

Mal De Ojo and Other Poems

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Abstract

Female sexuality makes people uncomfortable, and, from this fact, rises the Madonna and whore dichotomy, as it allows for the division and neat categorisation of chaste and promiscuous women that keeps female sexuality in check. In both the Madonna and the whore, the sexual facet is outside of the woman's control, and both are objects of desire for the heterosexual male – very much like the femme fatale. I have here three poems that reflect on female figures and how they have been viewed through their sexual acts, and their vilification or idolisation.

Mal de Ojo

Spoon out my eyes with your fingers,
clearly I loved you too much.
The good doesn't last and the other lingers,

I miss your winged touch.
It was my green that cursed us
clearly I loved you too much.

The lonely's ok, it's the silence that cuts.
I throw sand in my face, but color doesn't change
it was my green that cursed us.

They call me a witch and arrange
my pyre, and I, soon to be bones
throw sand in my face, but color doesn't change.

I see what you don't want to own
and you, scared, blame it on a curse and prepare
my pyre. I, soon to be bones,

kneel, wail, pull out my hair.
Spoon out my eyes with your fingers!

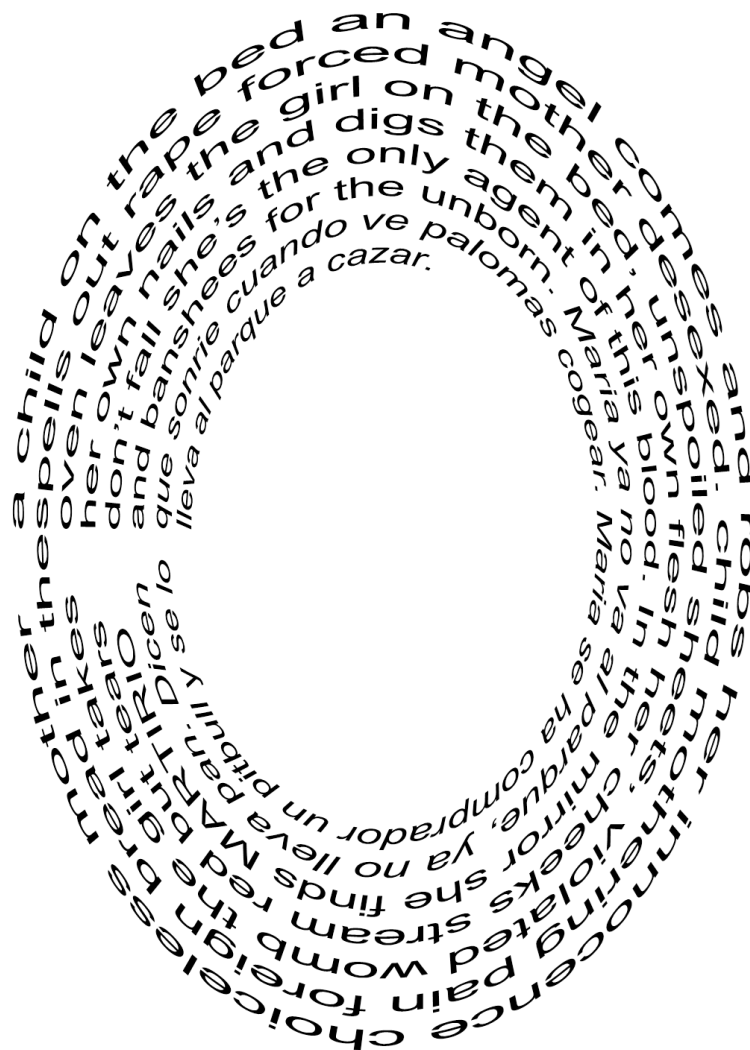
You, scared, blame it on a curse. I prepare.
The good doesn't last and the other lingers.

Merlin Killed By Gold Digger

The wizard lies caught
by roots and branches and leaves.
He fell prey to her,
the child lied with him
and meanwhile she lied to him
and stole his secrets,
or so the tale goes.
I have been to the forest
where he was enthralled,
and the grass whispered
that he asked for his prison
of bark, dark, and moss.
The worms know the truth,
of the gifted, not stolen,
of the girl who took
the heavy burden
off his frail chiselled shoulders.
Of love turned treason
by those who could not,
by those jealous of her worth
blinded by her locks
of auburn. By sex
and what she could not. By sex
and the witches' blood.
And the witches' blood
and what she could not. By sex
of auburn. By sex
blinded by her locks.
By those jealous of her worth,
by those who could not,
of love turned treason.
Off his frail chiselled shoulders
the heavy burden.
The girl who took it,

of the gifted, not stolen.
The worms know the truth,
of bark, dark, and moss.
That he asked for his prison,
and the grass whispered
where he was enthralled.
I have been to the forest,
or so the tale goes,
stolen his secrets.
And meanwhile she lied to him,
the child lied with him.
He fell prey to her,
by roots, and branches and leaves.
The wizard lies caught.

Mandorla



choiceles foreign pain womb red stream she finds MADRID
mother in the takes tears and ban she's for the unborn. Maria se ha comprado, Ya no lleva pan. Dices
her own leaves the girl on the bed an angel comes sexed. child robs her mother's sheets. In her mirror, violated
and digs the mother in bed. Her own blood. In the mirror, violated pain womb red stream she finds MADRID
a child on the bed an angel comes sexed. child robs her mother's sheets. In her mirror, violated pain womb red stream she finds MADRID
over bells out rape forced mother comes sexed. child robs her mother's sheets. In her mirror, violated pain womb red stream she finds MADRID
her own leaves the girl on the bed an angel comes sexed. child robs her mother's sheets. In her mirror, violated pain womb red stream she finds MADRID
don't fall nails and digs the mother in bed. Her own blood. In the mirror, violated pain womb red stream she finds MADRID
que sonrie cuando ve palomas cogear. Maria se ha comprado, Ya no lleva pan. Dices
lleva al parque a cazar.

Transcript

a child on the bed
angel comes and robs her innocence
choiceless mother spells out rape
forced mother *desexed*. child mothering pain
foreign bread in the oven leaves the girl on the bed,
unspoiled sheets, violated womb
the girl takes her own nails and digs them in her own flesh
her cheeks stream red but tears don't fall
she's the only agent of this blood.
In the mirror she finds Martirio and banshees for the unborn.

María ya no va al parque, ya no lleva pan. Dicen que sonríe cuando ve palomas cojear.

María se ha comprado un pitbull y se lo lleva al parque a cazar.

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