

"Love of My Flesh, Living Death"

By Lorna Dee Cervantes

after García Lorca

Once I wasn't always so plain.
I was strewn feathers on a cross
of dune, an expanse of ocean
at my feet, garlands of gulls.

Sirens and gulls. They couldn't tame you.
You know as well as they: to be
a dove is to bear the falcon
at your breast, your nights, your seas.

My fear is simple, heart-faced
above a flare of etchings, a lineage
in letters, my sudden stare. It's you.

It's you! sang the heart upon its mantel
pelvis. Blush of my breath, catch
of my see—beautiful bird—It's you.

"Love of My Flesh, Living Death" by Lorna Dee Cervantes, from *From the Cables of Genocide: Poems on Love and Hunger*. Copyright © 1991 by Lorna Dee Cervantes, Used with permission of Arte Público Press, www.artepublico.org

Source: From the Cables of Genocide: Poems on Love and Hunger (Arte Público Press, 1991)