**POETRY**

CHERRY BLUE

Cherry blue hand soap on the corner of the stained kitchen sink

reminds me of that time we sat under the cherry blue sky.

We talked about my mother, and the stains she left

on the house when she forgot the dishes in the sink

and decided not to come back to finish them.

Cooked meat left clinging on rough unwashed plates. Then

we talked about your father and the time when he was teaching

you boxing. Only you were the punching bag and

he wasn’t teaching. Do you still remember

how he would sing you lullabies

in tones and shades of deep stringed orchestras

as if he hadn’t just done what he had done? Remember

how we used to say

we wouldn’t be like them. How

my lips would never

wear the same cherry lip gloss as her, and how

you would never have the same blue

bruised knuckles on age worn hands

Do you remember?

Can you still smell the cherry blue? Like

an ocean of fruit trees spread

over miles of forgotten-orchard lands. How

the winds take the scent on the breeze to blow

through like a tide that recedes

It comes.

It goes.

Like cherry blue promises

that feel as tough as steel.

Then you look to the surface and see

a glass reflection, smeared

by the oils of the hands that have touched it

stained by my dishes and

stained by your lullabies

How did we get here? Where

my lips are glossed cherry

and

your hands are bruised blue?

BLACK EYELASHES

His eyes are the windows

to palaces yet to be discovered. Yet,

on the roads to his architecture

there lies sentinels who dress his face

like the brush stroke of a painting.

Those long black eyelashes,

Miles of densely populated

gardened growth, cultivated

by the warmth of the sun

and a mother’s love.

They stand as thick forested trees yet

they flutter like the wings of a butterfly

silently flapping in reverent movement

like the bell of a church just

before the clapper joins to the bowl

with new vibration

The mysteries those shields protect

hidden away in darkened images

defined merely by the shape

of what could be

Lashes: Beautiful, Long, Thick, Dark

He is the envy of women everywhere