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Mexico City

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MEXICO CITY

Maybe Penelope awaits
While the sky fills with dust
As the morning breathes

But I'm far away
And the noises seem
Like a witness
Of the innocence

Tonight I see thieves
Running
Their hands a mystery

And I call for her
Woman with a thousand souls
And yet
The loneliness is strong

A cascade of culture
With plenty of love

But the steps are drawn
When she packs her roads
And I'm left to feel
Am the missing stone

OF ALL BUT WAR

1.
run as you did before
cry like you have never done

be the picture that collapses
the verbs that invite

rest between your beauty
between your calamity
and something more

by Carlos Duarte,
student, poet,
member of the
Latino Writer's
Collective

2.

(look at me

By these lines I'm formed

As the sound carries an integration of remorse)

Signal your love with wind

So I can be there

Be the truth of mornings

That have gone to past

But never believe yourself

A butterfly

Carlos Duarte, Student

"Poem 1"

there are times when

land buys into its own

absorption

when people land their

feet as if they had

a notion

but life is but an ocean

of uncertainty –

a siren blasting

through its innocence

as memory divides,

as weather changes

through time

we are the final

and the eternal

the blank promise

of things past.