

Train to Brooklyn

I'm on a train to Brooklyn,
rummaging through my thoughts.
To be or not to be.
To do or not to do.
Crossroads.
Crosswords.
The crooked cross on my adjacent bedroom wall.
All things that can be fixed.
But can I?
But will I?

I'm on a train to Brooklyn.
And I don't know who I am.
Am I a tornado?
Destined to hurt everything I touch.
Flowers wilt in my hand.

Am I a dandelion?
Poisoned. Trodden over. My petals picked apart by people who only wish to take
from me.
A dandelion only wants to be beautiful.
But the white bitter sap that makes it a dandelion is the curse given at birth.
I'm on a train to Brooklyn.
And I feel a bit better.
I think I found a little part of myself writing this letter.
How lucky I am to call Brooklyn home.
It's the place where my family lives.
The place where I have tried and failed.
The place where a woman sometimes still feels like a girl.
The place where a womanly girl, will find a piece of herself.
Through every crossroad she stops at.
Through every flower she kills.
Through every poem she writes.
And through every train to Brooklyn.
She'll find her way home.

My Muse

You were the sun.
When my pedals would wilt
I'd bask in your light.
Sap would drip from your lips after we kissed.
And when you wiped away my tears, you left traces of honey behind.
But your sap was too sweet and hurt my teeth.
And your honey left my skin feeling sticky and unclean.

Love without pain was too bizarre for me to believe.
I associate the taste of honey with the sting of a bee.
So, before you could tell me you love me.
I'm thinking of all the reasons you would leave.

I let you go before our love could take hold.
But every time I see a sunflower fight against the breeze.
I think of how good it felt to have your light shine upon me.