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Hector J. Mirande College of DuPage

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Mirande: The Patient

The Patient

Look beyond those bulging veins on the weathered head and you will see ... I need you.

Listen past the sounds of rage and fury and you will hear . . . Please love ma.

Touch gently the clenched fist and you will feel fingers opening up like the petals of a morning flower in friendship.

(Poems by Hector J. Mirande)

The Black Angel

Painter of churches, of heavenly hosts your angels are lovely, your cherubs robust

Your sensitive canvas, is screaming a lack for hesvan's belied, if no angels are black.

Your virginal maidens, madonnas so fair if death claims a colored, their space must be shared.

Labor of love, in yellows and blue true mirror of mankind, while scorning a hue.

Christianity's glory, upon ceiling and wall mute hymn to a God, never shared at all.

When You Are Silent

I like it when you're silent Knowing your voice will shatter The hisck crystal of my loneliness I like sharing darkness with you Pretending that it comes in stages; Thester lights dimming Thru the eyes of childhood Half closed in eager anticipation

I like going away from you Sevoring the thrill of sighting you anew; Walking down a path throwing a shiny coin ahead Only to find it and again In a never ending game of rediscovery

I like growing old beside you Where firm of thigh And quick of wit We'rs genly hald In the kindness of our mamory