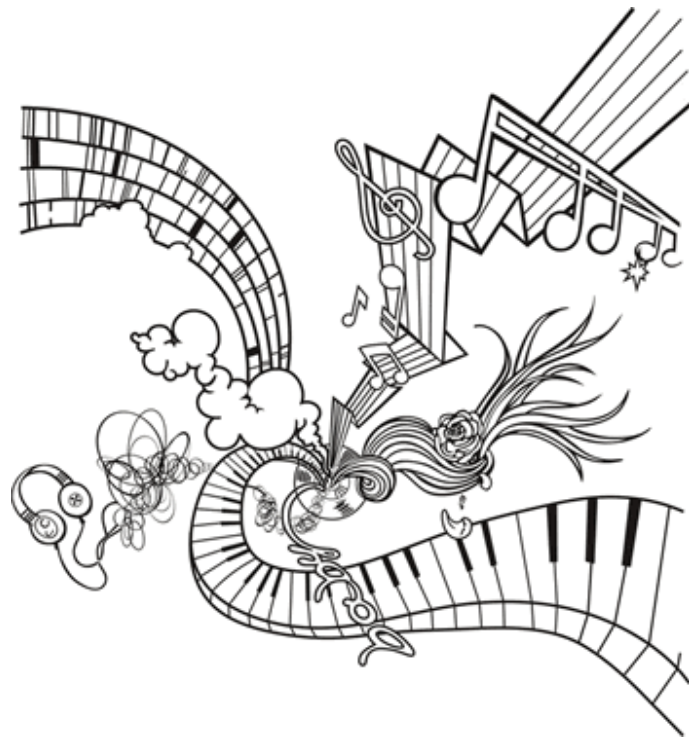


Anthology of cabalo_blanco



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

summary

35

Dancing girl

Suited

no name

Eyed

35

i offer one hundred prayers

and tie yellow ribbons

around the poems i recruit.

Dancing girl

Dancing girl

water,

She moved like the wind over
a thin veil of sweat covered her

face and arms, and her denim jeans
seemed to grin, charming ornaments!

She was shadowed, her neon hair came
and went like a hiding sun.

I wondered of the salt on her hot skin,
and her half lit face, like a foggy prism
in that grey room where the light
emerged from her, as golden rods!

I watched her whirl and sway, as her
thighs stretched her hip-hop blue,
her big smile fractured the lazy late night
and filled the room with the most beautiful bells!

I was as stunned as a bee sting! I gripped
and fisted my instincts and told my mental
self, she'll always be there, with a smooth
and sensual ache at the foot of her feet!

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Suited

Whirly bird,
the flowers in your
crown manifest a
God arising.
Goodbye,
goodbye,
I felt the cold waft
by, when you took
that rubbish beauty
and assumed I would
dwindle on with just
half revelations.
I take with me the ripple
in your chamber, colored
like quartz, and a vivid
caw!
You are the one I keep
caged in my ruby rack-
and still my tongue is
drunk from your bottom
retreats!
You kissed me inside my
head, inside my home,
and I breathed your bald and
naked silver-dust, your wingspan
fiddled and flicked glitter
in my streams, and until you
swung at my guts I was flightless.
You became
a conduit of flowers and flames

for my muted sky.

Here will stay always, your light
sided halls, no fat mud smudged
ground, no paunchy root, just
the weightlessness of your superb
uniform.

Your sirens and thick grained barter
bequeathed me a peaceful sense of
words, and I watched you fly south,
haloed.

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no name

Sexy dark and pink heart fell upon my
pulse, I still smell
her bloom on my nerves while weaved in her winter hair.
In the mornings her
sheeted marvel was the size of mountains, singing
with the sound of song-birds, and I knelt with a boyish
whisper to her maple-wood alter, in the chapel of her thighs.
How fancy her warm moods burned like an August noon,
while I laid beside her fire and happily suffered from
loves fever, harbored in her sweet grace!

Oh, when the drops of your dew gave me drink,
and when I kissed your curves,
and when I entered you as a dream enters a dreamer,
so fast were my blue tears dissolved, my hand full of senses
were drummed numb while I sucked the magic from your
flowered tides.

Oh my God what a time it was when you were my dark cross,
my savory creature, my smooth boned heart-
what a time it was, when I fell to you!

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Eyed

A beautiful thing is a dynasty,
deathless,
as unhinged as the wind!
I'm cuffed to it,
in graphite and words,
I blow kisses at it,
hoping to sit in its pallor
of suns.

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