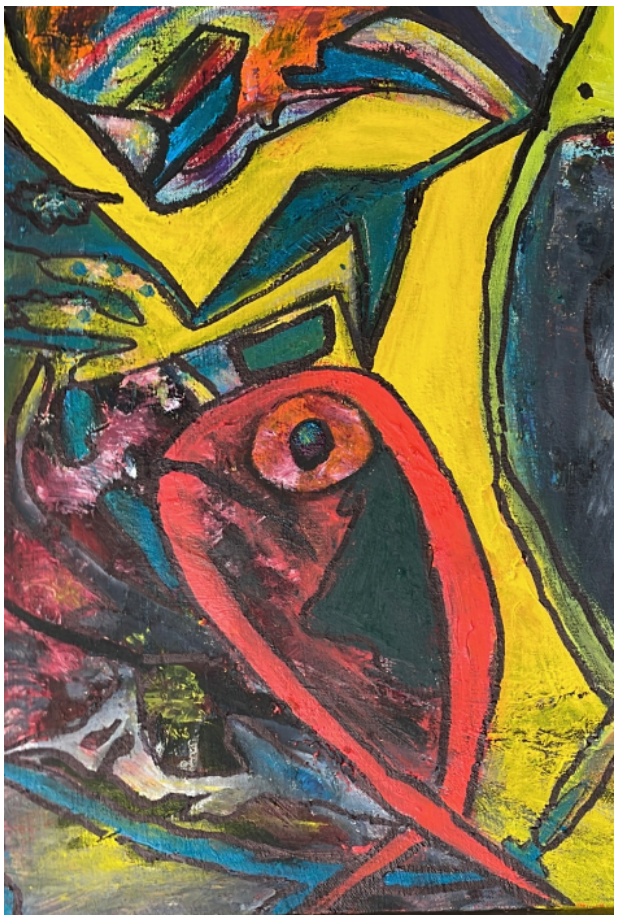
POETRY

# You

by Marisol Moreno Ortiz



Untitled by Ann Privateer

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You are shavings of colored pencils — curves,
uneven edges, and splinters underneath skin.

You are a puzzle in every world
with different zippers
hand holding, and
closed doors.

There are no broken jars here.
No tethers of shame,
only orange amaryllis.
Ask the Victorians why.

Collage the mind with images
of things that bring you jubilation.
From sponges of cake dipped in
chocolate to silly string.

You are made of threads from the
arms in the sky and those
holding you below in the rocking
chair with kisses on your forehead.

Understand the seams made with
strained eyes and shaky hands were
the triumph of the lives in the camera
of your mind.

The lines are firm with letters written,
the lines are uneven with dances taken,
fullness will change with age like the
comfort of your four-inch heels.

Know your scars, you are a blank map
without them.

You will feel them to be true
in your hand. Paper cuts are not
mistakes when they heal from the
challenges that give you tolerance.


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You are more than pinecones.
Benches are more than colored metal
and tailored poses.

There is no soul without filaments of doubt,
debris, and mending you decide you deserve
and strive to complete.

There is no abundance without bread.
There is no water without the earth
understanding the ashes left by fires.
Your tongue knowing thirst.

There is no you without catharsis.
Draw the picture you see behind
your eyes.
It will hold truth with the movements
of your body.
Discomfort is temporary, take the tweezer
and propel the splinter out.


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