Collection of three poems: Diatribe, Proverb of Futility & Salve

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Diatribe

Stubborn curls
Ironed into smooth submission

Mascara shrouded eyes
Refusing to cry

Full lips, stained crimson
Concealing childhood secrets

Uncommon beauty
Dusted in powder
Misted with fragrance

“Bruja”*

“Zángana”**

“Molleta”***

Unappreciated beauty
Covered in insults
Assaulted with words

* Spanish word for witch
** Derogatory Spanish word akin to good for nothing
*** Puerto Rican racial slur
Proverb of Futility

'Train up a child in the way he should go...

Train?

"I think I can!" said the little engine**

Hushed voices from the other side of the wall

"He’s stupid"

"I think, I can." thought the little child

"I don’t want anything to do with him"

"Can I?"

"He’s not my son"

... and when he is old, he shall not depart from them*

*Proverbs 22:6
** Piper, Watty. "The Little Engine that Could"
Salve

Ulcerated… leprous
A soothing touch
With tapered fingers and lacquered nails
She bandaged my soul

Atrophic… Paralytic
A spoken caress
With gentle words and graceful phrases
I anointed her feet

A vow
A promise
Love will dwell here