

NAOMI CAMMAYO

LOVE POEM

It is in pain that I am potent,
in happiness: seemingly unnecessary.

The world looks still, watery, and green
but blue up close and overpopulated
with clichés unrequited and returned
to their miserable senders, words crowding
around feelings they will not mean
and strangers they will never meet.

I lay abandoned on the happy man's desk,
suffocating in between pages
of the delirious woman's scented notebooks
waiting patiently for their need to arise—
when they will tear at the volumes,
ravage through the wastebasket,
shake the drawers vigorously
in desperation until I disclose what
joy it is to lament. Defamiliarizing
in debauchery of verses chronicling
the tortures of bathing alone
in the rain, sinking into a corner
after silencing the telephone lines,
masturbating on romances,
nursing self-inflicted bruises, then
the customary crumbling wall.
Oh the violence in belaboring love!
As if loss were inevitable, a phenomenon
one can document and navigate in detail.

Haughty and rarely specific, I peer in between
the lines of songs, scripts, sensations,
the human senses of need and want. An assassin
laying in wait for binaries to conclude,
 illegible assaults on paper.

Guilt

is the pulse-a-ticking,
an incisor hanging,
a fracture, un-broken.

A cage, cavity heaving,
a viral breath leaving
a reaction, un-spoken.

A fiery rash clawing
on surfaces, on skin. Gnawing
on scars, un-written.

Acid in a void, nagging.
On its own, a throat is gagging.
Blatant lips are left un-bitten.

Feet, agile yet un-moving,
a fist, still, yet provoking
the eye, blinded, but all-seeing.