

Poetry Series

DeAnna Esquilin
- poems -

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DeAnna Esquilin(5/7/70)

186 Miles

186 miles away
I feel your bitterness beloved...
It salivates like famished lions with spiked teeth
Seething to consume me in the black distance

In my mind 's eye, you walk the streets on cold November days
Bundled in coats you hate cursing the mean wind.
Your mind on white beaches and blue shores with out me.

But for me dearest, it is always winter
Nature's frigid roots bear down in my heart year round in your absence.

At 186 miles away
I still feel you breathe me
You whisper my name on the wind of your thoughts
And they glide in the snow like silent tears

How sad we two?

There are moments,
ripe with a fleeting sting when I sense your knowing.
When you know!
In gut and sinew, I am missing.
Only then do I hate you.
How I wish you could bare the tears of lead that fall from my cheek in bowls
That spill and scorch the ground when I think of you.

I know you lie to yourself.
Resolved me...
Moved on...

Have you?

You kiss her but the sweetest parts of your lips have always been mine.
You cannot hide.

I know well the defense of your indifference.
And I know well the longing for me despite yourself.

You think I do not know you?

From 186 miles away

I see your citadel on the mountain

I watch you build your trench.

Go. Dig deeper your mote!

Come with a thousand women in your bed and battlefield

I will walk naked thru a sea of their blood.

Smiling & unscathed

For none have been my rival.

You see...

I will always be at your Castle's door beloved

Waiting

With soft kisses and your tender heart cupped in my hands

Where it has always been

No matter your anger

No matter your resentment

No matter the scale of distance

This tiny heart loves you fiercely

And I will carry my sadness for you beyond my death.

You have made me your pariah.

But you love me.

You love me!

And even in your silence you speak.

DeAnna Esquilin

Bubs

My Fur-Faced - Cow Cat- Feline little boy
Extended his double paws like furry mitts
In a stretch that only human's envy

My black & white battle Coon
(with no battle in him)
Gouged desperate scratches in Cherry Wood 3 inches thick when I lay barriers
against him
As if me, behind a closed door sucked the very air out of his room

My broken eyebrow, Long, Clawed Teddy
An Ice Cube in a Margarita glass Prima donna
Followed me like a Chick follows its mother
Or a courting Lover.
Reciting sonnets in conversational meow

Such good Juju my soft boy.
Purring like a Sphinx-God on a Throne
Meowing to his Daddy to be picked up
Seeking Auntie because she's the next best thing

No man could ever love me more than you.

Watching you breathe those labored breaths thru weary lungs
You still purred softly.
You would fight death for my mere lap.
'Let me stay with you.'" You seem to say.

Even now. I think of that day and my equilibrium shifts tectonically
And now
Love holds silent.
I have betrayed you for pains sake.

Still...

I hear you Purr at night
I feel your meow like echoing in a well
My dreams are plagued with a 30 pound weight on my chest
I see the outline of your body asleep in sheets draped like my fat one

Morphine Relaxed
Exposed belly
Eyelids half shut in exquisite slumber

I see you.
I see you.

And my heart wretches tears for my human baby

DeAnna Esquilin

For Sylvia Plath & The Like...

Dead Poets are liked pursed clams camped in hallow graves
Glassed, cold, mute but wiggling.
Clicking their deep hand prints in secret places
It seems strange to go seeking illumination from such sad & blighted ghosts

Never again to know their perceptual genius

Their marred hope
Their savage intimacy
Their staunch resolve
Their breached grace
Their caustic tragedies

To be so incapable to draw on the beauty of their art to anchor them to life

DeAnna Esquilin

My Mother's Brand

Iris....

I think before...

When I knew you in the womb
In the pulsed & fluid soil of your vessel
Where I was intended to flourish
In god's safety
unashamed

Fear was your name

I think then...

At a molecular level
You transfused an uncertainty in me
Like the four before me
And the four after
Replicated in a virus of doubt
Great clouds of inked anxiety
Boring deformities of spirit & personality
Something I don't believe
I ever quite earned on my own

Something...

Unlovable
Alone

And now...my familiar stranger
I think understand the geometry of your turmoil

For hours you go rigid as straight lines are
Your eyes fixated
Jeweled opals of black glass
Glazed in oblivion
A sacajawean statue

I imagine you there
Staggering like a zombie
On an arctic terrain
Frigid with jagged rocks

The wind is cruel & nothing grows
In the pitch of black

Alone

(I fear you) .
I fear for you.
Your fog is no longer protection
But it is that fog brands me in dreams

Because Iris...
In the terrible silence of your nightmares
I sense me in you
And I grieve deep tears for two strangers.

For I am forever with you...
In those deep caverns that lurk
with shadows of growling Tigers

Whose cruel suspense
Threaten to devour

Us both.

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Panic

It's the smallest things about you my friend...

The most inane jesters..

There

Like Nubian royalty

A moored Goddess

A brown Barbie doll

With a heart like a tank

With flowers in it's plume

In your proud brow

Set neatly between

The reincarnated eyes of Nefertiti

There has never been a crease?

Never

a

single

wrinkle

of

doubt.

Not since I've known you.

Not in response to a question you didn't understand

Or an off handed remark

Or a perplexing riddle

Or Cancer.

Not when they robbed you of your breast

And your hair fell out

Your pride & glory fell in clumps

You rocked wigs Ru Paul would envy

You giggled in fact

Made light of being 'lopsided'

Still "hot" but boobieless

The "baddest b@#\$tch" ever

Not even the first time the chemo didn't work

(it's god's plan)
Not the second time
(it's god's plan but I don't like it) you said
Nor the third!

I don't think I recall.
hmm?
Not ever.

Until now.

(Dear God, please help my friend)

DeAnna Esquilin

Some Women....

Some women...

No matter their physicality
Seem to be born with an intrinsic sweetness
Their voices pour like warm oil
Their fingers as delicate as lilies
They move like angelfish
Their torso, legs and breasts sway like silk gills gliding in water

I am not "that."

Some women, no matter their countenance
Appear helpless as kittens mewling thru life
Willing men to protect them
They smile like newborns
with lashes of silk, giggles that inspire nirvana
and lips as lush as juicy peaches.

And some women...

Walk like subconscious burlesque dancers
that only men see.
I'm told they can own them too.
Like alchemists. They conjure and control.
As effortlessly as breathing.

I'm not "that" either.

I
(sigh)
Am hulky and terse
Brazen and course with grit
Clumsy as a calf

I
Am Loud.
Obnoxious.
Offending.
Androgynous.
Neuter.

Except with you.

With you, I want to be transformed
With you, I want to beam with translucent sugar.
With you I want high heels & mini skirts
Lingerie and pink silks.

I want to shed my scales
Wear lipstick and thigh highs
I want to be feel
Helpless
Ridiculous
Exposed

I want deep kisses
I want pure submission
I want to be stripped bare
Humbled
Horney
Soft
Writhing

With you, I strive only to be: "That."

DeAnna Esquilin

That Day On The Phone

We are a "Thing."
"We just hang there"
you say...

Like a 'thing' weren't

A Planet
Or a Star
Or a Galaxy

Immense
Ancient

Complex. Celestial certainty.

And suddenly I am standing in the desert blistering & thirsty.

We are "Sex."
"Nothing more"
you say (acidly) ...

How casually cruel of you my Prince?

(Yep, a 15 yr sex addict for just you)
(Me love you long time gone wild)
(We two, decade long adolescent, horn-dogs screwing like middle aged rabbits)

Really?
I remember each time as awkward
My tongue like stone in my mouth
My arms & breasts felt like genetic mistakes
Our bodies trying to do what we cannot say?

I recall visits where I wore my desire for you like a red hat at funeral
Wrong and Bold
And you
Donned always in sadness
Always in longing for me

Still come.

Still, you come?

It is cruel to love a man deeper than his reasoning
It is the not believing that breeds malignant
Years pass like death and I still taste your name in my mouth
And your daydreams call to me naked and raw
Loving you is like being welded to death.

Abstract

Indifferent.

Always Sorrow.

Always Absent.

Always Absolute.

Why then do I miss your hands like phantom limbs of my own?

Your nail beds.

Smooth, wide and white as stones.

Why do I require the sound of your voice?

Your lips like glossed candy?

Your stubble on my thigh?

Why do your thoughts carry me to you?

Or you to me?

Why is loving you feel like I'm a conscious cadaver?

Convuluted and Broken -

A "Thing" can have a course that is a not a choice.

Logic can lay carnage to the beauty and frailties of 'Things.'

And as I lay dying,

The only thing I hear is your voice.

(always your voice)

And I wonder...

Does he not understand the terminus of death?

The

fatal

destruction
of
words.

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The Cruetly Of The Undefined Path

How I long envied the fated ones with passions to define them.
Breathing work as natural as gravity.
The weight of their initiatives warping the fabric of their lives.

Nature does not carry this burden
It assigns purpose like destiny's tickets
Clipped in perfect circles.

You are Cheetah (Run)
Clip.
You are a Bird (Fly)
Clip.
You are the Fish (Swim)
Clip. Clip.

Migratory birds fly miles sometimes over the vastness of seas
Not the Eagle or the Falcon
With talons as thick as trunks of stone
Finches.
Tiny and frail creatures. Weighing ounces
Compelled to travel despite the scale of distance

The Shark was born for the hunt of prey.
Its body shaped like biological torpedoes
Cutting through the dark seas like swift, angled boats
Searching.
Hungry.
Its greed for food compulsive.
Its hunger insatiable.
Its very physicality designed to meet his need

The Lamb bears wool as natural as seeds of grass
The seed does not know why it becomes grass anymore than the lamb knows
why it makes wool
It only knows that it must be what it is

You see, nature never appears to be in conflict with its design.

How blessed to be programmed with predetermined professions.

To do what they must in turn love.
What they need to do.
What they are driven to do.
What they MUST DO.

There is a tragic waste in the longing to be defined by work
The curse of indecision has ruthless cruelty for an individual
As rhythmic and relentless as a spinning pulsar
Persistently posing questions you have no answers for.

If you ask the abyss who are you
It only echoes the question "WHO ARE YOU? "

That is your answer.

I want to love a vocation with the wonder of a toddler
I want symmetry in action.
I want to know calling and be as certain as a mountain in a maelstrom
When occupation and compulsion are one
I want to be imprinted with such clarity
Such sureness of action

I want to be so full
with a blinding density for ambition

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The Nerve

Really? YOU'RE bitter?
Liar, user, miser...
Your resentment wasn't so sweet f-ing me years.
Your emaciated dog..
Begging..
Crawling...
Always crawling.

How huberous.
What rank arrogance.
What treasure you were given to squander
Your karmic abandonment was and IS your due...

I, you to me to we
To Friend or Lover
To neither.
To charlatan to crowd.
To stranger to enemy.
Even then I was your only fan.
Worshiping my knees raw.
Wasted.
Your bed holds nothing regret & shame.

LIAR! !

I waited. I waited. And waited still.
And for what?
Your impromptu marriage?
I wonder if you knew the phone bled the day?
I know that you know
you broke me in a unique and permanent way.

So your safe girl moved on.
Your practice chick got a life.
Your tramp wanted to feel like someone's lady.

And still you can't wish me well? ?
You play competition
YOU want to nurse a pansy-ass grudge?

Why are your grudges always at the expense of my heart?
To you, I'm always that hungry dog.
Your ego "requires" me to be on the losing side

So spare me you venom.
gentile manipulations
Coy play,
Your indignant and unjustified woes.
Games. Confusion. Chaos. Your pain.
YOUR SINCERE F-ing INDIFFERENCE.

Feel that burn?
Do you?
Good.

Even dogs have limits.

DeAnna Esquilin

To The Public: A Note On My Brother From His Sister Who Loves Him...

The able bodied never know what it means to be shipwrecked in a bustling metropolis.

We do not meet the staircase as mountains
Or know the true sacrifice of the "long way" by force
Your fridge a barricade
The sidewalk a cliff
Your Wheelchair your life line

To be physically challenged is to be the snail in a race with greyhounds.

We do not experience
The undeserved leers of interlopers
Sometimes offending
Frequently curious
Pitying

"Tisk" "Tisking" in backward glances of subtle egotism
(As if you paid for your able body off the rack at Macy's)

To be physically challenged often means:
To have strangers lay pity at your feet
To be condescended to
To be hurried
To look away and be shuddered at.

How fortunate to be you?

Or sometimes the assaults come on deeper scales

The words "bravery" and "courage"
Are used to describe your existence
Not your character or deeds.
Such paltry lipservice.
Like ash in the mouths of drones!
(Even from family)
Lying armies of vapid bees

Forever buzzing but saying NOTHING.

At nearly 40 he visits me in my dreams the day of our Mother's wake.
A twig holding back a tsunami
My brother howled tears
So wretched
So acute
With such sincere surrender to despair's darkness,
To hear it, gives way to moments
possessed by the the terminus of her death.
That I cannot consider it
without doom nesting in me for days.

That was the first time I saw him.

And it occurs to me,
Only now in adulthood
How well he economizes pain
How negotiated his complexity.
How seemingly effortless he relates to others
Despite such poignant & profound alienation

So if you're asked to be patient
Do so.
He has been patient a lifetime longer than you
If you extend your hand to assist
Extend it as his equal
Because you could never be sure
Which of you is the inferior

Spare him your pity
Endear that to people who "choose" an existence of helplessness
His charity and yours mean very different things

The bow of his legs
The deformity of his limbs
His inability for speech
Are but limits of his body
Not his mind
Not his heart

His centeredness is one few know

And most of all:
Be kind to him because he is kind
With small deep gorges of blue
He has my mother's eyes
He will speak to you with them
And you will know her same tenderness
His mutual respect.
His unwavering commitment to justice.
His fierce, deep resolve for love.

And he will smile.
Always smile.
Because he smiles thru endurance

He is a Mammoth on wheels
Living in the deep knowing of emotional mobility

To truly know him
Is to know with clarity
That the world is much more disabled
Then he has ever been.

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