Arrival

Tricia Marcella Cimera
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for Annette B.

I have arrived
at the same age
that you were.
Wouldn’t you be
surprised to see
my hair so long,
though not as long
and beautiful
as yours was
before you lost it.
My blue eyes
regard myself
in the mirror –
here I am alive.
Wasn’t I saddened
to hear
your brown eyes
lost sight, went blind
in that last week
before you died
of leukemia.
Leukemia –
a most unpoetic word,
yet
there it is.
Arriving
so bitterly,
so unexpectedly,
so randomly,
on your doorstep
instead of mine.

Sweet Melodies

Rosalia Pecora

your sweet melodies tickle my ear
gently caress my lobes
instant gratification

words and beats make their way
through my brain, waves of music
crash against my body

the sudden urge to dance
overwhelms me like a raging fire,
I sway like a gingko tree on a breezy day

sweat drops to the floor
heart profusely pumps

the song may be over,
but the passion never left