

Serena M Tome

Sketch #2 Gabriela Mistral-The Goblet

“Delivering the goblet, the new sun
on my throat, I said:
My arms are now free as vagrant clouds,
and I loll on crests of the hills,
rocked with allure of valleys below.”

*Saffron colored glory waits in the cavity
of your womb to be impregnated with bliss
hands rotate clockwise comforting the promise
of what might become gladness if not deferred by unwanted interruption-
pain*

“It was a lie, my alleluia. Look at me.
My eyes are lowered to empty hands.
I walk slowly, without my diamond of water.
I go in silence. I carry no treasure.
And in my breast and through my veins
falls my blood, struck with anguish and fear.”

*Venus' raiments lay in dots upon emptiness
What should have been is not and what is cannot be revoked.*

*Your lips were like razors that caused your destiny to
hemorrhage*

Sketch #22: Hanging Curtains, after Robert Creeley's *The Warning*

“for love— I would
split open your head and put
a candle in
behind the eyes.”

cupped hands
bend into an eclipse
as the heart lay slain
behind squamous eyes

squall rages through
earth —relentless—

there is no antibiotic
to quench
the affects of this
-fire-

incalculable “I love you”
feed vultures

whose shrill beaks
suppe on crumbs
of fictitious bravado

-!-/

-?-/

-...-

Sketch #17: Deliquesce, after Pablo Neruda's Sonnet XC

“I dreamed that I died: that I felt cold close to me;
and all that was left of my life was contained in your presence:
your mouth was the daylight and the dark of my world,
your skin, the republic I shaped for myself with my kisses”

*liquid bronze immobilized in mid air
clothed scarcely with silver beards'
placid movements...*

*the feeling of immortality creeps
over sky like roving beams from isolated lighthouses
searching intently...along the lines of demarcation...
elucidated souls swarm
in schools...gusts of gypsies await at the intersection
of living and...silence*

Sketch #26: The Hiding Place, after Felino A. Soriano's Painters' Exhalations 705

“Handcuffs
wear their mirrored steel on
limbs' inability to
properly hide.”

Tumbleweed roaming

Nonchalant paths

Where kindness is accursed

And beauty is misused

For commercial profit

The anatomy of a singular

Sentiment contains cloistered

Embers of elation

Chained—deep—under a bed of

Hourglass' sand

Constrained by a quotidian

Dominatrix's whip—

A merciless overseer