

Untitled Poetry Collection (2022)

**Remain loving**

Last week I heard a writer say *I am tired of being funny.*  
*I'm tired of being curious. I want to make people feel.* Joy  
is your mannerism, hand gestures, laugh hidden in your last breath  
as a cough.

I feel nothing on my least favourite days. but then people  
knock on my door, *may i come inside?* People hold so much  
love. You are so full of love. *Don't tell me what I can or can't be*  
I am not commanding. I am just asking.  
It's a question. Open-ended. You're *so* full of love  
aren't you?

On my second to least favourite day, I call my mom crying, she says there is so much  
to be grateful for. I realize so much has lost its meaning of quantity. When I hug  
my friends my fingertips whisper do you feel loved by me?

To the strangers: thanks for holding the door, *which floor?*  
for the eye contact that slams me open to realize I need to exist  
not only by imagination. Thanks for not letting me dissolve.

To my friends, *I can't wait to see you, this picture made me think of you,*  
*let me carry your bag for you, let me know when you get home safe*  
my hometown is your lips opened calling my name

in case you need me  
text, call, set a prayer, light a candle  
throw a letter in a bottle, tell the ocean *to: the ocean*  
throw the bottle, break the glass  
let it roar, once or twice before midnight  
but it is always midnight somewhere  
text me layers of how you feel  
let me melt into your words  
let me say i love you  
and hear you say good night

## **Like two strangers on a plane**

Listen. I'll tell you a secret. I have never told anyone else, at least this year. Hear the moth flying, bouncing back and forth against the glass window? It's not a coincidence. She wants to die. It's a *she*. Last night she witnessed two secret lovers meeting for the first time. Blouse buttons popped, jeans to the ground, and a muffled confession: I am too drunk. A minute after, two tequila bloodstream lying in silence, and in peace Lizzy, the moth, blended in the background. She saw them fall asleep next to each other, like strangers on a plane. Sleep hunts our inhibitions into a coma. Like strangers on a plane, bodies together, a tilting head until the crown falls on a shoulder and breaths sync into one big lego sculpture. The morning after was a cocktail of a catatonic alarm, murmured french words, and sober kisses. The ones only strangers share after they'd slept together without fucking. Pure and desperate. It's this cocktail that made Lizzy realize she would rather remember this moment as it is: lost in space and time.

## **Cafecito**

Do you know how brown eyes look at you?  
Like disaster. The coffee hour marks five pm  
and the abuelitas are ready to see you  
go into destruction, into the abyss, you and all  
that is yours, with sugar and sprinkled water,  
the teaspoon stirs those eyes, yellow  
They know and you know that burning  
smell of cinnamon in two capsuled-shaped eyes.  
The silence of your own reflection.  
Nicknames are like code names,  
only braver. They look at you  
like the earth's sweet only child is dying,  
like time is running out, and there is mud  
stuck in every sole, but you  
are the only thing that matters.

**Please write soon**

I want you  
to know  
absence  
not friendly, nor known,  
but the aching  
kind  
comes from wonder  
you are the wonder  
of  
millions  
I wonder  
how did we exist  
in the same cities  
for short periods  
Without I  
irrevocably  
ran into  
you  
and said  
something stupid  
like  
hi

**I can't hold to the present.**

Yellow necklaces. Yellow headbands. Yellow underwear.

Yellow noise makers. Yellow New Year.

Stop and digest

pure water made with spit of soil

the spit of mother

earth in our lungs

To earth, we go

unearthed unorthodox

unhealed for you

just the way you like me: Nervous

a disguise of excitement, you said

a disguise of terror, I thought

not the one that comes from the hanging of a cliff

in a rollercoaster but the one inhale, after losing all

your money in a stupid card game

The morning after

I cried

like these moaning birds that wake me up and scratch

my window. Pillows, socks, and all

of me on the floor

counting to ten until one

of my eyes is in your fingers

I have your eyes stuck in my mind

the colour of luck

but softer

**a fucking whore**

they call me  
ceremoniously dumped  
in the backseat of a taxi

a cry for attention in the waiting  
room, eager to be moved up the list  
but after a few hours, sobs are white  
noise against sanitized eggshell walls

my heart, a chocolate organ  
once you peel the shiny foil wrap

a deep-throating blackhole

broken easily  
A melting paste  
sticking to whoever touches it  
it's bitter and old  
from last easter's egg hunt

trying men out  
the far and near  
the intimidating and mellow  
and especially  
the betraying

in the kitchen  
a fleeting ray of sunlight  
moves through the blinds

In the almost darkness  
stillness hits me once again  
what time is it? what world is this?  
i want a good person to touch me  
hug me until i fall asleep  
he can be a stranger  
i just want him to be good inside  
warm outside  
hands around me  
am i real?

## **My winter scarf**

I grab leaves as they fall  
knit them tight to my chest  
as a scarf with many turns  
holding together the heartbreak  
when I realize  
the ground  
Is  
A  
bed  
of leaves that left  
before I could reach them

on purpose,

I forgot to look before crossing

on purpose,

I did something to make him say

*I'm not mad just disappointed*

on purpose,

I looked up,

without looking for it

The leaves keep falling  
and winter passed peacefully  
in his sleep



## **Portrait of a woman, probably**

Your heart was never made  
by artists of silence and light

One day it was commissioned by new york collectors  
To be carved in dental mould  
for immediate intimate likeness

To be exhibited in public, and be controversial  
As a woman knows how to be

*who bends at his ease to kiss her?*  
her darling, x-shaped  
body of overt eroticism

When I look at you, I see three  
different shadows of the same  
fall to the floor as a dress  
spreading to its nature

None of them is a lady  
All of them haunt bones  
And kill for blood

The original woman after all

## **What should I write about?**

talk about your messed-up sleeping schedule

the fireworks on Saturday night

the barbie pink construction machine

a flamenco!

a metaphor for racism

talk about how a baby dies each sunset

and a baby is born each sunrise

talk about that

how about your dating app experience? oh you don't date?

talk about that

the late ice cream runs when you run into friends who were talking about you

talk about friends

how you heard somewhere that 20 seconds of bravery can change your life

20 seconds is only one sentence out loud

say it. panic after

talk to the smoothie guy for your roommate

tell him a friend thinks he's cute

I don't even talk to people but oh the things you do for love

talk about how she thinks reindeers are not real

don't you feel a little heartbroken?