

# PINK CARNATIONS

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Curandera tell me!

How will I know whether or not his love is true,  
genuine as my black leather boots,  
immutable unlike my storm tossed eyes  
(green then blue then almost gray)  
solid unlike the ground that quakes beneath me?  
What clues will portend that there is no pretense  
to his hand reaching for mine then lifting my palm to his lips  
for a grateful kiss?

"God, I'm glad this bitch has finally materialized."

How can I read that bubble above his head  
before it floats away to join less lovely clouds?  
Show me the signs in the carefully placed cards!  
Oh The Fool yes The Fool.

I know myself!

I know my card my code my colors my caption.  
I have created myself to destroy myself to spill the paint  
again again  
call myself up from  
considerable ash!

It's the other I'm interested in.

Him the hymn.

The man I crave.

You know my wail, the stone I've rubbed so hard  
it's turned to velvet.

Bring me One True King & No Pretenders!

Oh I know it must be spring.

The winter is through with me.

The snow has turned to a carpet of pink carnations!

Oh.

Those are wads of toilet tissue.  
White turned pink.  
Anal fissures from a week ago.

I've been loved I've been loved I've been claimed SO HARD.  
Curandera tell me.  
If love comes soft and easy  
how the fuck  
will I feel it?!  
Without the broken glass and bruises  
how will I BELIEVE?  
If love is a demon I know it well.  
The blind black cat limping in the alley is my familiar.  
I do not know the shy ghost of love, the faint tapping at my  
window.  
I do not know the fat white cat purring in the sun.  
If love feels good puts any kind of crown on my head unties me  
and shows me the meadow  
and tells me to run free  
I do not know how to comprehend that code.  
The bones that have been thrown have ruined me.  
I am quite the wreck!  
My insomniac consciousness dictates dabbles in damnation  
but now I'm too distressed to disconnect the plastic green phone  
that doesn't get me any closer to God.

I can smell the frauds in the kitchen.  
I know what they're cooking.  
I know the boiling cauldron is meant for me.  
It ain't no jacuzzi, I assure you.  
Oh the never born surround me drooling.  
Dogs slobber their disease all over me.

Curandera.  
This is a serious quest.

I'm ready for the rest of my life.  
My toes point west but my head is stuffed with mildewed straw.  
I've got too much south in my mouth!  
Count me the steps of the dance.  
Clue me the cues.  
I want to believe in the roses.  
Carnations are cheap.  
I don't believe them.  
I don't give a fuck how hard they bloom.  
There's a room and it's filled with light and it lets me in  
when I speak my song.  
I'm stepping into the same river.  
Rush me into the deep furious cold.  
I'm older than ninety and still sixteen.  
I'm going.  
I'm floating.  
Oh promise me I'll survive  
this gringa loca expedition!

