

My Poem to You as Love Letter # 2

Dearest amante of almost 9 years,

This morning over coffee

I watched my mom tell me a story.

Yesterday 28 years and 9 months ago I watched,

this morning tomorrow and tomorrows forever I watch,

every morning I watch her tell me a story.

I listen the 1st and maybe the 4th and even the last time but mostly I watch.

We tell stories

the same way, she and I.

She and I – we are sometimes too much the same

cloaked dreamy women with little time to dream.

Over and over again.

Over and over the doubled over

and another once over again

we tell stories.

We know we do it. It's a tick in her brain my brain.

Tonight and next weeks tonight I will tell a story

that you've heard countless times

I will be over zealous spilling details already spilled

into your ears

into your eyes
into your skin, teeth and breath
as I always do.

Do you get tired of this?

Her stories, glorious sound effects and impressions.

The private long distorted past creeps in – I see her shatter inside

The unearthly tears of 26 years plus more,

cocoons her, and the waves

of curly black stories I love

trail down her scalp into my soul,

as I only meet my dad for tea in dreams.

I crave more.

My stories are about school.

You, proud and apologetic.

My stories are about work.

You feign interest.

My stories are the past.

You love that.

Do you love my family?

They are strange,

like me,

like my once wine jug chugging hermit brother

now the pot smoking carpe diem hombre I strangely
never looked up to. Who sings ballads
of beauty – he seems to be making sense these days.

I try to embody his sage advice
an alternate way of living where maybe I wont care
so much about what others think.

Their thinking. The thinking of people. People's thoughts,
about me? No. Not me,
but my writing.

What will they think?

Will they want to cut the skin in between their toes
just to avoid my whipped rambling
sometimes in idioma that everyone has heard
from the beginning of time,
or will they want to make a blanket of my words
to wrap around their slender bodies,

bodies not like mine so they can be warm, warm slender bodies
as I am already burning inside and out?

Not likely

I try picking at their skin with smiles.

At least you like my work.

I surprise you.

I hide secrets from my mom I suspect

she hides more than secrets from me and together we hide

more secrets and more than secrets from my transformed brother and from you too.

All the while you plead with me to move in with you –

That's a lie;

I'm the one pleading.

Yet you want more.

I'm selfish. Can't you see? SELFISH.

I don't play well with
others when I haven't
washed my hair.
You get a fever
sometimes that I hate.
Babies now? Don't
talk to me, until its
come down. All my
friends and cousins
that are parents walk
tired and happy and
mother and father.

I am tired and happy
but not mother – you
are not father.
Yet.

Lets not get married
today, because my
asthma will choke me
tomorrow.

Instead, follow me – follow me into a poem

Feel your way through the dirty grooves, smell the languid dancing of my writings,
the writings that you love so much you call me a genius. Genius is funny – today as I
write this poem you are my creative

after thoughts of tomorrows great kiss.

I once feared holding hands in public - probably a side effect of a single mother upbringing. Tomorrow I promise to not get embarrassed when you laugh loudly in the movie theatre – my cheeks wont glow red in the darkness that I love to be in with you.

I'm going too seek out an MFA will you come with me?

You say I'm a great writer, you're biased. You love me.

I love you too.

Remember the letter I wrote you?

You told me you loved me after two weeks,
we realized the fall would be different from the summer.

So I wrote you that letter. I told you I loved you too.

The letter was beautiful and made you smile, your real smile I love to watch and kiss.

I didn't mean most of it.

Not till a year later when alone in Barcelona
I cried to you through hotel long distance calls.

You carry my letter in your wallet.

What if,

your wallet fell into grey sidewalk cracks behind green patches of weeds

after the time you got jumped,

and a stranger found it – a discovery! – and mailed it to you.

They wrote you a letter too.

Something about how my unsophisticated love letter made them smile.

They knew we would still be together today.

I'd like to make plans.

Lets go away to Oxnard or Italy or to Your Bedroom,

let's be together until the lights in the movie theatre shine bright on my pale

skinned face – you will realize that I'm scary

when my temper boils rages, really really rages.

I'm afraid you'll see me, finally see me.

Stay with me even then,

even after I've said terrible things because I take

after my evaporated father.

If you forget about me, push me to the back burner

so you can stain your breath with green skunk smoke

I will leave you,

not because he left me

but because I am my mother – I will not endure the pains of an addict.

Just stay with me. Stay stay stay with me.

Stay with me so we cannot get married today, but maybe, maybe tomorrow when
my asthma gets better.

Love me,

the woman you love.