

One.

So...

You want to know about
Her?

She's beautiful

She's sweet

But cold.

She stares at you

And makes you

F

A

L

Z

For her lips

Her eyes

Her voice.

Her walnut skin

Her hair

Tis curly and black

Her body

The image of

Keep
Me
Up

Not the planet
The goddess
Chiseled from rock.

When she speaks
Hearts erupt
Lava flows

To the very center
Of your
Soul

Please
Don't ask me
About her

2.
I've tried to forget

Her stare, her smile
Her kisses, her hugs

And yet
I see her every
W
H
E
R
E

So please
Don't ask me no more
About her.

Two

What do you see
In the mirror?

Brown skin,
Dark hair,
Dreamy eyes.
But who are you?

A molded being
Manufactured, made
Shaped by ideas
Modern beliefs
That led you astray
Away
From what you are meant to be

Away from culture
Traditions
Ancestors that bled
So that you could grow
And become
The woman you were meant to be

Look again
The features of your great
Great-great-great
Grandmother

Adorn your face
The blood of your grandfathers
Flows through your veins

Don't question your identity, child
Just because others do
They will never be able to understand
What your ancestors went through
So that you could be...
You.

So
Up ahead and look again, child
Search
Dig deep
And see yourself
And no one else
Inside that mirror.

• Three •

Life

What is that?

A tree

Out in the desert

Decaying

Because of thirst.

A rusted car

In the backyard

Losing its color

To the scorching

Sun.

Death?

A new begining

Walking towards the light

To be embraced

By those

Gone before us.

Loved ones

Who lived once

And embraced life

Joy, laughs.

Now dead.

In between

Are the memories

Bad times

Good ones.

Food and drink

Family, friends

Heart breaks.

Helping hands.

Times at the park

Days in the dark

Memories

Will remain