

Poem [For Leah]

you ask that i open wounds
and taste freedom that i run naked through
blue fields white crying rain storms purple
you ask that i chase behind fading
Rainbows and fleeing suns
that i praise the fallen stars that parade
above my misery

that i run, dance and sing—
sing, dance, and smile
that i dance, sing, and run to prostrate
before pale moons and tamed colors

you ask that i feed you my
heart in fragmented portions that i feel you
up with my words that i fill me into the
blank spaces of your love songs
that i paint your floral design in love's hue
that i inhale your yesterdays and give you
tomorrow's breath.

you ask that i thread my tears
into your interior fabric as i recite lyrics
to a thorn'd rose growing restless
inside of hour glass palms.

(Continue)

you ask that i re
main silent while drinking wild
colors in loud eyes

and that i contain
lions and train butterflies
beneath dark skinned flesh.

But i'd rather breathe Harriet's song,
i'd rather lick my wounds and caress
as i drink my freedom from calloused hands
in a cotton field ablaze.

i'd rather salute the sun and kiss
the moon, then, spread wide my wings across
an iridescent prose. i'd rather align the stars
and display my pride, i'd rather my hue
be darkened, and blended into it a
revolutionary flavor, then, i'd spit blood into
face of injustice.

i'd rather speak my fire and release
my lions into the wilderness to retrieve my
lost love, then, i'd morph into a butterfly and
jerk the air before i dive into the soil
and become a rose.

(continue)

i would inhale your fears and
become your courage, then, give to you
the whole of my mended heart:

that, i'd do, and more, if you'd
only allow me to be me.