

Product

Consumed in Lowes and Home Depot labels, the skin is barely visible anymore.

Beneath needs money and constant care to function. Without it, oil levels decrease, air filters clog up, brake pads wear out, heart eventually fails.

Speeding and soaring reflect powerful energy, until stopped, pulled over, and worked on by too many hands, the smell of burning rubber, sounds of tools, and commands filling the air.

Exterior solid, few would notice how deceiving the impressionable, leather insides are.

Arms and legs never tire, able to move 3,300 pounds again, and again, and again.

After the 50th again, the same pit stop kept passing by. Attempting to turn around, couldn't – there was another in control. The path suddenly lost its excitement, lost any possibility of seeing something new.

Childhood Song

Warm air and rotten smells circle
the car through open windows and broken
doors that forgot how to lock. Outside,
the bright blue sea, dulled with trash along
the shore, shimmers lively beneath the sun
and cloudless sky, as if to boast. The bumpy
road and sweaty bodies crammed against her
arm, make the landscape wavy and lose its old charm.

When finally set free at a place far from the city,
where the landscape becomes rugged
and full of sand, the smell of raw nature
fills the air, infusing all those close with a carefree,
childish spirit. Mountains and valleys explode
from the Earth, while farmland and houses decorate
rolling green hills till the skyline is met. Standing
on the gravel street observing this view, goats and herder
pass and she remembers watching a similar
herd pass this road twenty years ago, over
a pile of rubble that had housed her neighbors
just a week before. As her siblings stumbled out
the bomb shelter to join her observing
pursuit, the only object seen among the destruction
was a familiar, paternal arm, flung along on the rocks,
curled as if he had tried to stay back.

Limited Light

With closed windows and curtains
drawn, darkness hugs the creaky room
while a damp, musky scent swallows
all within. A lone candle illuminates
a bookshelf and an uneven table
next to a girl sunken deep into
warm, brown leather cushions of her
chair. She reads stories of a magical
love where the guy shows up unannounced
and proclaims his feelings so definitely,
it makes her forgotten, beat-less heart bounce.

The door suddenly swings open
with a gust of passionate air as
Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome walks in, a bouquet
of roses and the milkiest chocolates in hand. With
a wink and a smile, he murmurs seductively
“the children are in school, I’ve cooked dinner
and cleaned” then comes over to massage
her overworked shoulders with a touch that reawakens
an abandoned flame. Her eyes light up with joy
at this desired moment, animating her previously
life-less being. He throws the book from her hand
and fastens his fingers instead, pulling
her up to take her away. Her heart finally
fills that vast vacant space while tears
of pure emotion water her hopeful face.

But of course, romance doesn’t fold out like this scene –
she closes her book, blows out the candle, and goes
to the kitchen to scrape away the hardened lasagna bits.