February 7th

Elizabeth Pode

Dominican University of California

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2011/iss1/6

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the School of Liberal Arts and Education at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Tuxedo Archives by an authorized editor of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.
FEBRUARY 7TH
Elizabeth Pode

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.