February 7th

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Let the light in
so that when I finally
see you,
love will be
lust will be
fate.
And you’ll just watch
from the sidelines,
face covered lace,
calling your eyes out.
Spitting cat calls
that I
can’t get enough of you.
Everywhere
silhouettes on trains
scream out
insecurities
of your jeweled inner
thoughts
on witnesses and
holy water.
Oh the places;
if only you knew.
Knew what you mean to me.
Meant to me?
No,
still mean to me because
you’re a light.
You just keep shining and
shining and
you don’t even know it
with that tick tock cursed
smile of yours that I’m
always fighting others for.
I’m letting all this go.
Flying by the seat of
the throne I put you on.
They keep kicking you out
and spitting on you,
trying to smash you in with
a brick of accusations that
you have no control over.
But I pick you up by
every thread that holds me
to you.
I won’t let you go.
I’ll sew my fingers to your shirt
collar
the animal they sic
against us.
Cause they can throw sticks
and stones
and you should always know
that I’ll cover you with every
piece of me that I own.
I owe nothing to them,
to you,
but you’ve taken it.
You don’t intend to give it back.
That’s just fine with me.
I wrote you a poem because I didn’t know what else to do.
Put into words this being inside
my chest.
Inside
my mind.
They write poems about
men storming gates.
Smashing in care.

Taking down the gods.

But this is all I can give you.

A few words about your brown eyes.