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Philosophy: Art and Love

He has been put away
like a wind up toy that can't
go forward, can't go back.

His thoughts locked up;
shooting darkness from his eyes.

He spits in her face and yells:

*“This is what you deserve, Puta!
Open the door! I’m sorry Momma,
it’s ‘cause I love you too much!”*

Like bile,
he leaves a bitter taste in her mouth.
Her skin drips on her bones.

He exits through her pores as he roars:
*“Art is a whore,
Love is a myth”*

Filosofía: Arte y Amor

Él ha sido guardado como un
juguete de cuerda que ya no da
ni para delante ni para atrás.

Sus pensamientos reclusos;
sus ojos disparan oscuridad.

Le escupe la cara y le grita:

*—¡Esto es lo que te mereces, Puta!
¡Abre la puerta! ¡Perdóname mama,
es que te quiero tanto!*

Como bilis,
le deja un sabor amargo en la boca.
Su piel gotea en sus huesos.

Él sale de sus poros, bramando:
*—El arte es una puta,
El amor, un mito.*

Близнецы для жизни

I keep hearing the music, And it's not coming From another room—

I try to listen to the lyrics, But they fade away as soon As I walk towards it.

It's cold tonight. Once again, I forgot to shower. I keep forgetting

Not to swallow The rescue sleep Liquid melts *1 capsule on tongue*

And let it dissolve Prior to retiring I think I hear the *Cure* I smell the orange

Jumpsuit he wore the week he inhabited one of the Twin Towers.

Was I there, next to you On the other side, Listening to the same song?

Legally Insane

to José

January is a cold month in southern California; just like everywhere else in the world. Sometimes your independence leaves you stranded at 5:45am when you have no one next to you, warming up your bed. Automatically you call in sick to work, while your ears throb and your words, thick as mud, get stuck in your throat. You avoid turning on the light, but you find your way through the darkness of the bedroom, to the bathroom, where you expel the Nyquil you have been consuming for the past three days. Suddenly, you realize it's your period. In the distance you can hear beeping trucks picking up trash. It's Monday, you're glad you don't have to move your car; finally, you figured out how to park on the right side. Facing the mirror, you take another shot of Nyquil and go back to bed; tomorrow will be another long, bloody day.

Happy Birthday

And be Again

remarkable and complicated

celebrate your liberation

beginning August first

Until you slowly find

yourself rooted like

a twinflower

distilling velvet leaves

Teleport the mind.

There are

oceans

There are

islands

(There are red cows

with mushrooms

on their backs)

Mycelium

must be plucked

and replaced

with growing grass.

A silk touch—

pickaxe

advances the land-

slave to be-

come the migrant

of the mind.

Emancipation

Yes, I remember.

That was

the shadow

of a broken

Tree

drowning

in the lake.

picking up/after you

I have begun to mourn you,
the books
you left behind
are still scattered
on the hardwood floor.

I keep stumbling upon them
hoping you will return
to lay them back
where they belong.

Your chair, still occupied
with the empty coffee cup
You placed there
to rest
instead of you.

Aun con velo

sorry if
i let
you down
darling, but

i could n't
con ti nue
to fade
in your
emb race

and i
s till
wake up
in the
middle of
the night

long ing
to write
you a free
verse poem

deep in side
we both
knew it
was best
to de part

and i
st ill
th ink of
your bi
polar mind