

## **I Think My Thread Popped**

I watched you carefully fold your wings like fine linen  
and pack them between your shoulder blades,  
the day you decided to carry me.

I could smell the blood of your bit tongue  
And taste bile in your belly  
when I put the stars in your eyes.

You said a prayer,  
and waded to the black swell.

Bubbled back up from a clamshell, floating

past jetsam and foam.  
You touched your toes to sand and the low tide baptized us both.

With seawater in your soul and iron in your bones  
you carved a tiny cloud for me.  
I slept on whipped cotton, wrapped in moss and peonies, and sailed along by your side.

At night we counted the craters on the moon.  
We painted hummingbirds feathers  
and fish scale reflections by day.  
We crooned spirituals and danced with paper fans  
made from tree bark you pressed yourself with leathered palms.

And before my cotton bed became too soft  
And I, too heavy with cruel truth  
We tied tiny red strings tween our pinkies  
To stay in step, an us, a two,  
Before I sank to the earth below.

## **Holding Hands**

I let you trace

the veins that showed

whenever your hand found mine.

You chased these soft paths

from tip to palm

like known backroads that always led home.

Your fingers made friends with my freckles

and every capillary sprawled for you

a familiar course.

I thought you knew your way around.

## For bb

Daisies in your hair,  
you danced through cracks I didn't know I had

You spoke a foreign tongue and said silky words I wanted to lap and learn.  
The rhythm of your breath was a known metronome beat I could sync with.

And the curve of your smile,  
knotted my stomach tighter than the twist of your curls

I ran  
and ever since I can't sleep.  
And I still don't know why  
I hid  
now I can't find you.

I can try to scribe words that might scratch away at the crust formed round my name,  
now a scab on your softness

And etch into your skin,  
my Tattoo, deeper than before—  
A rose, now thorned,  
a heart pierced with an arrowhead carved from carelessness.

Somewhere along this long long road I lost my voice to a new kind of sadness.  
And I left us to navigate in silence.  
With no clarity, no compass, and a horizon that was never straight.

I was scared.

And I gave in, and I'm sorry.

I used to dream about days like this, skin tan and tight with heat.  
The leisure of each passing hour...  
minutes go by like dripping molasses from a late summer maple

You were there too.  
Sweeter than coconut cream;  
Pristine and Perfect and Mine.

These thoughts would emerge, like mirages in the distance

And I savored them.  
Almost tasting the good to come.

two celestials, with the same kind of sign  
finding healing—  
together  
in our elemental season.

The one we pined for all winter.

Along with green blossomed trees  
and honey bees, there we were too...

My fire is more blue than yours I think.  
And like my rising moon, it wanes.

But please, please know  
all the flames, they burn for you.  
And all my embers  
And the ashes too.

## **Bag of Dreams**

One day I let the knot slip free  
and all my hopes poured out.  
Like broken shells and sunbleached pebbles  
collected from a day at the beach.

They bounced and scattered across the floor  
and clattered to every corner of the room.

I felt around and bumped into pieces of unfinished thoughts—  
smooth edges eroded from sand and doubt  
and jagged bits with glass crumbs that cut my finger tips.

I arranged them by frequency  
and scooped up the ones I knew best.

They were stone weighted gems  
with vibrant colors like coral and sangre.  
Stained sediments  
nicked and chewed by unkind seas.

I swallowed them whole and they tumbled down heavy  
Scraping my insides with crystallized potential.

## **Crown Heights, Brooklyn**

Come sit on the fire escape with me  
Let's watch the summer go by together

Mamas sitting with their sons  
In colorful headwraps and cotton skirts  
With chanclas slapping heels and concrete

Boys on the corner  
ducking in and out of open deli doors,  
telling loud stories  
and peeping the girls that go by

Secret block party jams with car stereo DJs  
and pastelitos from out an old cooler,

Nutties, homemade, Piña or Fruit Punch  
(Liquor store closed,  
Get you one of those)  
help wash down those patties of picadillo from Nena's kitchen  
And of course, one pull of a pass to help them settle...

Come sit with me on this fire escape  
We'll watch the summer go by together

Stray little kitties pawing at tin cans in empty jungle lots  
Salsa sounds that crescendo under our metal seat,  
with a passing hatchback flying the bandera bonita.

Catch the breeze and a whiff  
red beans and rice  
And salted cod from the cuchifrito downstairs.

Manhattan is miles away...  
But it's a good view from here.

Come sit on our fire escape  
let's watch it all go by together