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SECRET

After I wrote the assignment on the board,
I turned around to say,
have a good weekend
and be careful
I'll see you all on Monday.

College freshmen
packed their bags
ran out of class
loud
talking
laughter

When I finished erasing the board,
I realized LaTanya,
sitting in her
front row seat
not moving.
She was looking at me.

“My father...”

She said quietly
trying hard to hold back
her tears.

Shocked
not knowing
what to say,
I started to tremble.

JEST

Chilly breeze of
the morning hours
traveling through the quiet streets,
softly swinging the
flashing traffic lights.
We were
stumbling out of the bar and
disturbing the silence of the city.
I kissed his whiskey lips
when he put his hands on my cheeks.
He looked into my burning eyes
and smeared black makeup.
Then he whispered,
you can't leave me tonight
I smiled.

We took a cab to his
Old City studio.
He held my hand as we
climbed the stairs.
He unlocked his door.

I walked in first and
he walked in after me.
Wrapping his hands around my waist,
he started to kiss my neck.
Then he unbuttoned my pants and
I lay down in his bed.

Trust me, I know what I'm doing he said.
He looked up every now and then
to say how great I tasted.
Biting the pillow,
pulling the sheets,
as my body tensed, I realized
he *did* know what he was doing.

Looking at his hopeful eyes,
I grabbed my pants off the floor and
swiftly put them back on.
As I was buttoning my pants,
I smiled and tossed him a wink.
I walked out and shut the door behind me.
I did it like a man would, I thought,
As I lit a cigarette walking toward the subway.

MY GIRL

On my birthdays,
mom used
to tell everyone
the story about
the ruffled romper
she dressed me in when
I was brought
back from the hospital.

When I turned five,
my dad decided
to paint the house, as
mom insisted my walls
should be light pink
with striped purple accents.

When I was ten,
she joined my friends' mothers
to host sleepovers at our house.
During those nights,
my friends and I would paint our nails
put our hair in rollers
and watch *My Girl* lying
on pastel sleeping bags.

In middle school,
she took me shopping
to get a yellow lacy dress
for my homecoming dance
because I had no option
since my mother already volunteered
to be a chaperone.

When I started high school,
I painted my room blue.
She often told me
no man will want me

if I don't start acting like a lady.

In college,
drunk on Jack and Coke
I called her
to say,

(NO BREAK)

I'm not the daughter
she'd be proud to have
since I don't
like men.

She said
it's ok that I
don't like college men.
They can be
very immature
anyhow.

SACRIFICE

We were walking
through the park
during a breezy
amber autumn day.

When stopped
by the lake
he put his arms
around me and
he quietly whispered,
I can't wait until
you have my name.

Looking into his eyes,
I stepped back slowly,
and said, I want to keep
my name.

I shrugged
Then I
Stepped back into his arms
In
Silence.

CYBER LOVE

I met him
At a cocktail party.
Exchanged phone numbers,
Emails
Screen names to chat on Aim
Soon,
We changed
Our statuses to
“In a relationship”
On
MySpace
And
Facebook.

Our friends left us comments,
“Omggggg this is so coool!
Sooooo happy for u guys!
U guys make such a great
Couple!”

A month later,
I saw a comment on his page
From a girl,
“I totally miss u.
Come out for my bday.
Call me.
<3”

Feeling insecure,
I called him
So he could justify himself.
“She’s just some girl
From high school, relax”
He told me.

I didn't believe him.
We fought.
On the phone
Over Aim,
Through

(NO BREAK)

Myspace,
And
Facebook.

Soon our statuses changed back to
"Single"

THE MOMENT

For as long as I live,
I will remember the time
when my father drove over the
Brooklyn Bridge the night
we flew on the jet plane
To America.
I whispered,
“It’s just like the postcards
dad used to send us”
into my little brother’s ear.
He looked at me with his little
eyes ready close with exhaustion.
I sat there in the back of the car
amazed with
the beauty of the city lights
with my head resting against
The car seat
Trying hard not to
Fall asleep.