

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 me.

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

When You Are Silent

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

I like going away from you
Savoring 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're gently held
In the kindness of our memory

(Poems by Hector J. Mirande)

The Black Angel

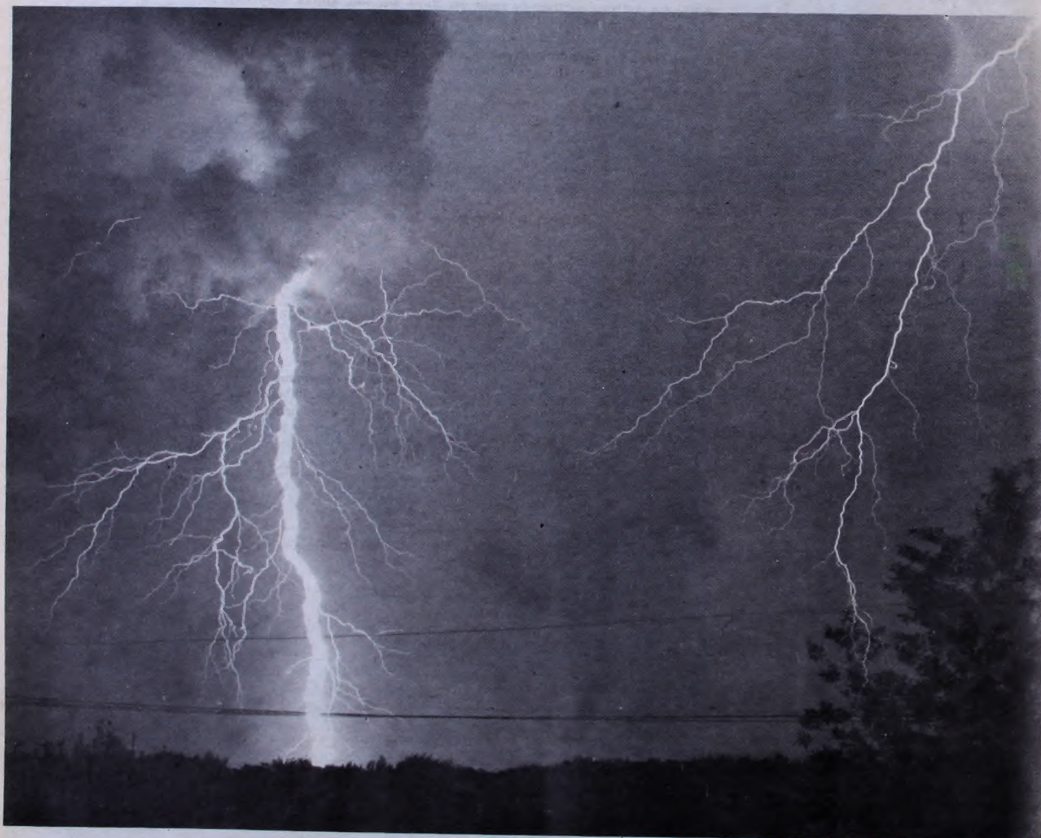
Painter of churches, of heavenly hosts
your angels are lovely, your cherubs robust

Your sensitive canvas, is screaming a lack
for heaven'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.



(Photo by H. L. Minton)