

Outside the Lines



PALABRISTAS

Latin@ Word Slings

Poems Written by the Running Water

the quicksand has taken me of late
and to this I add that
certainty certainly left me.

where have I been?
I have been waiting for the world
to turn on its axis
have been expecting the four horsemen of the apocalypse
with what I hear on the wind
full of fools and flippants,

have been staring at the running water, daring myself
to run.

to do this week:

1. develop serious drinking/drug/depressive/social/love
problem, in manner of all great poets,

see: Thomas, Dylan

see: Mistral, Gabriela

see: Dickinson, Emily

see: cummings, e.e.

see: Ahkmatova, Anna

see: Dalton, Roque

2. wear inappropriately heavy eyeliner
at 7 am in manner of all brooding half drunk 27 year old poet girls
the world over.

3. sport bright pink fairy tutu costume complete with sequins
at 7 am in manner of all sweet 7 year old girls
the world over.

perhaps then the knives will rip themselves out of my stomach,

perhaps then my heart will stop its running, like the water,
will stop its running like the water,

will really deserve the “nicest smile of the day award”
the guy at the coffee shop gave me this morning,

perhaps then I could map the quicksand
all our – and by our – I mean we –
all our quicksand, our holes
where we find ourselves stranded,

we could kiss each and all our
boo boos away,

we could write late into the night
all the crazy poets
write infinity into our poems
no pretending
no parasites
no jewels
no cages
no.

only the sweat dripping of soft lovers
little bombs going off in our hearts
poem prayers under our pillows every morning.

where have I been?
where have we been?
where are we headed in this conciseness?
in these tricks
in these empty howls
in the barren?
no.

I propose instead:

1. living/loving dangerously
2. having the guts to be useless and
3. following visions of the always running towards the new
yeah, the running towards the new –
yeah like the water,

I propose poems written by the running water.