

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/4

Beatriz Alba del Rio

The alter-sun

Fear does not speak
except where the battered woman shows
her wounds to that battered-other.
Silence is a ghost. Mist covers her bruises.
O mother sun! This is how
she wants to shine.

Fear is alive. It runs.
Words echo in their ears
to awaken those old prejudices step aside.
Candor reveals her still innocence.
O mother moon! This is how
she wants to die:

into the belly juices of her mother
where peace reigns
no noises
no sketches

of what it could have been.

To you V: the woman-child who nobody protected until you left.

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Swirling mud

my universe
becoes liquid
i walk its path
it is dense like glue
dark gray dusty charcoal
it is translucent and fine
like the French tablecloth
of grandma's home
i feel warm and loved
as if I were five
at each step there are holes
like the cheese we eat
at special times
we do not know what the wants
and haves are
we have only illusions and words
she reads Alfredo Palacios Rabindranath Tagore
she speaks of reaching the skies with my dreams
 i believe her
 i become a cotton spongy cloud
 i never touch the earth
it is too muddy for my birth