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Naptime Chatterbox

Careful Little
shadows
tiny hands
and eyes
playing
skin glistened with sweat
breasts swollen and sore
and legs ached from exhaustion
fall asleep
shaky after another world had begun to vanish
hesitant open eyes
scream stubbornly
stiff as a board
a noise so faint as had broken through
the bubble around
One conscious breath

Margarita

She flutters her stained-glass wings;
Her belly swells with pollen.
Unknowing of what life brings,
She stands from where she's fallen.

Pinta blanca, de todas cosas—
Veo que te comen las moscas.

She obsesses over you.
I swallow your sweet nectar,
Sucking till you turn to goo.
Rid me of the taste of tar.

Sé que brillas todos los días—
Envidio hasta tu anatomía.

You dance through life despite all
Who've done you nothing but harm.
Your knees are bruised from the fall.
You're truly a special charm.

Margarita, mi margarita,
Te he visto desde chiquita.

You've raised me, kissed me, loved me,
All without a bill to pay.
Made me more than what he sees,
All I'll ask is that you stay.

Pinta blanca, de todas cosas—
Veo que te comen las moscas.
Sé que brillas todos los días—
Envidio hasta tu anatomía.
Margarita, mi margarita,
Te he visto desde chiquita.
Dile a mami su flor favorita
Es un reflejo de ella mismita.

La Hija del Mar y el Sol

My dearest America, as I lay on your still, white bed, the darkness swallows me whole. The hum of a small, wind-blowing machine accompanies me as I float in the nothingness that is your voice, only to be paralyzed under the force of your brutal hands.

I swallow for the hundredth time. Small lumps of coal stuck in my throat, as I am unable to sleep in silence tonight. Nothing, I hear nothing. There is nothing but your stubborn gaze. Then, there are echoes, whistles that form a song in the depths of my mind. My love's children, they softly sing: *Co-quí, co-quí, ven aquí.*

Querida, call out to me.
I long for your voice,
Passionate and melodic,
To comfort me.
Embrace me once more.
Cradle me in the warmth
That is your body.
El revolú de tu casa,
Is what I desire to hear.
La parranda que me traes
Every time the sun goes down
Soothes me more
Than the drugs I take throughout the year.

My room is cold,
As I long for you,
But my bed is warm,
As I cherish you.
Darkness fights to take hold of the night.
But your bright, blue moon
Shines down on the waves.
They clash, shush, and drag away
From the shore near me.

Borinquen baila una bomba y plena,
Creating winds from the movement of her skirt
As her hairs move back and forth
Following the rhythm of her feet.

Her children are the melody,
Her waves are the beat,
But none can exist
Without her
Sunlit smile,
Flowering hair,

Curved figure—
Without her.

She leads their way,
Kisses everyone goodnight,
Before letting the sun rise
In the brightest, blue sky.

I wake up in America,
Alone, cold, and free.
Free to love,
Free of fear,
Free to believe.

Yet her stern,
Quiet gaze
Makes me curl
Into myself.
She stands tall,
But she only stands,
Holding her children
In her protective hands.

She is free.
She is strong,
But she is
Deafening.

*La sangre llama,
Y quiero su calor.
La isla del encanto*
I shall meet you once more,
And I'll call you by your God-given name:
Borinquen, la hija del mar y el sol.

Time

I've never liked time: how it clicks and turns. There never has been anything more isolating than knowing I will one day be unable to turn back to the days spent with you To feel your hand pressed into mine in the darkened streets To smell the fresh air as we walk along that cloudy beach To taste the bitterness of tears that stain your clothed chest To hear the way your heart beat while our eyes met To see the notification next to your name on my screen To know that you love me. The days come and go, but I often think about where we could be Will I be standing beside you Will I be sitting behind you Will I be dressed in white Or will she? As you stand across from me, my chest open and torn, is there a way you'll heal me? Feel me? Hold me? Kiss me? Love me? Or will I have to sit there, in the backseat of your car, and know that time has already beaten me.

Smiles

Smiles, I am all smiles.
There's one every mile.
I'll sure make it worth your while.
The pills, oh the pills
All engraved with a 20—
20 smiles a day
Is what my doctor prescribed me.
If I smile I'm happy
And ain't that a treat?
I smile all the time.
Just ask my whole family!
You see a bruise on me?
Oh, I'm really sorry!
That happened yesterday
With all of me smiling.
So you took a picture of me?
I bet it's a joy to see.
Look at me now
I'm smiling in my selfie!
But who cares if I'm smiling?
Cause all that I see
Is that bitch on my screen
Smiling right back at me.

Antidepressants

peppered pains pick away
at every prickly pore
persistent panic always
packs that punch that leaves me sore
pill petals puked and plunged
paint a rum-filled porcelain pot
puffy eyes and powdered tongue
plead for life to fucking stop

[Powerless]

people crave vulnerability
 show your cut wrist, exposed tits—cum stains and all—
 and they ask for *more*.
 unzip your pulsing jeans and quiver
 as their eyes examine the rough textures on your thighs.
more. just a little bit more.
 open your scars with a plastic razor
 drain your crimson sanity onto their erect tongues
 licking, savoring, ravishing. *more.*
come on
bend over
show us some more.

A strange man wraps his dick in newspaper, his misshapen bow hand salivates thick spit onto rotting flesh and drips onto the leather couch between his squeaking thighs—clutch your dollar store crayons to escape those decomposing eyes. *Spread your little legs apart* makes safety cutting scissors the drug

of choice

First boyfriend aims a knife towards any man who dares to sit or talk or smile around you as he writes sonnets about the women he'd like to fuck you into. *Don't get near her, she's mine* becomes the running gag as you gag at the thought of

kissing

Popping rum, chugging pills. Mami told you *it's a choice to think. Bring her back*, the girl you were before the splitted skin, burning throat, foaming stomach, and pharmaceutic tongue. 200mg of Sertraline isn't enough to *get over your trauma* so you choke. Choke on words. Choke on breaths. Choke on bottled serotonin mixed with your favorite spice of rum. Choke on slurred goodbyes on a lonely floor. Choke on sorries. Choke on never agains. Choke at the hands buckling around your neck. Choke at the fairy lights lifting your feet from the ground. Choke as your face turns red, then violent, then bland. Choke as the flimsy wires snap. Go on, choke, *everyone knows virgins choke when they give head.*

Your cousin pulls the reins of your baby blue, polyester PJs and moans at the thought of conquering the soft, supple flesh bubbling in your white training bra with his prepubescent hard-on. Cry and cut and beg and find him studying you. Die behind closed eyes as he growls *damn, would I love to fuck you*

even if

Your girlfriend after him thinks it's funny to spank your ass and grab your tits but demands a kiss or two or three or four on lips that scream *if you consented yesterday, it's a yes today* yet convinces you you're a cheating whore like your father,

him

ilovemariasbody sends you a picture of his adolescent, erect penis. *You are so beautiful, let me remind you every single day* translated to your breasts are the windows to your soul to every boy who only wishes to shoot their shot to shoot their cum into you. Learn that attraction is only genuine if

it hurts.

And the next and the rest all end up the same. Give them a taste of trauma and sex and they buckle, wet as they beg for a night in bed. *Such a tease* is hot only when you cry and beg them to stop in your head but pray it'll end before they know they're someone

who hurts you.

and it happens again, again, and again
 until more is too much for them to understand.
 they fixed you, you're cured from the ghosts in your head
 and the cycle just restarts itself—you guessed it—again.
 you smile and stand and restart to undress
 wondering when
 [will i ever stop feeling]