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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
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.