

Willona Sloan

## Untitled (queen)

You

You are the queen of miracles.

Of fields of sunflowers and vowels that sound so much like home they can break your heart.

You are the queen of green waters.

You are the queen of mariachi music and softly hummed melodies.

You. You are the queen of pens full of smooth, black ink.

[And silver boxes filled with infinite tunes.]

You are the queen of the perfect pain.

Of that moment when you know that this is it.

[Hugs. Long, firm, close to the heart.]

[Thin pages with golden edges.]

You.

You are the queen of dancers floating in space between air and wonder.

You.

[Mountains that don't even care to look down and remember the earth.]

You are the queen of deep sleep. Of R.E.M. Of dreams that leave impressions of smiles.

Of volcanoes turned to fields of flowers. Blue, purple, streaks of green and orange.

You are the queen of rich, black coffee.  
You are the queen of *duende*.  
Of long walks that shed anger.

You are the queen of  
    purple sunrise over mountain.  
    Fire blaze sky at dusk  
    Oceans – universes of their own.

You are the queen → you are the queen.

Sing to me. Dance for me.  
Tell me the story of the time...  
Sing to me. Write ~~me~~ a poem on my back.  
Paint your face across my wrist. Circle me. Peel back just one corner of your wonder.

You are the queen of cacophonous melodies, discordant beauty in nonsensical verse that rips open the heart with slices of light, harsher, more dense, than sunshine.

You are the queen of cool but warm breezes that dance across my face, calming me with memories, reminding me of the time.

You are the queen of falsettos  
Of delicate sounds that grab hold  
Of atmosphere and rise.

You are the queen of fragrant wildflowers that smell like childhood on a lake in Russia.  
You are the queen of soft, twisted, petrified wood.  
You are the queen of new, clean, black grooved vinyl.  
Of brilliant tattoos. Born in fire, scratched over blood, skin pulled tight—scarred flesh, deep, iridescent.

In each mirrored glimpse and the smile of memory—that's where your queendom resides.

There—  
in the smile of recognition between old friends on opposite sides of the street.  
To be seen  
To be recognized.  
That is something of a miracle, no?