Another Last Poem

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Faith
Omar Lopez

Another Last Poem
Marines Alvarez

I guess I was expected to wilt
Eat the Fruit of Sin
And let it take the place of a little girl’s faith
I was given this jaded heart
And expected to wear it under my sleeve
They gave me all the appropriately cynical answers
And all the rational against you
I let myself have all the hurt
Enough to make it obvious that heaven is too noble a solution
Enough loss to suspect and doubt
(Two missing ingredients in faith)
I was the girl in the great garden
Who felt the creator’s eyes on a naked body
Soiled by sin
I was the one who wanted to know it all
The world sees all the indications of a Godless creature

And yet
But still
Even then

In my muddied hands I hold my mustard seed
It’s grown
My eyes can’t help but lift towards heaven
And laugh at those too blind to see it
You believe this God
They say
Against your better judgment

My Best Judgment is my best reason to believe
Where did my own selfish, crusted, stupid judgment lead me
I was the girl in the lushness of a perfect garden
Who couldn’t see towering trees of sweet Divinity
Who reached out to touch the only one she couldn’t have
The only one that could do her harm –
The Fruit of My Better Judgment
The Fruit named My Judgment is Better
The Fruit named My Judgment is Better  
And sometimes I feel that bitter taste left in my mouth  
And I laugh again  
And let my feet lead me to the tree of Redemption  

I’ll Stop Writing Poetry  

Spill the milk  
Cry  
And write it all down for the world to see  
Share the secrets  
The ever-ending love  
The never-ending pain  
Is that what it’s made to be?  

Shh.  
Don’t ask the questions  
They killed the cat  
Who held your tongue  
Awkward and untalented as it was  

But  
Hesitant am I  
To proclaim any poetry from mine  
To display myself with the one a day  
Who claim to own  
The art that so often eludes me  
Slip  
Slipping Away  
But this broken shoe often fits  
And my hopelessness  
Makes me wear it  

This is my last line of poetry  
In a long line of last poems  
All dripping in sincerity and desperation  
But if I stop this release  
I’ll kill my sanity  
I’ll kill my hope  
Two free birds  
With one pointed stone  

Pain is never real until it weaves itself onto these pages  
These small bits of veracity  
I can’t even hold in my hands  
It’s only after I leak it all  
Out of my head  
That these words  
Start crawling under my skin  
Is this who I’m meant to be?  

Shh.  
Don’t ask the questions  
They killed the cat  
Who held your tongue  
Awkward and untalented as it was  

Pay a penny for thoughts  
And you’ll get a penny’s worth  
This  
Broken  
Stream  
Of just feelings  
Just words  
But no questions  
This, I say  
Is my last line of poetry  
With as much honesty as I posses  

All the silvery linings  
Have weighed down the frail clouds  
And now they are upon me  
Crashed  
Burned  
Consuming  
Nothing is well  
This isn’t ending well  

This is my last line of poetry  
A small prayer that will not stand  
This is another last poem.