

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/3

Raymond Diandrea

Intro

Her name is in every poem
That I ever wrote
Every syllable my pen ever broke
To tickle the long end of a rhyme scheme
Faceless in every dream
That I dreamt from as a child
Of the first time I ever smiled
Knowing
That she was smiling back at me
Back to black
She lies in the spoon position
Warranting me permission
To embrace her in the abyss
That she calls sleep
And we both dream of living forever

I will not allow her to die first
My love will not allow her to die first

The morning time is solely for the sunrise
And birds that sing for reasons unknown
Into microphones
Tickling the ears of the gratefully dead
Blasting based filled sounds into their weary heads
And wavering their reality unreal

I awake every day to the electric chair
With nobody but her there to pull the switch
Such an odd dilemma
Oh how I live to lust for the beauty of being in love

My mind is no longer enslaved
To the sound of that leaky faucet
Nor do I still see my future
In the creases of her eyelids

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On which I once tattooed my name backwards
With the intention of her standing
For hours on end in front of a mirror
With her eyes closed and seeing my reflection instead of hers

My decimate lover
First daughter of a Haitian immigrant
Has fasted for a week and won't eat until I am punished
For painting on the patio in front of a window
That is closed
And has been since the first winters frost
Claiming that she is mad
Because I wrote her name in the snow and it didn't last
But it's spring now
So it'll be months until I am able to prove my love to her again
Plus she knows that I am secretly in love with the wind
Walking the streets with cupped hands
In hopes to at least catch a sample of her fragrance
And shower myself in its aroma

Prevalent to her dreams
She has wide screens on the outsides of her eyelids
That turns into motion pictures when she closes them
They've become like gateways to my future

Imprisoned my sentence goes unfinished
And my thoughts become delinquent
And I learn to color outside the lines
So I dedicate to her this, the life book of an artist
Unread