1998

Pointless Trips

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Citas recomendadas
Available at: https://digitalcommons.providence.edu/inti/vol1/iss48/11
pointless trips

the me...

the me who waits and wastes hides nowhere but in the measure of time.
the pulse, the blood of the moment stops,
and in the pause, the me, so still,
begin to count a new arbitrary
rhythm of solitude and rhyme.

bleed

the softer violence of a broken mirror
breaks the metaphor
as the blood (too real) hues the glass.

The abstraction of what could have been my poem
strains to destroy the thought,
rendering it beautiful in its loss.