

Real

I will not be compared.

Everywhere, images of women,
sliced and rearranged,
airbrushed and 2-dimensional,
while I, I am as solid as a diamond,
facets glinting into tiny rainbows,
my brown eyes crinkling in laughter, or
squeezed in pain of childbirth,
or soaking my pillow,
raw, with no mascara,
authentic. alive. vibrant.

I am sexy in my realness—
in my ability to take—
and give,
I am a Rembrandt in a world of lingerie ads.
My thighs wrapped around you,
my eyes seeking yours—
I am real real real
real and strong
purple and yellow and red.

Newport Beach in March

The only time I felt the ocean,
cold on my toes, I almost
fell in love with it.

The March wind blew, heavy
with fog and salt.

The dock, a half bridge,
its sturdy legs in the ocean,
stood more still than I could manage
in waves that came like open mouths,
tonsils showing. The wheel
of the undertow was nearly imperceptible
where I stood, waist-high
in water, too full of respect to go farther.

The sand, ever-present,
pestered me, even as I sat in the bus,
bumping back to the hotel room.

The salt dried on my skin, tight, like a sunburn,
the only thing left of the affair.

Modern Life

I've forgotten how
concentrated nature's pull
was with me.

I've gotten too busy to notice
the shade of light green
leaves turn when the sunlight
forces itself through them,
each vein bolded.

I've forgotten how
to look at a sunset,
both feet planted evenly on the sidewalk,
watching the earth turn its face
from the sun.

Or if I notice,
I think, "That's pretty,"
and forget how it used to fill me up,
a prayer unspoken,
rising up each time

I saw a tree gnarled like an old man,
bent, bones showing through thin skin,
or a newborn rose with pudgy cheeks.

Disarmed

How can you disarm me so completely,
when you take my face in both hands,
then smooth my hair
away from my face, your hazel eyes
unriveting the seams of my armor?

And then, my twin weapons of
disillusionment and despair become visions,
strange and lovely.
My walls are breached,
my gate broken.
Yet, I have never been as safe as now,
with my soul unguarded and ready to bleed.