La Noche

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LANOCHE

LuiJ Garcia

Madre del Sol. Madre Mia.

Madre del Viento. Madre Mia.

Madre del Silencio. Madre Mia.

She moves expertly in the darkness of the room. She's like the dawn. Voiceless. She knows its pulse, its creaks. My eyes are shut. I see her clearly.

The blushing, desert-dried Hand moves forward, Like a child's first steps, Afraid it's forgotten. Touch.

The chill of the night makes the hand tremble, Or is it afraid? Her eyes guide it, Her stare encourages it. Her hand refuses. It recoils. There is an unspoken battle.

The warmth of her stare Is the opposite of her hand. Smooth like Swan feathers, It knows what to do. A mother's stare.

I Scream. Wish. Demand. Within. Touch. Silence is my invitation. She doesn't hear. My voice is a whisper Lost in the explosions of the cannons of fear.

Her hand moves forward. An inch. Two back. She turns. She stops. She looks back. One thousand One. One thousand two. Nothing. Her stare lost the battle. It blends into the night.

My heart beats to the rhythm Of her fading steps. "I love you," My heart speaks, but I am silent.

Madre de la Luz. Madre Mia.