

Silver Arrow

Flecha de Plata

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Bronze gold softness
and green windows
my heart cannot deny them
 is invested yet uninvolved
yours seems to approach me
us
this...
casually committed.

Scented sounds
Sweet stares
Smooth songs
and a sour sun
 You.

Matching in disparity
Arguing with contentment
 Us.

Starting, honey
Lately, brittle
 This.

Our inherent contradictions
children
of a flying
metal-coated whim...

Not Cupid's Finest
 but his Second Best
 unexpected and unrequested lurker
 inciter of sugar and candor
 taker of my soul.

By air too
 the Finest on target
 and my bronze, gold, and green
 radiating a different heart
 Our end.

“Ciudad en Rojo”

Ekphrastic poem about “Ciudad en rojo” by Manuel de la Cruz González, 1950

“**L**ook.” I said “Look.”
 You can't turn your back to it.
 It burns. It's fading. It's doomed!
 The red creeps and conquers.
 Flows and moves
 And it
will
 catch you.

The city in a grid stands—for now.
 The hopeful colored remain—for now.
 Those drowned in darkness have long lost the fight.
 Bloody is now the now—for now.

They were warned. We all were!
 But it was as if
 the heat embraced us and left our skin incandescently unharmed.
 We indulged in them, the flames within us.
 And such pleasure is bound to be punished. “Look!”