

I Could Finally be Free

Abril

If I were to take
Off my skin. Here.
Take off my fear of losing
Everything I clench onto,

Without panicking, without shaking incessantly, chattering,
convulsing on wet feet on wet tiled cracks on old new memories on
cold hot wind, without screaming at the reddened reflection
pulsing screeching without leaking without moving, without
missing out.

If I could take off my skin
And set it out to dry while
My meat frolics on ancient
Love and heals.

I could finally be free.

If I walked down the steps and said hello
to the old woman who birthed
the line where we set our clothes to dry,
(she birthed my lust and my sadness).
It is because of her that I walk upon
the creaking bread that flakes onto the braided mats.
It is because of this house that I touch myself.

I touch myself in this house again

on the creaking glass that fogs at night under near-light and cold
breath from the Listerine under the steam of the water that I
shouldn't drink, moldy cracks at my feet not enough for shaking
panicking, chattering and weeping from the cold leaking from the
windows.

If I touch myself in this house again, maybe I can be free.

I drank under the thatched roof I used to sleep
Under the eyes of an old woman
Next to a young woman
Who live in the house in which I touched myself.
They are ones to judge, and they did not judge me.
They opened their arms to my chattering

And bat their slumping eyes.
We danced under the thatched roof without the third old woman.
I also will be old someday, I am old now, to the younger woman I am an
older woman and to an older woman I am a younger woman and to a man I am a woman.
I am a free woman who flew to the mountains and beach on her own feathers.
Learning to bat and pulse my wings

Even when I am weeping in the cold air alone under hot water, I
am free flying far away from the cracked moldy seeping leaking
peeping sores.

I set out my skin to dry in the steam of the tiled sunken
Cheek that pulses to heat.
Dancing in weep to the
Slumping yellows, reds, and blues
That birthed me.

Touching myself to finally be free.