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## Words Might've Misshapened Me

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Words Might've Misshapened Me

By

Taylor Stafford

Accepted in Partial Completion  
of the Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Fine Arts

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

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Taylor Stafford

5/19/2023

Words Might've Misshapened Me

A Thesis  
Presented to  
The Faculty of  
Western Washington University

In Partial Fulfillment  
Of the Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Arts

by  
Taylor Stafford  
May 2023

### Abstract

This thesis ( a collection of poems) examines the impermanence of relationships by way of romantic and platonic relationships, and familial relationships. In addition, the poems exhibit the process of healing that's a result of these impermanent relationships which affect the self. Most importantly, the self that is explored within these poems and is layered in that through these entanglements, that I've experienced throughout my life, have created a wound inside of my flesh that presents itself as a Dragon. This Dragon is referred to as Dante. Even though there are poems throughout the collection that speak of Dante, not all the poems include Dante, at least with words. The reader needs to know that Dante is forever present in my writing. To find some sort of understanding on Dante and I's relationship I abstracted ideas from Audre Lorde's Essay, *Poetry is Not a Luxury*, in order to distill the significant facets of Dante's and I relationship. I discovered along the way that analyzing Dante's and I relationship with poetry is similar to unraveling a ball of yarn. Each frail string accumulates to what it is, and without a string or two you don't have the *thing* — such is life, and such is the translation of Dantes and I relationship and these poems position in it all.

## **Acknowledgements**

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## Table of Contents

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Abstract.....                                    | iv |
| Acknowledgements.....                            | v  |
| Table of Contents .....                          | vi |
| Places of Possibilities .....                    | 1  |
| Phase 1: Nothing is new under the sun .....      | 11 |
| I Just Wanted To Try To Make A Abecedarian ..... | 12 |
| Devil's Ivy.....                                 | 13 |
| exHilarating; The sunSet was.....                | 14 |
| This Is Not. A Political Poem.....               | 16 |
| She won't undo what he did: MOTHER.....          | 18 |
| Predilections of Amy.....                        | 19 |
| a zuihitsu.....                                  | 21 |
| How Is It .....                                  | 22 |
| When We Were Young .....                         | 23 |
| I just Wanted to Make a Haiku.....               | 28 |
| Asphyxiate.....                                  | 29 |
| Chaotic Entanglements.....                       | 30 |
| Phase 2: Solitude is Illusory .....              | 35 |
| Some Say.....                                    | 36 |
| Fragility .....                                  | 37 |

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Escapade .....  | 39 |
| CACAW .....   | 40 |
| Roses .....   | 43 |
| Our love .....  | 44 |
| It's Just a Sonnet .....                                  | 46 |
| somebody that you used to know .....                      | 47 |
| Me. ....  | 48 |
| Phase 3: Words Might've Misshapened Me.....               | 50 |
| Dearly, Beloved; an ode to Poetry .....                   | 51 |
| Goodbye Poetry; .....                                     | 52 |
| Seeds. ....   | 53 |
| The Persistent Illumination .....                         | 61 |
| Cannon Beach .....  | 63 |
| While Sipping Red Wine: Another ode To poetry.....        | 65 |
| I obtained a deep — and —prophetic adoration for you..... | 66 |
| Continuance .....   | 68 |
| Pa[i]ge .....   | 69 |
| Conditions .....  | 71 |
| In my skin .....  | 72 |
| Discarnated .....   | 74 |
| Postscript .....  | 75 |



Works Cited.....76

## Places of Possibilities

The sole purpose of this critical preface is to clearly articulate that there is a thing that rests inside of my melanated body. Things can be defined as something that doesn't have a name or an inanimate object. For example, a book. Though, a book is a thing yet it is signified as a book, it has no emotions, no feelings, but it is layered. Those layers provide it with meaning and that there is so much more to the thing than what's represented at the surface level. The creator of the book gives it layers, the genre of the book gives it layers, the content in the book gives it layers, and so forth. What's inside of the thing truly does matter, in addition the life experiences (of the creator) are embedded inside of the thing as well. The thing that arises through my poetry is labeled as Dante. I became aware of Dante through the poems. When I write poetry I usually get in a trance. Many times, once the poems had finished, I would ask myself, *how did I write that? Or Who wrote this?* The poem would become quite mysterious to me in that I knew that it came from a place within me. Some of the poems exhibited a quarrel, a disagreement between myself and Dante, and that quarrel is explored through Poetry. Let's be clear here, Throughout this essay the, "I", the speaker, and creator is Tay. Dante will be referred to as 'it' — a dragon (the reason for that isn't important for this essay). The most important question is where does Dante come from?

To explore possible answers to this question, and the oddity of this quarrel, I will implement Jacques Derrida's definition of the term *bricolage* (which was utilized by french anthropologist Claude Levi-strauss as a way to discuss the form of mythological thought) which comes from his essay, "Structure, Sign, and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences." For

Derrida, bricolage can be defined as one that uses whatever is at hand (irregardless of its true meaning) to satisfy whatever task needs to be done. The task is to abstract concepts from Audre

Lorde essay, *Poetry is Not a luxury*, as a way to extract the essential, or more important, facets of Dante's and I relationship. The scholar is the one who can dissect this piece word for word to actually see if I've achieved the goal I placed upon myself.

So, let's begin with when Dante expresses an idea creatively. *Its'* thoughts spill out like a knife slicing a vein and doesn't stop, until I've sealed the wound by completing a draft of a poem. Afterwards, the speaker, Tay, becomes a translator of language, of form, of rhythm, of meter, and so forth. I've noticed that Dante can't quite grasp these concepts. Upon my application of the former, I would feel *it* retreat. Releasing ideas is its only intention. Before I recognized who Dante was and how to tango with *it*, I constantly felt *it* arise, in my flesh, like a wound from a burn. As a result, I became afraid of my art. I kept writing though. In the Summer (2021) I wrote a poem titled, *Fragility*, Noticeably, Dante had stamped its presence all over it. However, I decided to just ride the wave but also allow the reader to become aware of this quarrel. For example, check out the beginning of the poem *Fragility*:

*Now that i'm released*  
*from underneath*  
*the claw of the Dragon,*  
*relieved from it's rigged*  
*skin*  
*and threats from the serrated*  
*edges*

*i can speak.*

It is important to note that even though the speaker felt released from the dragon (Dante) the quarrel with poetry and Dante was (and still is!) present. The speaker — who's lost inside of the poem(s) and inside of Dante — is simply translating ideas that derive from somewhere, a place I didn't know existed. Which, as I write now, had been very mysterious.

Audre Lorde who described herself as, “black, lesbian, mother, warrior, poet,” according to the Poetry Foundation. Even more, “Audre Lorde dedicated both her life and her creative talent to confronting and addressing injustices of racism, sexism, classism, and homophobia.” In her Essay, *Poetry is Not a Luxury*, Lorde confronts as much as is entailed in the quote above. Specifically, she addressed the notion of poetry as a *felt* experience, and an illumination of the way we investigate our lives. The reason, according to Lorde, that poetry is felt can be attributed to dark hidden ideas that are ancient and left behind. Though, these places inside of us are places of possibility, “...Within ourselves are dark because they are ancient and hidden; they have survived and grown strong through darkness. Within these deep places, each one of us holds an incredible reserve of creativity and power, of unexamined and unrecorded emotion and feeling” (Lorde 372). From this, I do find similarities between Dante's and I relationship, and where *it* comes from.

Lorde imparts, “... poetry as illumination, for it is through poetry that we give name to those ideas which are, until the poem, nameless and formless-about to be birthed, but already felt. That distillation of experience from which true poetry springs births thought as dream births concept, as feeling births idea, as knowledge births (precedes) understanding” (Lorde 371).

Moreover, the experiences that I had come against transformed into ideas that are in conjunction with those exact experiences, then, materialize into a thought that gets projected onto the page through poetry as a catalyst for healing.

That being stated, for me, poetry has illuminated the ideas, and thoughts that derive from Dante, and extension of hidden pockets and keen corners inside myself. So... Dante and I are sort of in an entanglement? Or, are we the same person just positioned differently? And it is through our positioning I (the speaker) perceive Dante as something else, something that just isn't me. In addition, That means poetry can uncover day to day experiences, or does it? Lorde, "Poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought. The farthest external horizons of our hopes and fears are cobbled by our poems, carved from the rock experiences of our daily lives" (Lorde 373). Therefore, Dante has always been a part of my life, in the den, waiting to present itself. Not just as a thing, or an idea but a thought. Somehow I've cracked the code. Which points to poetry as the combination.

Though, inside my poems, I shy away from this sort of revolutionary work explicitly, I think my being identified as Black, I am doing the work, through poetry. In my writing, I prioritize the process of healing, weaving words into laces that have the potential to tie up my wounds, knotting them so tightly that the gashes can never be undone — Their (Dante; I will not gender it nor do I desire to do such a thing) ideas manifest on the page in a form of pure thought. So much so that this other entity can protrude from my being in other ways which is performed in a poem I titled, *Some Say*:

*I*

*lied to you. I didn't stop smoking.*

*The dragon wouldn't let*

*Me — for smoke*

*Complements the Ideology*

*In and of it.*

This part of the poem distinctly expresses that the speaker lied to a lover about quitting smoking. Not only did I smoke before writing — Slowly but surely, it became a habit, a coping mechanism. Simply knowing *it* was there, that feeling, attached to my daily life. Poetry is, “carved from a rock the rock experiences of our daily lives” (Lorde 373). Lorde gestures that we investigate our lives which can be defined as a light, “our lives have direct bearing upon the product which we live, and upon the changes which we hope to bring about through those lives. It is within this light that we form those ideas by which we pursue our magic and make it realized. This is poetry as illumination, for it is through poetry that we give name to those ideas which are, until the poem, nameless and formless-about to be birthed, but already felt” (Lorde 371). How this applies to my poetry is that Dante was felt and formless but became born through poetry, making *it* an idea. As a result, poetry gives it shape? So I’ve merely provided a name to some-thing that communicates ideas/thoughts that lay in the wishing well of my being — The true creativity is there, inside the speaker, and I must pull it out but it doesn’t mean that Dante won’t take over, or more specifically the idea. Is Dante my true spirit? Or is *it*, the speaker, and the ancient knowledge working together in a way that illuminates the true spirit inside the “I”? Do other poets tango with themselves, or their true spirit in a similar fashion? Does a thing that resonates inside them get highlighted with italics, too? For context, italics can be used for emphasis or contrast — that is to draw attention to some particular aspect of a poem. Overall, the questions that I have put forth could only be answered through the relationship that I have with Dante, there is no way of actually knowing this, truly. To be quite honest, I black out when

writing most poems. The more I reflect on Lorde, and her concepts that kind of allow for me to understand Dante and where *it* comes from, the more I realize that Dante desires to be hidden within the words of the page, and only signified through italics. Afterward, I, tay, am the one who has the job of stitching the pieces together like a seamstress. I am the one who is seen, then asked to invade my poems as an attempt to name the namelss. Even though the poem is the name! The poem is the meaning and all its mysteriousness. This quarrel with Dante is revealed really well through a poem titled, **CACAW**. The speaker and Dante go back and forth in a poem. I attempted to take the lead and write about a crow cawing.

*I began to think I'm naturally  
dissatisfied  
by life — I discover  
no pleasure in  
being exploited.*

Furthermore, the speaker wanted to write about a crow cawing but moments later, Dante felt that the subject of the poem shouldn't be about a crow cawing. As if I were being disobedient — ignoring *its' thoughts* — Dante jumped inside the page;

*.I snuck the crow  
Into this poem  
thorns on plantforms  
The damage is done  
No consent required  
As we don't speak  
with the same pink tongue.*

Here we have Dante clearly slipping into the poem and stating, “I snuck the crow/Into this poem.” But not Dante, they’re blaming me... the speaker that is the “I” they’re referring to!

The speaker returns;

The being that states the latter

disregard the latter

a splatter of tatters—

Exploitation

Is the word

I want you to ruminate...

Right after this stanza Dante returns —

*The being that stated the latter*

*Is lost in the depths of the **sleepy hallows***

*As soon as activities or work need to be done.*

— To call me out, to shame me. Dante is referring to ‘activities’ or ‘work’ as writing poetry.

Let’s be clear that poetry and the thought (s) that adjoin Dante may be unexamined and unrecorded. Under these circumstances, poetry is utilized to examine, and then, record Dante thoughts. In front of the page, at that time, it felt grueling which made it feel like a job that was dull.



Poetry has been a form of expression, and a way for me to release, a way to heal. When I move my fingers across the keyboard, or the pen across the page something magical is happening, a happening that, most times, is out of my control, and where Dante and I merge is on the page. No, all of my poems do not mean that Dante is being signified through italics. Though, admittedly, I write poems so that Dante can emerge, safely, in confidence and return to wherever it goes. I desperately tried to convey meaning through some of my poems in my collection for clarity for myself and the reader. Truth is some lines mean much more to Dante than they actually mean to me, or the meaning differs in a way that language just can't name. It is the language that allows for the reader to participate. Natalie Díaz, a Mojave poet and professor, writes, in *Postcolonial Love Poem*, “ a good window lets the outside participate”(77). Amongst many things Lorde is a poet as well as Diaz. Therefore, in our writing, our truth, our experiences, are written on the page so we provide windows for the reader to participate. Quite literally reach out to the reader. Amid the reader participating from the outside, not ever being able to touch our hands, in the meantime, only being able to detect the effort. A *good* window allows for all of this to happen. That is what a *good* window can do.

This has been a landscape of my journey in poetry, and I've brought in others marvelous thinkers, and poets to help me out. I can't do it alone, hence Dante -- though I thought I was alone, but my journey through poetry, through writing, has not revealed as much. It has revealed that I am not alone — “*Oh, you aren't!*” Thanks, Dante.

One more thing, The reader may want me to primarily focus on race, and not write in and out of the race concept. I'm aware that I discuss being black. Too many times, in America, the race conversation groups people into categories and the only thing that matters is their identity which, then, perpetuates hegemony. The color of one's skin complexion doesn't mean that all

people inside that category experience the same trauma. There are shared experiences due to the fact that white people have tried to slaughter our agency, our identity, and call us marginalized. Such disrespect. I don't ever wish to refer to myself or those that look like me as marginalized. We are the majority. From the white person perspective I look black, and so does Lorde. The European model has allowed for me—and Lorde, to agree that we are Black. I am melanated. The melanin in our skin is much more marvelous, we take in sunlight and emit melanin. It is intelligence. So, we shouldn't be looked at or treated like the "other." Let's stop that. There's the "ahh ha!" for ya!

*Tulips symbolize deep love, a perfect love.*

## Phase 1: Nothing is new under the sun

[Audre Lorde offers, “places of possibility” in  
to the frame of my mind; implanted there  
like stairs that lead you who's reading in  
to insight, prying myself to find  
*its' hollow as a tunnel, ambiguous,*  
*circuitous.* Why is nothing there?  
Even the air contains an element that compound in  
to something; it matters. Though, we may not  
see the particles reach, *stretch at length*  
*these torn meanings a sauntering sequoia turned sea blue*  
*stifled, with circumstances that relax into the notepad's pigment.*  
*These are poems.* A place of possibility, shifts in  
to pinching *droplets of me off my essence*, jarred in  
side the jaws, this still frame \*a pause\*  
to poetry]

## I Just Wanted To Try To Make A Abecedarian

A crisp lash on my vein would snip my umbilicus.  
 Before I accept this great defeat, like a heron be, i leap off thin toes into dreary skies,  
 Cut through pliable branches, and sit in a weeping willow  
 ruminations kick me, gliding, like a paper sailboat,

Does my name fertilize my sorrows, Eager to figure this out like a puppy staring in the mirror i  
 sealed my eyes shut while Faded brutal words *do it* unlatch a memory — once when  
 blood polka dotted the floor, and refracted moonlight that spilled in through the window  
*taylor don't* these words intentions dismembered by repetition, like a broken belt buckle,

My soul's hollow voice, solemn, hanging in desolate air  
 Near my soft ears dying, is an *act* like everything else. Or is my view skewed like a tired  
 doctor — am I misdiagnosing my Presence, am i too stupefied by being *something*, to never quit  
 on it whose idea of,

*Quit* am I adopting it damn sure ain't mine  
 Right Is the core of the apple needed  
 Should it sustain itself without it Don't it depend on the name, its resilience  
 Truth is; I'm a rottened Jonagold  
 Uttering mawkish tones, i send to God, she's  
 Very familiar with my obsession to not have a name  
 Where each syllable spotlights the reason i've become  
 Xeroxed by the pale faces.  
 Yesterday the keen knife spared my life while it drew a  
 Zipper in my wrist;

**Devil's Ivy**

my roots spread far  
wide disdainfully resting in  
the keen corners and penetrating

pockets of life

*It stings.*

exhilArating; The sunsEt was

This is how you suffer in silence.  
 On the tarmac, away from home. Uncertainty,  
 Resides within each bone - within your lofty frontal fragments - as the wheels take off,  
 This is how basketball swallowed you whole and spit you out  
 Like a bat regurgitating what's left and scattering its speckles throughout the world.  
 This is how your entire life as you know it, is rattled at its core.  
 This is how a *fuck you* egress's from your vocal chords.  
 This is how regret seeps in. this is  
 How home transforms into hell.  
 Like an annoyance folklore  
 that it is.  
 This is how the love fill up within the rooms like a discolored, distorted balloon  
 Escape and diluted into knowledge and an understanding of  
 A childhood that corrupted your attributes. This is how facets underneath you  
 Screwdrive into your internal celestial being and twists  
 As unpleasantries rest upon your face wincing like a drop from a lime.  
 Don't go back.  
 This is how you become a first-generation graduate,  
 This is how you pave the way for your siblings.  
 Don't give up. This is how you disrupt the statistics  
 and spit in the face of blockades  
 Don't think, this is how you did-  
 You don't know how you did it.  
 Don't take it too serious as your fall from greatness  
 can be detrimental - To  
     Your  
         Existence.  
 Don't stop. Keep running - keep jogging - keep limping, and fighting and breathing keep on  
 keeping.  
 Exhaustion suffices your mind, and impresses on your heart and soul.  
 Like a snake - squeezing, Your cracking bones reverberate in the air around you.  
 This is how home isn't home. This is how  
 Four porcelain walls become your soulmate  
 This is how you land in reflections which  
 Become misinterpretations turned into adjacent contemplations

Which serves up a platter of fixation on your placement  
in this game.

Don't look back. This is how vibrations and tones in your pocket turn into bad news  
Transformed into blames of and who and accusations develop into  
Resentments that produce declines - over

And

Over;

This is how you leave and never look back.

Don't accept love. This is how you change numbers and lose yourself in it all.

Like warm - deep brown cast-iron quicksand, the depths carry you home.

This is how you fall from grace and avoid home.

Yes, the plan never made it- we turned around.

This is how bewilderment shifts

And becomes perplexities flattering the devil in a fucking white dress.

Don't play the game. This is how you perceive and leave discernment at

The table.

This is how

This is

This.



**This Is Not. A Political Poem**

Am I

somewhere between these rectangular dimensions—

I mean page. I must imprint proof of aspiration  
onto each faded blue line which tempts to crowd

me like a herded sheep. You ought  
to know that my essence supersedes

clauses and tenses this is a voyage through  
the page before the words summon existence

through the physical plane where the wood  
panels of universities structures blindfold

where thou and I meet I've ignored  
the Mother of days creation like a tree

trunk reaching miles beneath itself her  
undressed branches whose edges could free

bloom through this black body

I am anything besides what you call me —

Yes.

I am majestic, inoculated

by the colonizer's language, perpetually I utilize their function

like wet sand trying to escape itself

My truth has been connived by ghostly faces to  
terrify me

They say I am a tempestuous beast

left hopelessly free falling into

photosynthesized leaves that crouch near a dead  
sequoia — the agony slips out the

sclera brailing dew onto my body

No. I am a gold beam

of light plated with dazzling rain drops — the  
dew dribbles into pianos and guitar strings that snap,

pops slithering through wiggling my ancestors bodies

I am Theolonus Monk

I am B.B King

— I recline like a stretched palm  
underneath dismal clouds with suggestions from gray  
infused with sun light that stretches ————— at length  
I am the suns honeyed rum that revivifies  
my psyche                      I am my tongue.

### She won't undo what he did: MOTHER

How can I stand firmly on my two feet      wobbling and withering      in life.  
 In the belly of the beast      rested decrepit shades      camouflage vexations  
 in life.

Dejected: rejected; depressed; sorrowful      pathetically unrested      in life.  
 Stamps of missteps impregnate the soul      expressing your psychokenetic projection  
 in life.

What you lookin' at?      the future tugs with brute force      & slides you      in life.  
 In keen corners and penetrating pockets      Confusingly      tainted and exhausted  
 in life.

Victories are vindictive      and allusive; but in alignment with confidence      in life.  
 Multifaceted; multilayered      decisions, and choices moored confictions      in life.

Tapered thoughts and feelings      trim the landscape of life      in life.  
 The more possibilities of      who      you      the more possibilities of      what      you      in life.

The ten ton drapes propped over sunlight      fortify constrictions & discouragement      in  
 life.  
 Don't give up.      Suffering a tree, as cold harsh winds      scrap the bare skin      in life.

Every emotion      seeps into yawning incensions      Don't give up:  
     Taylor  
 symbolizes reason      mother deeply groomed      your robust roots      in life.

## Predilections of Amy

Soft tissue on the hardwood canvas, while  
 Belches of weeps rip open your mouth.  
 Thank you, Amy.  
 I'm destroyed on the inside  
 Soles of aged tennis shoes.  
 No words to utter. I listen to her.  
 A long lost sister.  
 As the song switch from one to thee other  
 An Eerie Silence.

Displacement.

Fear.  
 a freezing sting unfurls a numbness.  
 this split second gives me too much  
 time to think  
 As Amy bellows, *Tears dry on their own*

The scentless residue trickles  
 Drop.

Drop..

Drop...

Emotions drive you right aside of yourself then  
 Bring you back left

The balance is nerve wrecking, as you can't catch it.  
*What is that?*

An allusive dilapidated and distasteful mirror...  
 Dive

Deep into that crooked image, don't let your eyes deceive you.  
 I changed the song now. I welcome these thoughts.  
 I land on the one that allows for Amy to speak for the two halves of me  
*You should be stronger than me, you've been here seven years long than me*

This line gives me chills but my soul has been here  
more than seven times.

Then why can' i figure out life, self;  
Ideologies Plummet to their death    like leaves breaking away from trees  
Now... I ease,  
Breathe.  
... peace -  
Acceptance.

She reached the top of her lungs as she sings  
*Will you still love me tomorrow?*  
If, i make it through the gauntlet  
24 hours after, alive  
Sure.

The labyrinth of these complexities contorting into performings  
That're sorting and twisting me  
in a thick braid of contradictions.

If    you    let    it  
Or    remain  
                 scattered,  
                 Out of place

Like these tones and vibrations            that are replaced for fragments  
To help you gain            some sort of understanding  
But they drag you            like a corpse to a dead end.

**a zuihitsu**

Wet grass stainless still frame of love  
Fish dangle betwixt each blade  
Butterfly in the eye of the beholder  
Birth]day reiterates punctuation — that emphasis  
Daddy no longer around like that of a bike  
Wheel the orange in my socks is actually blood  
Bodies of water chased me while slipping in  
Cracks [impassé] delightly unfolds callus  
Down a sequoia [ me ] brick by brick the  
Picnic of my mind disappears — a  
Recent dream where you attended and I were  
Bee's [ in wet grass you taught me  
How to fly



in its rough fur playing  
 I am simply being — tortuous — me.  
 hide and seek.

### When We Were Young

lightning bugs hummed  
 in the midst of our eardrums.  
 an orchestra of dirty tennis shoes  
 slither — amongst the roots of slimy grass  
 Schooch..... jar open,

Catch,

mission complete.

When We Were Young  
 the ferocious ocean  
 Breeze greeze  
 brailed on reporters camera  
 frail lens  
 the wail evinced  
 on Grandmother's  
 TV.  
 Pel / icans hovered over  
 thirsty anxious  
 to

D  
 I  
 V  
 E



IN

roars established  
 Monolith/  
 ic waves gather  
 at soothing shores.  
 i know now that this  
 was an exhale.  
 never in life  
 i believed I  
 gain privy to witness  
 your mist .adjoin.my.lips.

When We Were Young

a wind storm

of

d

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s

tortured a

confident cat

in a clique of

g r e e n

/

y e l l o w

g r a s s

When We Were Young

we climbed  
 Thick  
 Tree's/ Branches cling  
 for existence  
 me, you, us stepp  
 Ing in the  
 mahogany leaves  
 desperately they clasp  
 to our feet that disrupted

bonding

between child,  
 mother. We ain't know betta/  
 We love the way We were loved.

When We Were Young  
 drugs enveloped the  
 crib the smell pun'gent. I  
 gawked at the  
     Raindrops  
     plop plop plop  
 on the window, the wind thwacked  
 Elements loose leaf tea  
*i wish i could*  
*be the when*  
 when iwasyoung come and  
 go as I please

When We Were Young  
 coal-black seals cavort  
 on the channel,  
 dad watching. Behind,  
 I hide  
     Low  
     In stance\  
 marveling

*what is that?*

fastforward

I elope

paddle board

reverberating s/p/ l /a/s/ h

betwixt

body and ocean water

The clash

Kicked my earlobes

arise.

I witness a tiny

dark grey globe

dark eyes

pop up stare

we lock eyes —

speechless.

When We Were Young/ the

Sun God demonstrated its

Greatness refracting Excellency

light.

we on the corner

unleash the fire

Hydrant

grab wrench ting ting ting

a sting of refreshment

we kept our———

distance.

In the street,  
On the *block* — still roasting,

In Standard  
American  
English  
the former refers  
to the block being active  
(drugs; any moment gun spray, body lay kind of thing).

a moment of diversion  
when we were young.

**I Just Wanted To Make A Haiku**

Rain can be refreshing.

Revitalizing all suppression.

Reviving life force energy.

Drawbacks (of) trauma Gnawing.

**Asphyxiate**

Depictions of me trying eviscerate  
my aspirations, the exceptions i make  
contemplating like this, *draw breathe*, this  
madness that screws through  
the hollow flesh, secrets such unkempt  
like urchins, *a wanderer*, the best,  
stroked by sticky streamlines of  
drops that press, *do one's best*, paralyzed,  
sweltering from fixing the mechanics malfunction  
jet propulsion to matte, such petious posture  
wedged against embellished sermons  
situations surmise worthlessness, these  
torn meanings a sauntering sequoia turned sea blue  
stifled, with circumstances that *relax* in the notepad's pigment.

## Chaotic Entanglements

I like the way the blue herons — Glide  
 Each wing strides — and  
 I like the way love and love  
 And war intimately adjoin like  
 The jackets on books linearly smushed  
 on shelves.

I admit.  
 I like to sit and reconstruct  
 Shit only to  
 Deconstruct it.  
 I like to keep going and going  
 Even when a fixation arises  
 And disrupts the process.  
 I must admit — I like  
 This

I like to jog, I like to  
 Cry. I like to chase the  
 Woman of my dreams  
 Although, she may be viscous, battered  
 it is up to me — to get  
 Her to love  
 Me. To know  
 that — she needs me  
 and I — might need her —

I like to have an emotion  
 attach and unequivocally latch onto —  
 Any—thing, like thin green grass  
 on a — flimsy steel fence  
 Like that of a tan door  
 It clasps onto the inner mechanics  
 Locked

I like the way

I.....

Inhale.....

Then.....

Exhale.....

And smoke pours out my lounges.

I like tea,

Green tea.

The comfort-ability

It offers me. The warm persuasion

Of its tricklings — pleasing.

I like to be quiet, and

Time that time, in

Which I was quiet.

I sought to rise

Only to find to go up is to

come

Down and so forth. — jaded.

I like to listen to Amy Winehouse sing. I

Like to join

I like to observe a

Silhouette, that of my

Woman, a Queen.

I like that this is only

A tiny portion of her being.

I admit — I like this.

That she can spread — and metamorph

Into whatever I need.

See, I like to develop



Then switch—  
 Up. I like to watch tree's  
 And leaves just                    be.

I like delicate elements  
 Dandelions, European Starlings, Canyon  
 Wren noticing all that is  
 within me.  
 I like the man I'm tryna' — I like it.

I like to entangle spirit  
 With — I like to validate  
 That, which is all emotions  
 As I continue to die  
 And live right  
 Before human eyes.  
 Can you see it?  
 Yeah...  
 I like it.

I like to know that  
 This poem can  
 Go on and on and on  
 And hate.  
 Although, I must admit  
 I like this.  
 I like the way the wind  
 Breezes, and cruises by  
 And collides with my skin  
 And reflect as the residue of its scents  
 Effortlessly  
 Intertwine Its truth with mine.

I like that I've  
 Derived from a mammoth of  
 Fools. Uncanningly —  
 Though, I saved myself  
 Or poetry did  
 I am the one who needed rescuing

A damn damsel in distress.  
 — I like that  
 I have a gift, a niche  
 that compliments me.  
 I like this, element  
 In which has been  
 Oppressed, then  
 Uplifted and  
 Tossed into the  
 Ether — after that  
 Here I stand —  
 The aftermath.  
 I like that.

I like the sort of chaotic entanglements, and  
 Infractions — the way  
 they sit, and allow  
 Us to become rampant.  
 I like to entertain this  
 So that I learn about  
 Myself — revealed —  
 Unapologetically through my  
 Entanglements.  
 I like the way the  
 World is going. that even  
 If I could die  
 I would like that I  
 Was at peace, and THE SHIT.  
 But — then, I would  
 Cease to exist — *some part of me*  
*despises writing this.*

I like a world in which  
 You can create it  
 Like a blank canvas  
 Like a child starting over and relearning  
 Then —  
 Re — emerging. Like all the seasons  
 that appear then fade  
 I like to know

that the talent  
I have can get me  
Going — in a way  
that responds and illuminates  
My finest — in its essence.  
I like that.  
that — it be my presence  
And a stride  
An umbilical cord.  
I like that  
No one knows this is going on.  
In my thoughts.  
In my mind —  
Which makes it mine

when this ends I'll have  
To summon and  
Gather up  
All the pieces and be  
Able to do it again. and again. and again  
and again and again  
and.....

## Phase 2: Solitude is Illusory

Fanny Howe offers, “the point of art is to show people that life is worth living by showing that it isn't.” Well might these poems be the flowers in which I offer to my death. *Bright pink, Orange - streaked Tulips* mimic my alive dispositions Prior to storm of this poem unraveled into the landmark of my execution. I am hidden within the windowpane of language dazzling ain't it? [*peering in at them I wished they were peonies*] Bewildered by the “I” Let me stay that way after all it is *it* that hopes to die; *If i jump may my dragon come Swoop me up out the sky, grasp my blanketed bones*

## Some Say

I  
 lied to you. I didn't stop smoking.  
 The dragon wouldn't let  
 Me — for smoke  
 Complements the Ideology  
 In and of it. How could  
 I  
 let it go?  
 Why should  
 I?  
 Until I learn how to **balance** —  
*you, me, dragon (who i've decided to call Dante*  
*i ain't set on that)* — **Life. That date is**  
**As they say...**  
 Some may  
 interpret this as  
 addiction. This term comes from Existential forces — those  
 That governs the masses (*I think*).  
 I translate this as unrequited love.  
 The relationship gets complicated  
 When tobacco is deeply rooted in  
 The history of America. Encoded in the fabrics  
 Of its structure  
 Tantalizing Indentured servants — *Blacks*  
 It is engraved in my melanin,  
 That generational trauma — Fascist.  
 Although,  
 Here  
 I am — equipped with this knowledge  
 Still, my sins not forsaken  
 Excuses excuse my mentions

“Up in the air”

It's the claw of the

This plant, healing

dragon that's persistent

Gripling.

The intelligence I'm equipped with  
 Can not inoculate the pain. So I  
 Indulge in this 'thang'

**Fragility**

*Now that i'm released  
 from underneath  
 the claw of the Dragon,  
 relieved from it's rigged  
 skin  
 and threats from the serrated  
 edges  
 i can speak.*

The ferocious faces  
 Came slithering

down  
 The strings  
 of  
 the  
 Sloppy windpipes  
 "This face... that face...  
 Her face... his face..."  
 Zadie Smith contrived  
 The last phrase —  
 i perceive  
 In this way  
 the world — Disembodied and expressionless.  
 i see,  
 Buildings, Restaurants, Malls, Gas Stations,  
 Grocery Stores, Schools..  
 movements  
 —that are synonymous—  
 adjoin—These *Places*. everyone  
 Thinks alike, those  
 thoughts conjoin with  
 Fragile Emotions  
 And provide Pacifiers

Drinks; Food. Cars steer  
 And park next to the Props.  
 i analyze  
 My disposition  
 in These Traditions  
 “...With the same  
 attitude you bring  
 to the instructions  
 for a flat packed table.”

—  
 My index, middle finger and  
 Thumb meet

just above

The tip of the blue pen.

Aroused

Snugged

Entrenched in  
 Translating the vibrations from my mind

Just because

I like it. Writing got me.....

Secluded ...

reclusive...

the rowdy rumbles argue  
 Raging and raining ramifications  
 inside  
 My house of commons  
 The Parliament  
 of Great  
 Britain — *just perform*  
 Like us all — what  
 Else is there to do?

## Escapade

If i jump  
     may my dragon  
 Come  
 Swoop me up out the sky and  
 Grasp my blanketed bones — i don't  
 Want to feel the impact — i  
 Don't think it does  
 Either — for it'll be too humbling for it  
 — all ITS' robustness — i can't foresee  
 IT being humbled by the  
 Dingy cement, or the hood of a  
 Red corvette, or the steel plate  
 Of the quiet ocean —  
*Neither can I.*

*i licked my wounds. The saliva, my spit has is too  
 weak to solidify its carting on my frail frame and intense  
 scabs. You licked my wounds and they sealed perfectly  
 like a porcelain envelope — I got addicted — why would I  
 ever let you go? I can't snatch you up with my claw*

*For           you           are           the           wind.*



## CACAW

I witnessed a sleek black crow cawing  
at the calm wind and thee alluring existence  
in white natural puffs

luxurious hydrangea skies and  
the sweet sun that shone.

Deri ved.

I seemed to be

inspi red.

As I philosophized

I have to accept who I've...

And,

*What I am am I what WHAT AM I*— nevertheless,

—That is not a quest ion—

I intrigued

as

I've never seemed

to be

good at snatch ing—advice.

It is delirium

for this crow to

Caw, one would fathom

That's why they

do it so

Oft en..

....

..

....

... ..

.

I began to think I'm naturally

dissatisfied

by life — I discover

no pleasure in

being exploited.

*.I snuck the crow  
 Into this poem  
 thorns on platforms  
 The damage is done  
 No consent required  
 As we don't speak  
 with the same pink tongue.*

The being that states the latter  
 disregard the latter  
 a splatter of tatters—

Exploitation

Is the word

I want you to ruminate...

..

..

.

....

The being that stated the latter

Is lost in the depths of the *sleepy hallows*

As soon as activities or work need to be done.

the work I'm entertaining

Is it not

**appeasing to**

The pensive sadness

that makeup **that being**.

Is the work sadistic — these are not questions — I like maintaining this

These personalities

Is it worth it

To write...

*What I am    am I what    WHAT  
 AM I*

**AN artist.**

existentially

the very word in and of itself

Is contaminated — *ahh don't listen*

*pay it no attention  
 I'll mention*

*This caw  
I attempted  
To curtail yet  
the vibrations withheld  
A sortof friction  
Here I. am*

*Here. I. am*

*Here. I. am — Grasping for this reflection —*

This is a moment, a thought  
Sprawling onto the white note  
Page... a fulgent flash... the tight  
Click  
from the round camera  
Lens  
Uncovers a  
glimpse  
an angle  
of  
What it's  
like to ...

                    feel ...           to  
Recognize your fragmented skin  
As     flesh entangled           contradictions

...

..

. ..

....

## Roses

*“The light in me bows to the roots of you.”*

The bond between  
 soil and tree signifies  
 Our significance to one another.  
 Your love nourishes me  
 Heals me wipes me clean  
 of discrepancies — often,  
 I stare into the marvelous clouds,  
 Undisturbed ocean beneath these  
 A gift from God as you are to me.  
 Thus, you’ll be cherished infinitely. Honey,  
 The past lives we’ve spent together won’t  
 Ever compare to the present my  
 Soul leaves you with this — *thee cruel*  
*Roars always will be met with force, though, it is the Queen that*  
*Slayed the dragon, unfasten welts of lashes from her King,*  
*as drops drips, slips to lips;*  
*An eclipse of love, for infinity*

## Our love

Employing discernment while  
 seeking proper adjective  
 which won't reside in  
 these lines, this form.

our love, to articulate  
 is as much as  
 probing God, *why*  
*did you create me*  
 Pleading pleats.

our love, crept in between  
 the way I've engraved  
 The page  
 and how *Dante's*  
 Damaged me.

your hands akin  
 carrara marble, marveling David's right.  
 your veins prolific  
 pumped with lesions  
 you still live with.

your hands palliate  
 my lacerations, taste my face  
 while you whisper  
*You must be handled diligently*  
 your lips vice grip my  
 tongue, uneven expressive eyes  
 dip into me like a tattoo needle.

It's not you i'm listening  
 to, your hands give me

Guidance i envy they're  
somehow glued with you.

I cry as i write this  
while being tormented  
naming the nameless  
circumvents my being  
look what i had to  
go through explaining  
to our

### It's Just a Sonnet

At what point do I leave you  
 Gargling up, chewing all of my truth  
 Leaving me desperate, lover has no clue  
 Frequently I submit to your standards; Virtue  
 Staring down a your face a hue  
*starshine and clay* desperate to have meaning; tattoo  
 However, I hope to kill; undue you  
 Rip shards disperse hemp wood pulp manilla jute  
 While the murky purple tides comb you in Anew  
 Mother, poetry, loved ferociously you have no clue  
 Cocoa leaves extracts tampered my dispositions, renew  
 Fragments of my mental argue down a avenue  
     Its fragrance utilized this body                      breakthrough  
     While in solitude, I forgave myself you              knew.

**somebody that you used to know**

each ticking minute i'm alive  
by accident I ache in time

my shadow lingers like  
an unhealed wound i rest in

the page, i carve a twinge  
of proof that loops

shades of lines, wading like tides  
my feet flapped toward fast fixtures

like the letter O trying to find its origins  
its end. i returned to try again, life that is

these scar-trails taime me like  
*syntax so it feels like hell*

i abandon this poem; as a child I was  
unruly, unable to trust structure and restriction

that is why the poetry genre i cannot fit in  
too warm, too affectionate, too caring

*I had nine lives this is my last*



**Me.**

My pens undulates  
 As it makes out with  
 The page —  
 Up,                    up  
  
                   down,

Down... again.

I'll always remember  
 When mother left me  
 At the edge of copper steps  
 staring at a familiar building —  
 A hug goodbye was all  
 It took for, a younger version  
 Of self, to realize  
 Life's impermanence,  
 No one will come wipe up your short  
 comings, even the sun attempt to dry up  
 the residue from the rain — takes    days.

Up,                    up,  
  
                   down,

Down again — i saw  
 This motion happen to  
 My grandma once, a leaping frog  
 On top of her, I closed my eyes  
 Back to sleep — who knew this  
 Image would scar me  
 Like callus to a tree. Perhaps it  
 protected me though,  
 I'm no Collin White tree. What do

I mean? My body actually  
Clings to things and in no way  
To act as bandaids, they persuade  
my demise.

Up,            up,

              down,

Then

down again — I love  
Grandmother, I love  
Mother — please believe the “I”  
can’t speak for a younger  
Version of ....

### **PHASE 3: Words Might've Misshapened Me**

Solmaz Sharif hovers, "... And the caretakers of language, the poets, their role, the caretaking of language, is to keep it from calcifying." *You licked my wounds, they sealed perfectly like a porcelain envelope*  
*I got addicted why would I ever let you go?* Bending language into shape like a ceramist might my hands mold the appropriate verbiage that makes amends. Even language can't be tamed  
That's the point of revision to avoid calcification  
May these poems never harden or stiffen though remain  
Equipped with disdain, disdain for marveling words

**Dearly, Beloved; an ode to Poetry**

This was a long time coming —  
Me ... and the skin of this parchment

—  
Let's get married,  
In secrecy.

**Goodbye Poetry;**

*“Poetry, I feel, is a tyrannical discipline. You've got to go so far so fast in such a small space; you've got to burn away all the peripherals.”*

—Sylvia Plath

I don't know if I want to give my life to you.  
I never love something enough to become

that passionate about it at least if it isn't real  
poetry itself isn't real, I can't sniff you touch you

hug you neither can you do repeat these motions  
To me how do I know you're real what's real

I don't get you I've vented secrets that secreted  
through time yet poetry you allowed for me to unwind

you've ripped me to shreds and mangled me into  
pieces shapes molded me into who i don't want to see

consistently you must be squished into something  
a rhythmic pattern form that gathers your contents

who decides nevermind I have no more energy to subject  
my being to be tarnished through submission after another

as a way to give my existence a qualification  
so it is I who raises a glass to the sky

to gift poetry with a kiss goodbye, though, it  
may not be the last time I strip myself bare

minimum to make you do be something though i don't know  
what it is that you've ever wanted from me

like telescopes tear through skies I've  
peered through you only to find ME

droplets of dew that signify agony grief  
what must i do now or be times up

**Seeds.**

i can't figure  
 out where we originate,  
 hate, at the core  
 tumbling through diminutive  
 skin complexions, stern  
 seeds, uprooted lands,  
 pondering, i can't  
 believe this the  
 way I, She,  
 Him, Them began,  
 or is it  
 the plight of  
 our existence smaller  
 than pebbles the  
 seeds stretch at length  
 my melanin, palm  
 the most important  
 pieces i can't  
 see hazel eyes  
 the bed i  
 spread my body  
 curve tight rolly  
 polly it's possible  
 that the beginning  
 intended to be  
 muddled

muddled  
 chiseled in unfamiliar  
 territory my name  
 no wiggle room  
 in eurocentric ideology  
 can this be  
 where it started

intercept a bee  
 glimpse flirting with  
 me landing on  
 my tainted melanin  
 deception the methods  
 to receive a  
 taste of this  
 seed, for the  
 life of me  
 i can't help  
 but to think  
 is this bee  
 perpetuating the colonizers  
 Ideology, swooning me  
 with lavishness, shit  
 ain't it unique  
 i take in  
 sunlight, discharge melanin,

melanin, the seed  
 it's name slip  
 brain function, she  
 told me the  
 name a counterfeit  
 element, nameless identities  
 chained, suppress as  
 labels blemish body  
 fuck, i still desire  
 to remember that  
 name it was  
 alluring as the  
 bee this i  
 can't refute notions  
 toxic potions aware  
 i am a  
 glove that seal  
 compresses my authenticity

a range of  
 voices i guess  
 i accept, where  
 shall i plant  
 these prepossessing seeds  
 internally reset start  
 at ground zero?

at ground zero?  
 unlike the seeds  
 pressing reset or  
 taste fresh start  
 may knife me,  
 ego costume roles  
 pride i withhold  
 the angelic strives  
 i've discovered in  
 these white people  
 streets maybe i  
 can plopp seeds  
 in a box  
 eliminating ability to  
 bloom envelope unprocessed  
 fragrance on natural  
 lands to allow  
 for tiny portion  
 of it's fascinating  
 function to replenish  
 air, heal spoiled  
 lands nah, retain  
 In my hands  
 you're mine  
 i have no  
 time to be

time to be  
 selfish it is  
 all about me  
 though i said  
 it i stand



on it this  
 inauthentic this voice  
 me correct!  
 so admit it  
 im back a  
 truth to me  
 whiplash effect skirt  
 many turns many  
 fresh breaths many  
 strides many glides  
 in the proper  
 destination to plant  
 these delicate seeds  
 an infant so  
 sensitive, larches leave  
 svelte, slender, transformation  
 wondrously aging daisy  
 marigold transplant i  
 can't unknow presence  
 enterprise of dominance  
 i can't unknow  
 my inability to  
 write myself out  
 of an institutionalized  
 method of thinking  
 i perceive roles  
 as flickering gold

as flickering gold  
 a precious bubble  
 i mix eastern  
 philosophy in that  
 way i utilize  
 the former to  
 bestow precedence  
 on me i  
 fly so high  
 then land on  
 webbed feet only  
 to gaze over  
 the precipice ponder

ing, what a plunder  
 it could be  
 to depart and  
 vanish, setting sun  
 trusting that like  
 crunchy leaves i  
 pass transform reborn  
 preciousness  
 infantry of vibrations  
 stiffened me coward  
 you're scared indeed  
 no, not death  
 to drop to  
 plummet to nothing

plummet to nothing  
 roles, practices eradicated  
 the one's i've  
 adopted never a  
 choice given not  
 one present divide  
 dive in ocean  
 her, she, heal  
 thee that's selfish  
 a man i  
 sexualize her for  
 my comfort i  
 and from movies  
 i can't label  
 that essence incredulous  
 The disrespect re-present  
 exhibitions i can't  
 banish, societal ideology  
 done this not  
 one rights of  
 passage tossed to  
 the tamed wolves  
 fed on repeat  
 try and fly

again i rose  
 like a lion  
 rose rays of  
 sunlight smacked the  
 seeds their brown  
 manure gleaming i  
 don't want to  
 let you go  
 i don't want  
 to let you  
 go i don't  
 want you tarnished

, exploited as indogenous  
 lands. You, look at me.  
 mustard melanin chose  
 me, let me  
 voice caringly, unselfishly, generously,  
 i can plant  
 you and let  
 you mature, after  
 you get banged  
 up remember not  
 pain, no realize  
 inherently we all  
 have a timeline  
 in which we  
 choose to heal,  
 pause, seal scars  
 society expel band  
 aids from their  
 companies oh no  
 don't disregard numbing  
 feel every emotion

feel. every. emotion.  
 create your own  
 tonic, philanthropy, trust,  
 ground yourself in  
 excellence should i  
 vacate these premises  
 any moment selfish  
 dispositions arise any  
 minute this moment  
 my eyes mineralize  
 weeping tears bleed  
 squint cringe as  
 these seeds gawk  
 at me, severely.  
 PLANT ME.  
 where can i  
 do this oh  
 so plumb, knowingly  
 detecting your whispers  
 scrutinizing my opinion  
 so close i  
 can see the  
 pen burst blackness  
 onto the page  
 translating vibrations conjoined  
 to me is  
 this what

you want, me  
 to allow for  
 for you to  
 be, my father  
 beat a man  
 in front of  
 me, for did  
 this act reveal  
 love, interpretation never  
 let a man

disrespect you for  
they have to  
pay the cost  
violence righteousness rationality  
deeply carved in  
My pigmentation seeping  
into my density  
is this situation  
you don't know  
me don't box  
me in prohibit  
ing my blooming  
i can't do  
to you as  
i was done  
i'll lay you  
down rain and  
sun got you  
now.

The Persistent Illumination

Who are you?

*Where do you come from?*

Why

Are you so much alike me

Mirroring my antics *tolerating your bullshit*

The darkness

Aligning illuminating

dangerously

Can you speak? say something!

Can you

STOP—

Chasing — ME

Your no better than me

You need me gushing— pouring rain

on a

Screeching — scorching hot day

*You are attached to me* a determined child clinched palm on

Their irascible loving mother.

You are the antithesis of my ideologies

*The other* you are not me!

*Correct. I am not you But —I naggingly long —  
for you*

*And you deeply desire me —*

**Lets**

**Just**

Dance

And you twist *I'll turn* and let me toss

You up —

In the air and you Sanctimoniously sway

over

there.

And I glare

at you

Reminding

to keep a distance

This is unnervingly  
                     temporary  
*And you   you act like its not true*  
*But it is.*  
 In due time i'll no longer be  
*Neither will you.*  
 Sad thing is  
 I won't ever know your name.  
*I won't ever know your shame—*  
 your guilt  
 Who built— did I? *So dark and so dense and so intense*  
 so —  
 Listen, we are acquaintances — *in a partnership*  
*No more. no less.*  
 Correct — no more of my time  
 Please let me ease  
 Enjoy my stroll in peace.

*One more thing*  
*Assist me in understanding your*  
*tactics of love—*

Love is a verb, not a noun.

## Cannon Beach

*you* and me.  
 lighter flicks camera clicks  
 synonymous at the entrance  
 viscous winds lure us in  
 triggering  
 memories  
 tumbling  
 down  
 m  
 y  
 B  
 O  
 D  
 Y  
 s  
 i  
 f  
 t  
 i  
 n

**g.**  
 our sheltered toes approach  
 soaked curvatures of the  
 Pacific Ocean's edge  
 [ ]  
 As I inhale —capture— salty scent it's emittance  
 prickle my nostrils. Particles tossed like papers by high winds  
 gleaming, white, layering your physique  
 deeply, —I feel— your energy, enticing  
 subtle, intense, emerald eyes peek through  
 the milky fog, curating dew  
 on polka dots that envelope a seagulls  
 back end. Earth's coalition merge with  
 muted shoe prints sands clinch  
 wrestling , starts and stops basking, in this moment.



Cannon beach — you and me.  
gangling and stocky  
rocks protrude the serrated  
tides — you speak — “We come  
from that” — *yeah*  
*You and Me.*

## While Sipping Red Wine: Another ode To poetry

*Unscrew me  
 Pop my cork  
 confiscate me  
 into your  
 most aesthetically pleasing  
 glassware — don't share  
 I'm only for you      your  
 Lies; your transgressions; your stresses;  
 — you are only  
 For me —  
 ravish my delicious vermilion  
 while it dribbles in  
 tongue. let it coast*

*Down.  
           Your.  
                   throat.*

*might you lick  
 lips invite traces of  
 my chard residue in  
 to make-up your pallet.  
 Sweet sighs egress  
 might you tilt your head back*

*..... that exquisiteness ....*

*This was only A sip;*

**I obtained a deep — and —prophetic adoration for you**

Let love guide you. Ride you. Explore you. Confide you.  
No attachments It will destroy you. Uncoil you into super particles.

*But what is love? Why is love?* All facets of it seem to be  
the real thing Trees, clouds, birds chirping, delightful benevolence

You walked and tried to discover love. You stopped and hugged  
the magnificently;marvelous;massive tree. And you felt Love.

You cried - and you couldn't conceive as to why  
So you left - and indulged in something more understandable

Something more conceivable The mistreatment by a human being.  
You can make sense of this and that is okay with you.

Monogamy, imperfection - discipline - This is love - or so you were told.  
Back home You glared out your window as the tree sat - elegantly.

Whispering sounds and vibrations that supersede words  
*What are words?* You didn't use them when you were holding the tree.

The dense roots - the, the, the tender branches and their  
Lascivious groans as you attempt to break away.

The raunchy bark let up peacefully off your right cheek.  
Even though - the love from the entity Spoke to you -

while choking and verbally beating you.  
But that is love. Or so you were told

What I mean to say is that *I love you* -  
But I want love with no words Love with no presents -

and bullshit that perpetuate the evil that resides  
In the confine of minds. Stripping us bare naked of our true gifts

A kiss from your lips is sufficient.  
Some of your time I am grateful to have had

Your eyes lay on me. To have your hands  
 Heal me. A single touch that feel ing

Like the smell of lillies frolicing on the shoulders of the landscape  
 Like petals of a rose emanating

I want it forever. I can't be attached to you or love. Is it love?  
 Or is it the entity that stated, *I Love You*, and so it was.

What are the origins? Cupid? Cleopatra? The Trojan War?  
 Eros? Sex; no two things can ever be so intimate.

In conjunction; jointly; adjoined; balanced; sensible; level headed.  
 What is this? This artifact it never quite became established,

I ravished my contemplations into creations, it all stem from places  
 And mazes that contribute to your not understanding of me.

These words. the tree. Are synonymous. Soliloquies will never aid  
 and assist helplessness. In Infinity we got no rush.

So hush, kiss me hug me  
 Hold me Console me;

## Continuance

These...

Predilections for rumblings and projections

Won't

Fix

It.

Sit with this and drink it.

Don't overindulge; a cute chubby child and a delicious donut cake.

Don't worry about others, who will take care of you?

And

Most importantly don't fill the surreptitious shallow void of emptiness with it.

It will never make sense.

Wondrous Moments.

Fictitious shit resembling

The truth.

So sip at your own risk. Yet-

These...

Predilections for rumblings and projections

Won't

Fix

It.

**Pa[i]ge**

Thank you for listening  
 As I drizzle my rage  
 Onto  
     you  
 Blank and whole  
 Nothing has constrained  
     Your soul,  
 I know, these words  
     are tainted as the  
 Man — full of sin,  
 Enriched in melanin  
     Impresses the pin  
         up on  
         You.  
     So elegant  
     Your scent  
     Magnificent —  
 So... enticing — I like it.  
     I decided — I won't  
 Penetrate your milky porcelain  
     Skin — I rather  
         Dive  
  
         deep  
     Intimations  
     Flirtatious elements  
     Leave you  
 Soaking and drenched  
     Allusive spellings  
     Put you in a trance  
     I must admit  
     I got a way  
     To just converse.  
     Slow down - patience.  
     I lust you —  
 But, attraction      withers  
     As time passes    like sips  
 From wine glasses carry us to the bedroom

is that what you take  
me for  
I enjoy your rigid texture,  
your quite scent  
the  
Mislead you....?!  
Manipulate you....?!  
I just want somebody  
To talk to —  
You hate me?  
Are you frustrated  
You thought  
These spellings would  
Lead to a lascivious cataclysm  
Is that what you take me for?  
I am a man  
Nothing more than  
Simply complementing your rigid,eloquent,ambivalent  
Skin  
So again  
Thank you For listening

## Conditions

I'm a resonant body  
 entrenched in marred melanin  
 "do not copy" perched  
 on spongy marrow porcelain

I'm the cells that dribble through me  
 fragmented frequencies unearth harsh feelings  
 lick on my cicatrix  
 my scar tissue  
 my scar tissue

I'm fringed coils woven into textile  
 a false concept silhouettes this essence  
 impressed, engrained on it's membrane, pain

I'm immortal skin and angry toes  
 piercing kinks detangle in  
 the cries in the night  
 the cries in the night  
 scorching cries in the night

forbade this translation antithesis luculent  
 frazzled lines broken sympathies  
 i'll rest in the Ocean  
 with Pinnipeds, Sea Stars and Anemone

I'm the cells that dribble through me  
 fragmented frequencies unearth harsh feelings  
 lick on my cicatrix



## In my skin

Rose bushes sing

In my skin

Fruits dilute

Into

Particles and distill

Refreshing

In my skin

These shoes

Or boots aren't

Easy to walk in

In my skin

Corrupted plates of

Imperfections are

Readily accurate in my skin

There's hate and way more

In my skin

It's uncomfortable

To know the blank

And all its brilliance

To know this

This pin

Embellished your skin

-paige-

And kisses your curves

Lays on your surface

Pounds itself in—you and makes

This... this poem

These rhymes, these

Schemes these salacious

Tactics and frustrating

Turn into beauty

How can — in my skin

A soul that

Doesn't know itself

In my skin ambivalent

And contradiction

— thoughts —

In my skin an  
Eloquent sixth sense  
In my skin i'm the  
Creator the genius  
That made all of this  
In my skin  
I can't be too hostile  
In my skin  
Even if I joke  
It may provoke  
So I oughta  
Relax and kick — back  
and

Stay out the way

In my skin  
It is my skin  
The mammoth — world  
Is my twin.  
Wondrous moments  
Were created within.

**Discarnated**

i want to make a poem  
about days, savvy ways  
like rugged waves rolling  
over and over and over and over.

an alligator executing its death  
roll mutilating, prey, each revolution  
over and over and over and over,  
this faze  
all  
i know — this faze —  
*i hope i'm basking in my glow*

**Postscript**

*“Was it only by dreaming or writing that I could find out what I thought?”*

*—Joan Didion*

*My words churn, a repeated offender, to  
systems that divulge a phenomenon in  
and of itself — I don't dream, “I” write, I  
am moved by you, to move is to triumph  
my being. Love is my master. Love is my master.  
Love is my master. The end and the beginning  
is within my essence in its entirety; I am.*

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