

Poetry

is the awl
that lends your soul to scrutiny,
turns your gaze into yourself
to seek the side
furthest from the sun.

Raw
is what you feel when
memory is slow to heal
like the hole in your heart
from the gunshot in your mind—
red rush
of words

falling line,
by line
pigment of your imagination
splattered on a paper world
crescendo of breathing
excitement for words
ciphers and erasures brushed
carelessly away—
rub-weary eyes ruminant,
grope
the darkness of your intentions...

Inner tempest
makes you naked—makes
wind on your skin,
whips your hair,
crawls
into the spaces of contemplation.

Thérèse Ferreria