

Tenderness Lost and Found

by Yvette Angelique

Will it be when Cherokee warn Sun stops rising stops setting in the right
shadow line

Or Will it be when Yosemite's beetle bald patches
as if paint splatter
faint from the skies

Will it be when Florida rains Don't come

Don't come

Don't come like skips in a vinyl record

Perhaps we arrive a Memorial land's end Wear amethyst jackets Hum to Prince's "When Doves Cry"

But Chile remember,

We wear pearls.

Come from African Queens. Catch sunbeams, sprout in our sweet sweat a buffet of trees guarded by

traffic of feathered wings and pump a tenderness

once lost in

strangled views.

—Yvette Angelique ©April 2017



Paired with mural: Tatiana Kitchen