

POEM 3

You are my Heart My beautiful Mamma

So many days
So many hands held tight
Lips pursed and or laughing
As we glide to the other side of the street
Sidewalks coming at us
As we plow through to another city
And the country walls between us
As I called, to see over them
Became smaller and smaller to extinction
And now roof tops we dove
Over the trees
And across many lands
Where you had to let me go alone

Letting the laugh come easily and hard

You are my heart
Mother Love
The greatest Love of all
You are forever YOUNG
Young, Young AT HEART
Is where we are HOME.

POEM 4

In the Presence of a Fat Woman

In the presence of a fat woman I sat
She knew a lot about the real life
Double bellied, heavy breast
Repulsion and integrity
I sit here shaking....why?

Practice shapes of religion, she said.
She pointed out the androgyny in my hands – my favorite part of my body
“Hands Talk,” she said.

I felt exposed to her
And as she spoke to me, her mouth slow motioning
My eyes rolled over her shapely rolls
I was thinking how can she breathe?!
She knew what I was thinking
She took a deep breath
And yanked a white hair out my head!
She had none.
She explained my old woman and my warrior side
I felt dissected

And my limbs all lay before me on the floor in front of us
She said to put my sexual in the right place
She feels it happy.
I picked up and left.

POEM 5

Limousine

Black is in Gold
When you're running on premium champagne
Jounce and Bounce to the Bark and Ride,
Bark....and ride.

With filtered windows slight ajar
Smudgy breezes sneak into your cleavage and are
Freeing the ruffles of your plumose blouse
Silk of course, to cascade down over your breasts.
Luxury Feeling
Sending you back seat bare feet
Where to meet his shy glassy greens
They swallow you up
SMACK
Pushing in Plush by his red-two-lips strong hands perch you
On the edge of vanilla leather
Creamy Frothing and loosening at every bump
Black and forth, Black and forth
With a frolic and a fro
You go streaked in sleek
Of the night machine

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