

crack of a bone, flutter of a butterfly

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

for the eyes on a page,

the crack of a bone kills me slowly

the flutter of a butterfly keeps me alive

the footprints on the shore fade away slowly

it leaves my empty heart and then some

these poems lay out my life for you

the bad, the worse, the horrid

the ocean was tempting at first

yet i prefer this silence better

to the echoes in empty rooms

to the silent audience of solitude.

About the author

poet, daughter, woman scorned, unknown.

summary

Dream Affairs

Poetic Suicide

Midnight

Forbidden Fruit

6,323 Miles

My Last Love Letter / Mocking Bird's Last Flight

On a Father's 'Love'

On My Knees / Dirty Sinner

What Makes a Poet

My Prince(ss) Charming

Spoken Between the Heart and the Brain

The Growl and the Whine

The Corner Store Vending Machine / Out-of-Order

Phosphenes

Dream Affairs

i only see you when i dream,
never the same, yet always so similar.
always too complex to express,
yet too simple as to not.
i never get a good glance at you,
as you always shy away before i can.
i dream of your soft skin;
your delicate lips which sing no blues,
your sweet words which have no voice,
your ocean eyes which hold no color,
your sweet reassurance which holds no meaning.
and in the tranquility of a dark, summer night,
i dream of meeting you once again.
my precious secret, my meaningless love,
i can only hope to see you again.

- R.K.

Poetic Suicide

i always wanted a poetic death.
dreaming of icarus flying too close to the sun,
or celia cruz singing her last tune,
before leaving this world.
nobody mourning,
instead praising.
i always told myself i would never do it.
find a sturdy chair before i tie the noose,
spit out the pills before i overdose,
take out the bullets before i pull the trigger,
learn how to swim before i float down the river;
give myself a reason to go on.
i never had a poetic death.
my gravestone will have no heartfelt message.
my obituary short and meaningless.
the flowers will wilt around my grave.
and people will look down on my forgotten soul.
just another number,
just another child;
who chose a poetic suicide as their way to go.

- R.K.

Midnight

i only see her in the dead of night,
she whose eyes shine so bright.
the moonlight streaks in the dark of the night
cannot compare to her might.
when most are asleep, she keeps me awake.
her beautiful song keeps my spirit alive
her melody of love, something i need to survive
her soft lips, my personal high.
as morning arrives, your love fades
my heart aches, even as i know,
your love is mine.

- R.K.

Forbidden Fruit

i can't remember the first time i felt it.
that sickeningly sweet feeling,
butterflies in my stomach from her laugh
my head filled with the sound of her ramblings,
my heart beating to the fluttering of her eyes.

i always reminded myself,
that it was a simple school-girl crush.
that i would get over it, that i was being dumb.

i can remember when i realized it was more than that.
when she put her arms around my waist,
whispering something so dumb to me i could barely breathe from laughter,
her presence making all my troubles go away.

i can't remember the first time i realized she was forbidden fruit.
that i couldn't love her, even if i wanted.
that her soft skin was only for a momentary touch,
the her dark eyes were only for a glance,
that her comforting presence was only until she found a man.
that a woman like me, could never be with a woman like her.

i have to remind myself, every time i walk into that classroom,
hearing her siren-like voice greet me,
that the stories anne carson told,
or the sonnets shakespeare sang
are simply out of my reach,

that my yearning for her is meaningless.
for she is forbidden fruit,
a sweet poison, just out of my grasp.

- R.K.

6,323 Miles

there is something beautiful about the way he would say my name,
a rough accent as he spoke about his day.
he'd tell me about the sun and i'd tell him about the moon,
he'd tell me about the cold nights, and i'd tell him about the hot mornings.

how his guitar went and broke, and how i missed a step in my dance.
he'd laugh, whisper about how clumsy i am.
i'd snicker, and tell him he plays too much.
we'd both cry when we hung up, too many miles between us.

my dreams are filled with visions of a city,
red, blue, and white flags and large castles,
the sweet smell of tea and the cool wind hitting my tan skin.
he dreams of the sun and tall skyscrapers,
of the music and smells and dance as we walked through the streets,
the sweet, addicting taste of meeting once again.

i promised him that one day, we'd visit
and that visit would extend until we reached our final days.
that the 6,323 miles between us were not permanent,
only a barrier that we would cross over.

that one day, the phone calls would be replaced by pillow talk,
and that the photographs would turn into watching together.
that no matter the city, the country, the continent, or the language,
my home was in his heart, there until the end.

- R.K.

My Last Love Letter / Mocking Bird's Last Flight

dearest,

i never hated you.

i really tried, the angels can contest.

how i beat you black and blue,

how i used your voice until it was hoarse,

how i used your mind to give until it couldn't anymore.

yet you never hated me.

there is something beautiful about you,

something mesmerizing about your tragic song.

the one that you'd sing to yourself in the dead of night,

after the useless, one-sided fights.

you'd end up bruised,

cradling your wounds while your chest shook,

but you never spoke a word,

you never revealed in your pain.

you'd simply hum,

a tune that you'd heard before.

a dumb thing that a person that no longer loves you,

sang to you long ago.

you'd try to remember,

the reasons why you have to go on.

there is a bitterness on your tongue when you realize there is none.

that there is no reason for you to stay.

that everyone has moved on past you,

and you have stayed stuck in the past.

darling, you never experienced life.

you never had a role here.

you never experienced true love,

you never experienced the thrill of flight,
you never experienced passion unless you gave yourself up for it.

it wasn't your fault, that i can contest.
the only wrongs you committed was not recognizing it soon enough.
that your body may still be going,
but your mind is far gone.

this is a poem dedicated to you and myself, love.
you, my body, and i, my soul.
finally in sync, finally in control.
finally knowing that it is time to go.

i never hated you,
that i now know.
but you, my dear, suffered for it.
i repent, i am truly sorry.
even though it's not from the heart.
i'm not sorry for the suffering,
but i am forever remorseful,
for not putting an end to it from the start.

dearest me, and whomever it may concern,
this is a final goodbye.
this is the last cheer at the stadium,
this is a dancer's last ball,
this is a dog's last bark,
this is the eagle's last flight,
this is my resignation from this shit hole of a life.

there is no tragedy behind this letter,
as i cannot blame anyone but myself.
the only lamenting being what could've been,
what i should've done,
and what wish for in another life.

i never hated you,
my only sin being i loved you too much.
this is my apology, to you
before i turn off the lights.
before i sing my last tune,

before the mockingbird takes its last flight.

love,

- R.K.

On a Father's 'Love'

he's not absent.

he's still there, i know it.

maybe, it feels like it because he only calls every few weeks.

maybe, it feels like it because his visits have dwindled down to maybe five a year.

maybe, it feels like it because he is never there.

but still, he isn't absent.

i don't know what hurts more,

him not being there at all,

or only being there when convenient.

if his backtalk to strangers who share a last name with us,

or his fake praise when he tries to look good in front of friends,

is a blessing or a curse in disguise.

he doesn't know me,

and i've tried to convince myself that it's okay.

that i have others, that my mother and my grandfather and everyone else will keep me alive.

yet, somehow, seeing him be a father to another little girl,

with the same birthday and the same eyes and the same passions,

eats me alive.

it hurts when he messes up and calls me by her name,

or has to compare her to me every time i tell him about something great.

how he knows everything about her,

but he can't even remember my middle name.

my father isn't absent,

no, he's there every time.

but sometimes, in the dead of night,

with only me, a pen, and a journal in mind,

i wish he would've left me behind.

- R.K.

On My Knees / Dirty Sinner

the first words ever etched on my skin,
read in chicken scratch handwriting;
pecadora sucia, dirty sinner.
always was, and will always be.

the day i first went to holy communion prep,
my heart beating out of my chest,
my breathing so quick yet so slow,
time moving at a snail's pace.

i cried in the bathroom one too many times,
remembering the words uttered by the older ladies at church.
dirty sinner, whore, slut.
always was, and will be.

the pew never looked so intimidating,
as i sat in the small church.
i dropped out of preparation,
with the excuse of not being ready yet.

i watched as all the others were blessed,
receiving their bread and wine of the day.
i could feel them glare holes in my skull,
the whispers never dying down, but this time,
this time i believed them.

pecadora sucia, dirty sinner, too proud for her own good.
always was, and will be.
it is a title i am used to,
and have learned to embrace.
with the devil by my side,
and the gods looking down in disgrace,
i have never felt the need to pray.

- R.K.

What Makes a Poet

i never called myself a poet,
until i was first told about the beauty of my work.
i never called myself a poet,
until my work became art.
i never called myself a poet,
until one night, i did.

the word 'poet' never resonated with me.
it always felt like a title too big,
like a responsibility too tasking to carry.
i was never a poet, nor was my work poetry,

the more i sit in this cold, dark room.
the more i realize i was scared,
because i didn't understand what it means to be.
what it means to be a poet,
what it means to become one.

for a while, my belief was as such;
that a poet became a poet as soon as their pen hit the virgin paper.
that a poet became a poet once they signed their name on their art.
it wasn't until i became a poet that i understood it all.

that a poet is only a poet,
when their pen lets their raw feelings flow out like the river giza,
not the words that others will like to hear.
that a poet is only a poet,
if their poems will make the soldier weep,
just as much as it will make the little girl cheer.

as poetry is never understood by one alone
for a poet is not a poet,
until others can appreciate their art,

as much as they can appreciate it themselves.

a poet is a poet because they can be proud of what they are,
who they are,
and what their art is.

a poet is a poet because they can cheer
and share their art with the world,
and the world will cheer along with them.

- R.K.

My Prince(ss) Charming

i grew up dreaming of my prince charming.
a man that would come and swoop me away,
from all the horror and tragedy of the world.

i imagined he had blonde hair like the beast,
strength like shang,
the sly remarks of flynn rider,
or the hopeless romantic yearning of naveen.

yet, in my dreams, my prince charming never had short hair.
he never wore the classic suit and pants.
he never had a charming, deep voice,
or saved the day.

my prince charming wore red lipstick,
and had beautiful, golden locks.
no, my prince charming wore a silk, crimson dress,
and had a soft voice that could make the strongest men's knees wobble in complete loss.

i can't remember when my prince charming,
became my princess charming.
when you became the center of my universe,
the only one i ever needed.

i once thought of a prince charming, the hero of my dreams.
a fantasy to escape reality, which haunted me.

but now my dreams come true, just not in the way it seemed.
for i found my princess, as unlikely as it might be.
the one with the glowing eyes, and an even brighter soul.
she has taken my heart and changed my life's course.

i used to yearn for a man, somehow who'd provide for the end of time,

but now i yearn for my love, the one that keeps me alive.
i never knew the joy she'd bring to my heart,
for it is she, my princess charming, who has made my world complete, stealing my heart.

- R.K.

Spoken Between the Heart and the Brain

the heart whispers in my chest,
beating low in my ribcage,
it murmurs lowly about love and dreams,
begging to wander on its blessed quest.

the heart whispers in my chest,
but the head sees no reason to find rest,
in persuing this tantalizing request.

the heart whispers in my chest,
beating low in my ribcage,
it cooed to the brain,
enticing pictures of flying high
the mind shakes it head, immune to the heat's gentle pleas,
the mind is still cautious, and replies "oh, but why?".

- R.K.

The Growl and the Whine

the name i was given held two meanings,
the duality of the land from which i came.
the gentle, sweet maria,
and the one who fought for her name.

when i was younger,
my howls were interpreted as whines.
my cries were seen as a sweet thought.
for when the wolf in my chest fought back,
all that came out of sweet maria was a whine, never a howl.

as i've grown older,
my mind and body matured.
my teeth, no longer tiny,
now fangs, biting at the cruel hand that feeds me,
blood dripping, a victory.

sweet maria is still there,
but her whines are now growls.
instead of simple gratitude at a catcall,
sweet maria lets out a howl.

sweet maria is older now,
sweet maria traded jazz for rock.
she traded mary janes for combat boots,
princesses for button-up suits,
tough love for distanced cries.

she learned how to bite her tongue,
but she'd rather not,
for her teeth are too sharp for her mouth,
her thoughts too big for her own skull.

i am no longer that gentle maria,
yet she still lives in my heart.
i yearn for her sweetness,
but in these streets, i know
the one who will survive
is the one who knows how to growl.

- r.k.

The Corner Store Vending Machine / Out-of-Order

the vending machine sits in the corner of the store's embrace,
flickering lights taunt its steel coin return.
for the flickering lights at least have time left,
but the vending machine's pick-up box will remain empty.

the red sign on its screen reads as follows:

out-of-order, useless.

behind its glass facade, it weeps, cries of sorrow
its constant humm turned into nothing more than a whisper.

no more coins are clinking for the poor machine
there are no more *clinks* and *clacks* of plenty,
rows of treats are long gone by now,
yet the neon lights still shine bright in vain.
the vending machine stands tall, but its gears have halted.
it shines bright and remains well-fed with coins and crumpled dollar bills,
but its keypad remains broken, its coin return empty.

the vending machine lies in the corner of the store,
broken and forgotten.
its lights are long gone by now, but its gears are still turning.

it prays for a mechanic,
he does not find any.
it is left to whisper tales of longing,
yearning for a life that once was,
but will never be again.

Phosphenes

i closed my eyes and thought of you.
the stars behind my eyes tell a story of yearning,
how the rabbit left its shallow den for a mere carrot,
and returned with a doe instead.
i croon to myself when i lie awake in the night,
my singing is plagued with your dulcet smile.
i cried to the sun about you, my dearest,
and she whispered back about her darling moon.
i tell her about your cunning grin,
how you went and got a jersey,
and i watched the team's games for a week.
i sighed about the new haircut you got,
i sketched it in my notebooks for a week.
it never looked right, it never looked like *you*.
i realized after the twentieth time that you were just too perfect in my eyes,
that a singular stray hair was too rugged for your charm,
yet a slick look was too much for your loving ways.
i open my eyes and still think of you.
every day, constantly, and unwaveringly,
through the state of phosphenes and forevermore.

- R.K.