Love

Letter

to an

Alternative

Ines P. Rivera

Prosdocimi

Press

Black

Lawrence
Communion

and the sound of water moving around my feet.
Our house is bare except for where I wipe clean.
I sing even though all lamps don't burn: the sadness has left.

But at night I hear my Time's voice, and sing
They Say the Saints Sang Through You

For Josephine Baker

Under the water, I live. I live counting the waves.
The white of your tooth when you sing:
The white of your tooth when you smile.
And you call my name. Homemade, you say.
As you shout to take a better look at me:
The white of your eyes, small and shimmer
disappeared, seeing where is your sweetheart.
Your hands telling me, your pocket book,
The white crescent moons of your nails.
more your eyes across the ceiling back again.
You call me by my aunt’s name:
The French海边 does notsnatch you.
Your white nightgown, your white sweater.
You still look so pale.
Your black skin compares all that white.
Where is your long wish, you say.
beside your bed, your white medical bracelet.
The nurse’s white uniform, white terry
with white gloves. So quiet.
or a sound misplace, I loud your
You announce something above a missing glass.
The white room with white curtains, white walls.
A white room with white curtains, white walls.

for the daffodils blooming my way.

Ek an extra part of eyes

beech leaves will grow from my back.

They say, I am their. One day

from the candelabrum’s

built my dreams are away

seven colossal white sheets

to save the birds know

inside this mouth.

whose prayers I bump against

and give to the boy

I le soldier to stand myself with

waiting today, it will be sweet mango

which is left on the water

to find grass heights

up I go behind him,

courage with mountain peak growing all around

I peak through my fingers, see where

she my eyes, where the mound ing.

when I slide inside.
in her hands, she knows

my finger, reading this

but direct a woman drinking

My sis is all of my friends

Mama’s going to come here.
Ours: EL Narajo de China

The Visitor
Learning to Speak Spanish

without teeth.
A collection of two alphabets
day, not and my mouth is
but his, O'er brother, beautifull

hold not my finger's, hermano,
said you, said you.

to repeat my mother's,
but simply better,

tell myself not more at once
if I but pain, but poor

my opposition,
So I roll my R's, practice

if still sounds sweet,
like even when it's bad

my friend, Jesus tells me
in the world, I spoke

but something missing
not a miss you,
between my tongue and throat—

but Esparaz, somewhere
I missed the G not in Spanish

Torn, the dustbin is his blood will give it a good taste.

along his limp black head
a hunger moves back and forth
but one rooster less, cracked in two great arms.
They stroke his head, feel the comb can off the bone.
The owner will clean next to his owner's side.

The isn't, this world or another world. You kill to eat, she d say.

Learning to Speak Spanish
In Papa's Shoes

A string too short to tie
from the first pair of shoes
he wore: Black shoes,
no soles.

He tells me about the bridges
underneath one's toes,
how if not given the right foundation
each one moves in a wrong direction.

My father never shined shoes,
he repeats proudly, remembering
the teacher that taught him at night,
to protect him from taunting.

Inheritance is like the skin
of an orange, the way it coils
like people and places colliding
in a timeless moment. My feet
do not match. A bunion juts out
from my left. The right holds
microscopic screws under a scar
running the length of my big toe.

Papa says we leave this world
only with what we've got on.
Pick out some nice shoes,
good shoes, shoes that won't hurt.

Dominican Republic for Sale

We believe in objects. Tiny pebbles
smooth in the hand. Plastic and metal
pocket-sized talismans we rub for luck.
What if you believe in Cigua birds
never disappearing,
or that touching a mother's hand
can revive your belief in amulets,
as the god in a boy's eyes takes off your cross?
This country is one big stained glass window.
Each of us a faceless man with peacock feathers
on our backs; our extra pair of eyes preparing
to dodge the next grenade.
Love Letter to an Artist

Holding Hands

You lift me with water.
Every time you hold my hand,
your fingers' nine muscles
This here is our universe, its axis
of flowering flowers and leaves
until we are—a child's feet
wrapping round my knuckles
between his fingers, each one a syllable
spelling my name in beats
and your 72 topics of music
a couple of strophes,
breakers and a park bench.

I draw my own musical notation.
I bring up my mouth to ear.
The center of your palm: a word
stretched across the small of my back.
Other me childhood and III marry
for Federico Armi

and there is nothing, nothing but flowers
of a house's tail—she walk among those flowers
across those blossoms, the wind—like the chick
Then be a dream that leads me

and prayers into the tree smudging below
the window.
The indigo sky above the woman
The river nearest, the river spanning the tree's
be borers green, the low head of the trees.

In changing now
The cloud turns where clouds cease to open a childlike forest
When the higher courses like a woman leaning down her hair

Sundays for melodies and the day we speak with our dead.
Be music when it came easy and be Sundays.
Each piano key: a rising and falling like a line.
Start as a slow rocking into sunset.