1998

Pointless Trips

Arlene Guerrero
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,
begins 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.