boil  
the show  
for all emotional regard.

Right now,  
I'm like a mustard colored, cluster-bucket of grime  
with too many thick-as-a-mirror bubbles  
popping, gumming up, and reflecting  
my dirtiest spots and stickiest parts.

But soon enough,  
I'll be like a dark plum with a vibrant green leaf,  
both bold and sweet, plush but tough  
with every emotion considered at home  
and ready to eat.

And then,  
I am every part of me-  
ever-changing and unique,  
always true to what is different  
in our story and speech.

So,  
I will accept it and just be me -like you-  
living broken hearted in a blatant hypocrisy.

## Why I was a Lesbian in 2011

I started out the womb real quick.  
I didn't cry. I looked at the nurse,  
breathed, and then I met my mother's tit  
before I watched her marriages crumble.

She showed me how to need a man-  
I must lose myself to have one,  
so I played the damsel locked up in no castle,  
damned to be saved and worth none.

To make room for my first love,  
I scooped me up and out with a shovel,  
and I was filled with TV, fast food, and his hunger  
to be masculine, wanted, and mothered.

I stayed with him after he cheated once.  
I stayed with him after the affair.  
I stayed with him because I believed his lies.  
I stayed with him because it was all that I cared

until he left my grief to go on a vacation.  
I grew bitter and courageous and I learned that I could leave him,  
but then every other man bore that penis like a liar,  
and they penetrated me like they were wielding genetic pliers,

twisting my intentions like teeth onto nipples,  
skimming my body to be worn like clothing- wrinkled,  
hung up like an animal stuffed at the fair  
where the men buy tickets to ride flesh like metal and stairs.

I was done with the pricks and their dirty, carnal scams,  
so I closed my expectations and bent my legs against men,

I still wandered towards affection. I desired a hug, wanting  
And thus, I was found abreast the women at The Lexington Club.

## **The War on the Rivers, Mad**

Timber fell on top of disease. Ferociously,  
and desperate, the ropes were tugged for freedom against  
a pale superiority that strangled their land,  
manifesting the fates and piercing lobes  
with violence.

Little Turtle followed white suit  
like a rabbit raging to defend his spirit from the damned  
and decrepit destiny intended upon each bank-  
Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson-  
demanded more land.

Mad with injustice,  
and so did Tecumseh stand  
to unite  
the elements.

The Prophet spoke of the battles that flooded Wabash,  
slaying the blood from one thousand thoughts,  
separated once by the sea,  
becoming the bones and ashes  
settling together in memory  
of a civilized

insanity.

## Staring Contest

God blinked.

My brother died.

Without love, sweet smells, and children laughing,  
or the warm sun drying me up every morning,  
his death would have drowned me,  
and this poem would never happen.

Like words unable to pierce the wind  
soaring carelessly into the sky,  
I revisit old snapshots of him  
every time I blink. My mind,  
cascades the pictures behind my eyes  
claiming to be a present for me  
with the future hypnotized-

skeletons of suspended ponies,  
and cake made out of shit-

“Oh sweet baby Jesus!”

The past is a nightmare, not a gift,  
poised at a crossroads  
where I lazily drift  
passing by old dreams like white,  
fluffy clouds lost in a muddy abyss.

The sorrow, once was caged,  
has finally been freed, but time was muted  
among the masses of conformity  
and rage. Though diluted,  
I have choices. I can lead,  
but then I slip on the dewy blades  
into slices of grief,  
spilling the memory of his dark blood  
in a citrus sky,  
and spinning sick in the ominous  
“What if?” “Why, why,  
Why did he, not I, die?”

Because God blinked,  
and so did I; because a damn kink  
can undertake our time.

## When a Hummingbird Sits

I do not want to move.  
The branches reach out in awe for the bird, regal,  
and the bird's beating heart against bark is steady.  
The bird doesn't stick to it like sweaty skin on leather,  
but with talons gracefully clinging to the wood,  
the bird sits. Still,  
the high-pitched colors are usually seen moving,  
but the spirit between the dead and the living  
can take a break from the wind, sun, and the humming  
to sit in the arms  
of a tree's wisdom.

My heart  
sits, still  
attempting to rest  
just like that hummingbird obeys his heart  
to slow down and patiently anticipate  
the next  
flight.