

soy



poems by Zelima



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A Esmeralda, madre por sangre y hermana  
de alma.

And to Peter, what can I say? You are beautiful!

Thank you, Maria, Arturo, Lori and Cod for  
helping to put this book together.

Thank you, Great Spirit Force,

Thank you, Ancestors.

when i was born,  
they gave me  
                  mimi,  
a forty-three  
year old indian  
                  midget  
for my very  
                  own servant

but mimi and me,  
          oh, mimi and me,  
                  were both born  
                          to be free,  
                                  just had  
                                          to be  
                                                  free,  
                                                          mimi and me

so we loved and  
          we laughed and  
we shared and we LOVED and  
we cried without tears when they  
          tore us apart after eight and a half years.

and mimi  
          was shorter  
                  than me  
                          when i was  
                                  seven  
and i forgot about  
          mimi, forgot mimi  
                  loving and laughing  
                          and sharing  
          by the time i was  
                          eleven,  
          by the time i was  
                          eleven,  
till i was  
          twenty-six or  
                          twenty-seven.



(Around age eleven)

Darkness is a child,  
Who in her solitude,  
Thoughts run wild.  
Mixed emotions  
Of love and hate,  
O run child,  
Meet your fate.

You must flee  
Never to return,  
Try to drown the inner fire,  
Don't let it burn.

You must leave this place  
So you may find,  
This world, this life,  
This God, is also kind...

Somewhere, you will find the light,  
And no more must your rushed  
Emotions fight,  
For your tense being will be calm,  
Knowing no more must your face escape  
The dreaded, fierce, fiery palm.

so down, feeling so down,  
such a heavy weight on  
my chest, numbing my pain.  
had to lie down, but could'nt  
sleep, just felt a heavy hurting  
numbness.

"need a fix to pull me thru just  
this time," i thought. "just this  
one time; i know i can do without it -  
but shit, i've been down a long time,  
gotta get some relief."

my hands were steady, my eyes gazed  
coldly, yet, wantingly at the needle,  
"yeah, tie it tight, tight!"  
FEEL those veins pop out." oh, the  
anger in those veins!

the needle felt good going in  
goddamn it!  
the sharp pain, numbed inside me  
rushed to meet the pain of the  
needle; "i can bear it now,  
i can bear it,  
oh, i can feel it now,  
and it's so good!

yeah, the stuff goes in and  
i can feel the hotness in my  
veins - the burning in my  
being - I'M ALIVE!  
i could lay there and feel  
the BURNING RAGE BURN!  
then glow, glow, glow.

"fuck everything - i don't  
care - feels so good just  
to float and not care -  
i want to stay here  
for awhile...."

"i don't care, i don't care,  
i don't care....  
fuck, it's nice here."



(Around age twelve)

Let me dwell in solitude,  
O life, O world so cruel,  
Into the darkened forest  
Let me wander,  
Let me be at peace,  
Alone to ponder.

Toward the world I feel no hate,  
But to be alone must be my fate,  
For my feelings are too tender,  
And to this world's viciousness  
Cannot surrender.

And to those who cannot  
Understand my attitude,  
Forgive me,  
But let me dwell in solitude.

## SEA OF DEPRESSION

As an ocean wave, depression  
Overtakes me, and carries  
Me into the sea...  
This Sea is filled with sadness,  
It dulls my emotions,  
The waves carry me steadily.

Drifting, drifting, in the  
Sea of depression,  
Sound fades, and oblivion  
Becomes my obsession.

Oblivion, oblivion, how sweet  
The temptation lies,  
Upon this shattered  
Heart that cries.

I dread life more than  
I can tell,  
But just as deep is  
My fear of hell.  
But fear is power in disguise,  
It makes me strong,  
And I realize  
This longing for oblivion  
Is wrong.

In battle, the Sea turn fierce,  
Its waves stand high and violently roar,  
You fool! Why return to the  
Turbulence you felt before,  
You long for oblivion,  
Peace, forever more.

I am frightened, but suddenly,  
Louder than the waves, more  
Fierce than the Sea,  
I hear my cry,  
There is a purpose in  
Life for me,  
I want to live,  
I don't want to die!

The Sea is calm,  
The waves have  
Hushed their roar,  
I must leave now,  
I might return,  
But then, perhaps,

I'll stay away, forevermore.



(Around age thirteen)

Let me see lightning!  
Let me hear thunder!  
Let me feel the Earth's  
Rush waters on my face  
While my skin is tightning!

My skin grows tighter, tighter!  
Suddenly, I am shaken by the Earth's  
Vibrations, and the day is brighter.

Thunder and lightning are  
Like the commotion  
Which enters my soul,  
Confusing emotions,

But from my eyes shall  
Pour the rain,  
And awareness will  
Be my gain.

there  
  is  
    a  
      stone  
       wall  
          between  
              us  
and  
      i  
      don't  
          attempt  
              to  
              tear  
               it  
              down  
stone  
      is  
       hard  
          and  
              i  
              bruise  
               e  
               a  
               s  
               i  
               l  
               y



and so,  
     my husband hit the kids  
 for making noise while he watched  
     the shirly temple show  
         for the umpteenth time,  
 and i felt like i was  
         fading out,  
         and i said to him,  
 "something is wrong here,  
         can we talk?"  
 and he said,  
         "can you wait  
         till  
         shirly temple's  
 and i went                      over?"  
         into the bedroom  
                 and screamed  
 and threw lamps                      and screamed  
         across the room              and screeeeeeeeeeeeemed  
         and popped pills into  
         my mouth  
 then picked up              not really  
 a knife for nothing              knowing  
         better to do, and              why,  
 pointed the knife at my stomach  
         and wondered what it would be like  
 to stab myself with it....  
 then the ambulance  
         came  
 and they took me away,  
         and  
 the psychiatrist,  
         she said i was  
 sick because i had been screaming  
 that i would "promise to stay in  
         my closet,"  
 but she thought i meant a different  
 closet, well, i did'nt know what i  
 meant either, at the time.....  
 and the judge said  
 i needed to be sent

up to get cured,  
         and my husband  
                 told the psychiatrist  
                 i beat my kids,  
 and my neighbors  
         went to the  
         psychiatrist  
 and told her my husband  
         was lying,  
 but she did'nt believe  
 them because they were beatniks  
 and besides, one of "them," the female,  
 was a patient of hers, and had been in  
 this ward just last week, so she, (the psychiatrist)  
 told my neighbor she should not relate with  
 me anymore because we were not good for  
         each other,  
 and after all, it was me who was in  
         not my husband.  
 so this wagon came  
         to transfer  
         me and some other women, (including the one who said  
 and,                      she was just writing a book) to a bigger hospital,  
         i was acting  
                 funny, like i did'nt  
 want to go, but i was just acting, i thought.  
 and this nice lady with a big smile,  
 told me i was only going to go for a little  
 ride, and i did'nt think i was crazy,  
 but i KNEW she was lying,  
         but this kind nurse  
 who knew me from high school  
         because her daughter, peggy, was my best friend,  
 and peggy and i had been in love with each other  
 but had to get drunk to say it, anyhow, this nurse said,  
 "now, please go quietly, i do'nt want to see you  
 get forced into the wagon."  
 i went quietly,  
 then in that truck, with the other  
 prisoners, or sickies,  
         i felt free,  
 like i had never felt before,  
         so i kept playing the game  
         for  
         one  
         eternity.



WE DO NOT ASK YOU  
TO CONFORM,  
MERELY, ACCEPT THE  
STRUCTURE WE HAVE  
SO UNSELFISHLY PLANNED  
FOR YOU.

AS YOU GROW OLDER,  
YOU WILL UNDERSTAND  
OUR PHILOSOPHY  
AND APPRECIATE THE  
GREAT SOCIETY WE  
HAVE SO THOUGHTFULLY  
ARRANGED FOR YOU

WHY, WHEN I WAS  
YOUR AGE  
I HAD TO \_\_\_\_\_  
AND WORK FOR \_\_\_\_\_  
WITHOUT ANY \_\_\_\_\_

NOW AFTER YEARS  
OF HARD WORK  
WE HAVE CREATED  
FOR YOU .....

BOMBS PLANNED STRUCTURE WHEN  
I WAS MISSILES THOUGHTFULLY  
YOUR AGE UNSELFISHLY  
DEVASTATING EXPLOSIONS YOURAGE  
GREATSOCIETY GROWOLDER APPRECIATE

WHO WILL BID  
FOR THE CROWN  
OF  
ROME?

have you  
noticed that  
there is a

lie

in

b

e

L

I

E

v

e

?



song

even tho you are  
    gone from me,  
    your essence  
        haunts my mind,  
yet, i can't live  
    on memories,  
and must leave all  
    ghosts behind

i enjoyed my  
    life with you,  
but while we live  
    we're dying too,  
oh, how i loved  
    being with you,  
but when we die  
    we're born anew.

so, my love,  
    the time is here,  
hold me close, i  
    still have fear,  
oh my love,  
    the time is here,  
hold me close  
    and hold me dear.

now, my love  
    farewell to you,  
    time to go  
        and start  
        anew -

now,  
    my  
    love

farewell,  
    to you,  
time to go,  
    and start

anew

I see her, and think  
    Of Spring, and all  
Of Spring's fresh

Essence

Her laughter takes me  
To a waterfall, in  
All its

effervescence

My lover radiates  
Against the morning sun,  
She glows by the light  
Of the moon, when the  
Day is done.

my pores open,  
vibrating, responding  
to the warm vibrations  
of your touch,  
i open myself to you  
as i have done with

no one else

your energy  
penetrates my  
body like  
    warm  
    gentle  
    raindrops,

tapping,  
    tapping,  
    tapping,  
all thru my body,

all  
thru  
    my  
    body,

clear,  
    clear  
    and  
    softly

your  
    soul  
    touches  
    mine



# SEASONS OF EMOTIONS

O my being, why do you grieve,  
 Why do you let my heart deceive,  
 What treacherous plot do my emotions contrive,  
 My heart, my being, will we survive,  
 To see Spring and its flowers in bloom,  
 Or will we hibernate in Winter's tomb?

Will we have sunshine, and feel  
 The wrm breeze's caress,  
 Or, will Winter bare us of protective  
 Leaves, will we know emptiness?

The warm climate may melt our fears,  
 Yet, our eyes may know the rain of tears.

Whatever the season, let it be,  
 For I am weary of uncertainty.

I

still, so still  
 my body, as if  
 in repose,  
 the sound  
 of my tear

t  
 r  
 i  
 c  
 k  
 l  
 e  
 s  
 d  
 o  
 w  
 n  
 the  
 garden  
 s  
 t  
 e  
 p  
 s

unto the velvet moss,  
 my soul, the EARTHQUAKE  
 rumble, as the sands

t  
 u  
 m  
 b  
 l  
 e

underground  
 my being chants in  
 pain's refrain, as the  
 vise presses against my  
 heart, as if to  
 close

II

how still  
 my body, as a  
 leaf gently afloat,  
 the muffled echo  
 of the

w  
 a  
 t  
 e  
 r  
 f  
 a  
 l  
 l

spreading, gently carrying  
 the leaf ashore,  
 my soul,

turbulent waters  
 b  
 e  
 n  
 e  
 a  
 t  
 h

the waters  
 carrying the leaf  
 afloat

my being  
 refrains  
 in pain  
 once more, as  
 the vise presses  
 my heart  
 against  
 my  
 throat



A budding affection,  
Flowers,  
Awaken their minds,  
Absorbing

Warm vibrations,

Gradually

Love! Vibrating rays of  
Sunshine,  
Tantalizing plums,  
Bursting  
Flavor on the tongue,  
Leaping  
Ocean waves clap cymbals  
Echoing desire,  
Lovers walking on the  
Sands

all too

R

a

p

i

d

l

y

Affection

Shown mostly by

Careless glances  
Desire  
Within reach,  
(When needed)

Love  
in a BRONZE JEWEL BOX

Suspended Animation

Am I a fool?  
Tenderness was buried deep  
So deep within my being -  
I was safe.

"Let it out," they said, "you  
Have so much to gain."  
Was I a fool to believe, to hope?

I took a chance, took the big step,  
Dared to be tender, vulnerable,  
And, I was rejected, crushed -

Love for five years I worked  
And dreamed for this moment,  
This tender, loving moment,

Am I a fool?

I hate you, Lee - but I love you,  
Still, I have to hate you for a  
While - I have to hate enough  
To where I will never want to  
See you again.

We will not part friends,  
The love was too strong,  
Too strong to fade - it will  
Change forms and turn to hate,  
Perhaps, when I have hated you  
Enough, I can vomit you out!

I hear, now, what Jesus said,  
"You are neither hot nor cold,  
But lukewarm, therefore, I shall  
Vomit you out of my mouth!"



Fat and contented, we grew closer,  
Closer, until,  
Who knows why, love died -

Now, pained, confused, angry  
And hurt, I say goodbye,

And ask myself, can this  
Really be? Love, you  
Were life's energy,  
Does energy die?

I cried alone, and felt alone,  
Then, realized, I have often felt  
Alone with you -

I realized it was not your  
Love for me, but my love  
For you that kept me going,

That told me something....

Go away, do'nt listen!  
If you do, you might start to feel -  
Maybe not, maybe i just want  
You to feel what you do'nt!

It's alright now, I've let go,  
Never had you anyway,  
Yeah, i'm tired of playing games.

You know, i am someone,  
I have feelings, and  
They matter to me,  
If not to you.

Yeah, i'm tired of being your yo yo,  
Tired of waiting for you to come around.

DO'NT YOU KNOW I LOVED YOU ONCE?

But now, my trampled pride is getting  
Its shit together, and i love myself.

I've lived a life of false hopes  
And real fears; hoping you would  
Want me, fearing the inevitable,  
But no more, i've let go!

I've let go! i want to SHOUT it!  
Do'nt you know what it feels like  
To say i do'nt want you,  
To feel i can do without you -

Pride is good, i'm proud,  
Thank God!



i have seen you  
like no one else  
has ever seen you.

you have seen me  
like no one else  
has ever seen me.

no one else will ever  
see you or me like  
we have seen

each other.

Love brought me life.

Now that it is dying,  
I feel a eulogy is due.

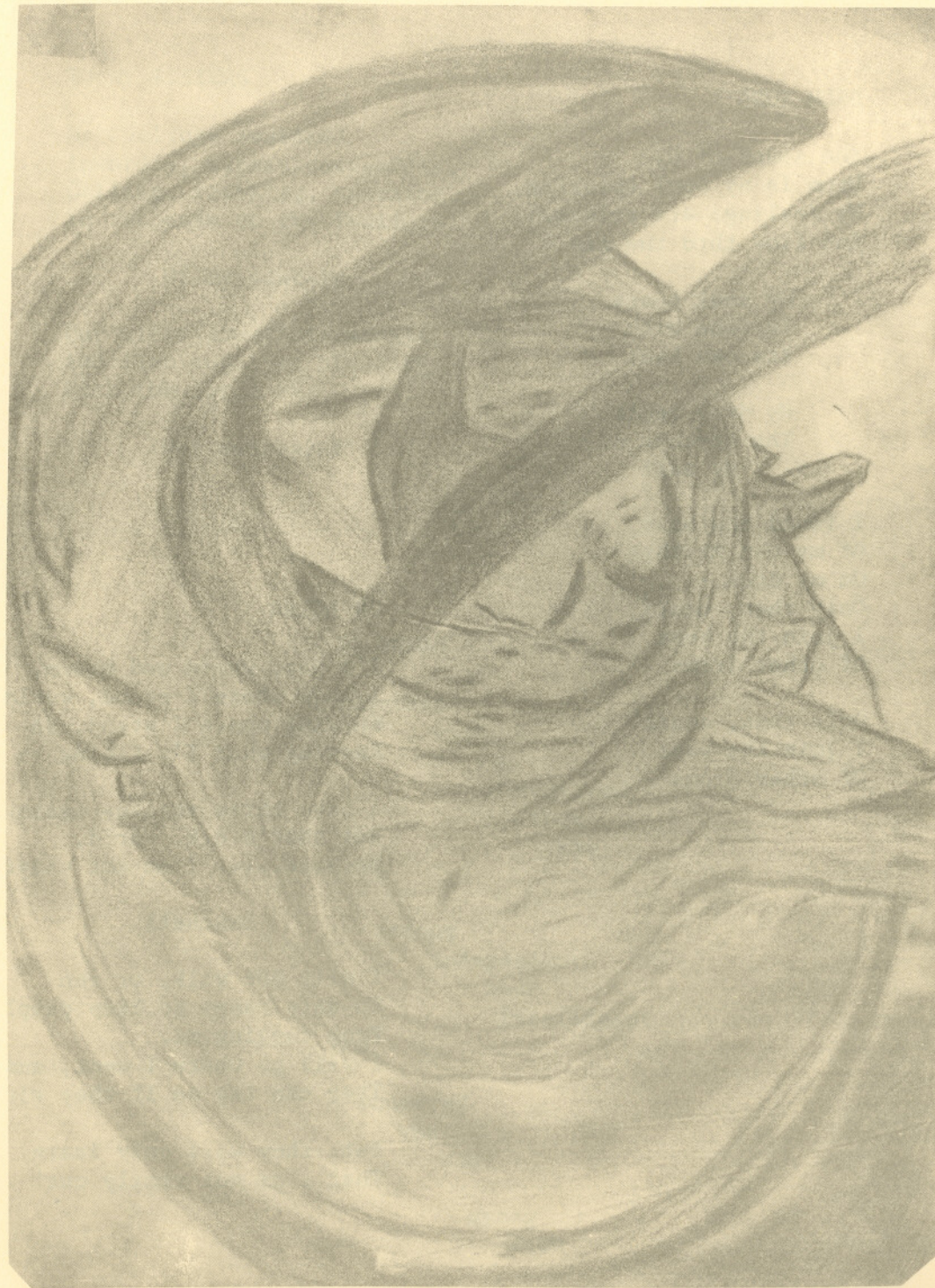
Love, you were the best thing  
That ever happened to me -  
When you came to me,  
Naked, pained and tattered,  
I comforted you, then bared my  
Nakedness to you, and you healed  
The wounds you could reach,  
And you opened a window for those  
Deepest wounds, the ones you could  
Not reach, and air and sunshine

Came in.

now,  
my  
love,

farewell  
to you,  
time to go,  
and start

anew



She is awakening!

23



## DRUM SONG

The sound of my  
Drum is my soul speaking,  
My feelings are released  
And flow thru the air -

My soul soars  
In tune with  
Its own beat

My drum beats  
The Rhythm of  
My self

I found the beat  
Of my own Rhythm  
On my drum -  
Only then, could  
I join the beat  
Of other drums

Only then, could  
I join the beat  
Of other drums

## ON BEING

I'm gay, woman and brown,  
I know where I stand, world!  
Knowing where I stand, is  
Knowing what I'm facing --

I have three strikes against me,  
But that's o.k. world,  
Because..... I am not playing

## Baseball

I will not walk, or run  
To safe bases to keep people  
From tagging me.  
I will go where I want, and  
They can tag me if they wish,

But, they will only learn  
That I am not really out!

## TO MY SISTERS

My feelings awakened  
Inwardly, vibrate outwardly,  
Calling, reaching, touching,  
In response to the feelings

Of my sisters

Our vibrations intermingle,  
And flow together blending,  
With the force of

Our awareness

## TO WOMAN

remember  
when  
you  
discovered  
that  
you  
were

strong  
independent  
and  
intelligent  
and

wondered  
what  
was

wrong  
with

you?



to my third world and radical brothers

i

HEARD

you  
TALKING

about  
liberation  
and from  
about oppression  
COURAGE and  
and how  
how you  
you do'nt  
do'nt want  
want your  
your sister  
sister to  
to marry  
you also  
also a  
mentioned dyke  
something  
about  
how  
how you  
you got yourself together,  
but,  
i have  
i have stopped listening,,  
until  
YOU  
GET  
YOUR  
FOOT  
OFF  
MY  
HEAD!

## ON HUEVOS (EGGS) AND MACHISMO

"I am a MACHO!  
Tengo huevos!"  
Boasts my brother.

You say your strength  
Is in your manhood,  
And your huevos give  
You the power to  
Chain and oppress me...

Mi hermano, eggs are  
Fragile, and can  
Easily be

B  
R  
  
O  
  
K  
E  
  
N

woman  
and  
woman

you and i  
we are  
both,

negative  
and  
positive

each one  
of  
us  
is  
both

and when  
you  
and  
i  
are

alone

or  
together,

the image is clear



i am a

D

E

V

I

A

N

T

of  
society

i do not  
conform  
to the  
norm

i am a  
deviant  
because  
i am true  
to myself

and refuse to  
lose my  
identity by  
playing  
a role on

#### SOCIETY'S STAGE

sometimes, when i watch  
tv, (very seldom) or  
see the people of the  
dominant culture in action,  
i feel as though, i am  
from another world.

i feel as though, in order  
for me to be in their world,  
i would have to be  
sucked backwards through  
a vacuum of deafning dullness.

rectangular lead plates,  
one after the other, would  
clank into place making  
slots in my mind. i  
would see light and  
cosmic substance, only  
on each end of the plates  
(as in peripheral vision).

and these would seem  
as dissected fragments  
of that which is complete.

i don't want to go back.

#### THE HETEROSEXUAL

The heterosexual usually comes from a home in which there is a dominant father and a passive mother. a very oppressive and at times, sadistic environment. The heterosexual child soon learns that there are games played and that the rules are very subtle. The child is pushed toward learning and taking part in these games.

The heterosexual learns to manipulate very early in childhood. For instance, the heterosexual boy learns to use aggressive behavior to get his way, and he also starts very early to learn other strategies of manipulation. It is quite common for the father to take the young heterosexual aside and educate him on how to treat women. For instance, he teaches him never to let the woman dominate him, and to keep her under control. He also lectures him on the evils of women.

The mother also educates her daughter on the art of manipulation. The heterosexual mother teaches her daughter how to make the husband feel superior and dominant. The subtle message here is, of course, that the male is truly not superior, but an overgrown baby with a big ego to nurse. However, the female's education is more complicated and puzzling. Her intelligence is tested according to how dumb and helpless she can appear to the male. The male, on the other hand, is denied his sensitivity and is not allowed to feel weak.

It is quite clear to see that the heterosexuals, females and males, are not brought up to be friends, but rather, they grow up with hidden feelings of mistrust and hostility toward each other.

Mutual consent is not necessary to perform the heterosexual act. According to their laws the husband is free to take his wife against her will. Also, they have a high incidence rate of other types of rape.



Another outstanding peculiarity of the male heterosexual is that often times he bases his self worth on his virility. The medical and psychiatric files are filled with case histories of heterosexual males becoming temporarily or permanently impotent due to the experience of not being able to perform sexually. This usually occurs during the wedding night. The victims of this trauma often state that their inability to perform sexually gave them a feeling of dying.

The ritual of matrimony is also a peculiarity of heterosexuals. Until recently, and still to a great degree among older heterosexuals, sexual activity outside of matrimony was thought of as evil, sinful and immoral. Young heterosexuals suffered frustrations and feelings of guilt should they engage in such activities. However, these feelings of frustration and guilt were thought to leave the heterosexuals after the ritual of matrimony was performed.

It is hard to know who is a heterosexual just by simple observation. Even the stereotype he-man may not be a heterosexual, but a normal, sensitive gay male. The female is perhaps a little easier to observe on sight, since most lesbians find it hard to feign helplessness. But again, we cannot be sure. The helpless-looking female might just be a lesbian infiltrator.

Statistics show that heterosexuals are dangerous. 84% of all sex offenses are committed by heterosexual males.\*1 Also, they are extremely dangerous to the gay community, since they seem to find enjoyment in a sport which they call "rolling queers." Another example of their severe anti-social behavior.

Another point worth noting is that statistics show, that many times when heterosexuals are performing the heterosexual act, they are emotionally detached from their partner, and are having fantasies of screen stars or more desirable persons other than their partner.\*2

\*1 Kinsey Report

\*2 Masters and Johnson

## TO GEORGIA

old time lesbian, bull dyke,  
truck, diesel dyke,  
dyke

dyke

dyke

## SISTER

you held my hand and  
comforted me, when i  
needed you, long, long,  
ago yesterday.

you accepted and loved me,  
but foolishly, i wanted  
the world to love and accept  
me, so, fear of the world's  
rejection made my fingers slip  
away from yours, and i denied  
you, and felt ashamed of you....

i gained the acceptance i thought  
i wanted, and with it, the awareness  
that i REJECT that acceptance if the  
price is plasticity and being who  
i am not

the years have not slipped  
away from me as i did from  
you, sister, i have seen and  
felt the weight of our oppression  
being lifted, slowly, lifted

part of me had to travel great  
lengths to get to where you  
were when i started out,  
BUT I AM OUT

now, i am here, and, sister,  
will you hold my hand once  
more? i have something to  
give to you now, something  
strong and real!

the new lesbian will never  
have to bear the weight of  
the oppression and degradation  
we once did, the diesel dykes,  
trucks and bull dykes paved  
the way for them.

sister, let me take your beautiful  
bull dyke hands in mine, let  
my eyes and my lips and my being  
caress you, and tell you about  
the respect, pride and love  
i FEEL for you

bull dyke, truck, diesel dyke

dyke

dyke

dyke

sister



i love weeds, they grow  
fast wild and free naturally.  
they don't show their beauty  
to everyone, like flowers do,  
because they don't like to  
be picked and put into a  
vase on a shelf. they don't like  
to be used for shallow decoration.  
their roots are embedded deep  
into the earth, creating  
life energy with the soil.

weeds will show their  
beauty only to the earth,  
and to those who will let  
them grow, and become  
a part of themselves.

cut your hair,  
my lesbian sisters say,  
what's a DYKE doing  
with a DRESS on?

being  
me,  
being  
free,

being.

sisters,  
don't bind me,  
i want to  
be

free  
free  
free

what's a WOMAN  
doing, dressing,  
acting like a MAN?  
my straight sisters ask,

being free,  
being me,

being

sisters,  
don't bind me,  
i want to be

free  
free  
free

sisters! don't bind me

to my gay sisters and brothers

all sounds are in rythm  
with the music of the

universe

sing,  
shout,  
clap,

my sisters!

sing,  
shout,  
clap,

my brothers!

the universe  
welcomes  
us



you say that i am not

woman

or

man

that i am incomplete  
because i'm gay

you say that i am  
incomplete -  
while you search for  
some anima or animus  
outside yourself.

searching, searching,  
searching outside  
yourself for that

missing  
part that will make you  
complete.

outside yourself you  
search and search and  
cling to what you find  
outside yourself that  
you do'nt think you  
have inside yourself -

i am

passive, aggressive,  
YIN and YANG

i am

whole

inside, outside  
myself

i am

complete

inside, outside,  
i can love

another

who is

whole,

who

is

WHOLE

and

COMPLETE

while you keep  
searching, searching  
outside yourself, searching  
outside for that missing

part

that

cries

inside,

cries inside yourself

wanting

to

come

out

On a plane to see my people,  
Nicaragua is so far away,  
But, gotta see my people,  
My people

Stopover in El Salvador, i  
See brown people! my people!  
The tropical air fills my lungs,  
Breathing, with my people,  
My people

Soon, soon i'll be there,  
There with my people,  
Bubbling with childhood memories  
of turtle eggs, mangos and iguanas  
And my people

I'm here! i'm here with my people!  
What is that i hear uncle? What  
Are my people saying? LA COCHONA!  
MIREN LA COCHONA! they say, those  
people say

The queer,  
Look at the queer  
they say

QUEER

QUEER

QUEER

THEY

SAY

THOSE

PEOPLE

SAY

those

people



1st speaker: still, so still  
 2nd speaker: how still

together: my body

1st speaker: as if in repose  
 2nd speaker: as a leaf gently afloat  
 1st speaker: the sound of my tear  
 2nd speaker: the muffled echo of  
                   the waterfall

1st speaker: trickles down the garden  
                   steps unto the velvet moss  
 2nd speaker: spreading, gently carrying the  
                   leaf ashore

together: my soul

1st speaker: the EARTHQUAKE rumble, as the sands  
                   tumble underground  
 2nd speaker: turbulent waters beneath the waters  
                   carrying the leaf afloat

together: my being

1st speaker: chants in pain's refrain  
 2nd speaker: refrains in pain once more

together: as the vise presses

1st speaker: against my heart  
 2nd speaker: my heart against my throat  
 1st speaker: as if to close

conquered, exploited by  
                   the worshippers of crosses  
                   and lamb's blood  
                   strong, brown bodies

SWEAT

glistening  
                   beneath  
                   the  
                   nicaraguan sun

eyes deeply set on  
                   faces carved with  
                   lines of oppression  
                   eyes, burning, burning,

BURNING

with  
                   a blend  
                   of  
                   PASSIONS

mañana, mañana,  
                   will lift  
                   the burden of

NOW



a los patrones

ustedes savios, que  
se sientan a resolver  
los problemas del  
mundo  
tomando refrescos y  
explotando a  
sus esclavos

hablan  
y  
hablan  
y  
hablan

resolviendo los  
problemas  
del  
mundo  
sin ver  
que  
ustedes  
son  
los  
problemas  
del  
mundo

sin  
ver  
que  
ustedes  
son  
los  
problemas  
del  
mundo

how  
do  
i tell you  
i love you?

if i were  
just to go  
to you  
and  
say it,

well,  
i can't do that,  
i mean,  
i might say i love  
you as a friend,  
or a  
sister,

but,  
how do i  
say,  
i  
woman,  
love you,  
woman,

how do i say,  
i love you  
this way,  
this beautiful way

this  
whole  
way...

would you understand,  
would you,  
turn completely away  
from me?

or,  
am i perceiving  
similar  
vibrations  
from you?

and if so,  
will we  
ever  
tell each other,

i love you?



i kiss your eyes  
     indian nose  
     lightly pink lips  
         and  
 tossle your long  
         black hair  
     spreading it about,  
         covering the  
         pillow  
 i kiss your  
     flushed cheeks  
  
 your lips find  
     mine again  
 my body pulsates as your  
     tongue caresses the  
         outline of my lips  
 my lips part,  
     your tongue enters  
         to explore the  
             wet  
     smoothness of my  
         mouth  
  
 i lay back  
     just lay back  
 enjoying the vibrations  
     as we hold hands  
  
 you caress  
     my hair  
     face  
         neck  
         breasts  
 flowing  
     breathing  
     softly  
     rapidly  
  
 you lay back,  
     just lay back,  
     enjoying the  
         vibrations  
         as we  
     hold hands

your breasts  
     feel soft,  
     my tongue feels your  
         nipple harden  
  
 flowing  
     gasping  
     groaning  
         throbbing  
  
 i throw my head  
     back, then  
         forward  
 so that my long black hair  
     flows  
         caressing  
         your  
         breasts  
         ribs  
         stomach  
         thighs  
 flowing  
     gasping  
     groaning  
         throbbing  
         throbbing  
  
 soft  
     dark  
     smooth  
         and  
         wet  
 pineapple  
     and salt  
     taste  
 wild  
     animal  
     sounds  
         of  
         passion  
         in  
         perfect  
         rythm  
 time  
     now,  
     time



deep  
   groans  
     blending  
       bronze  
         bodies  
           bending  
             twisting  
               tensing  
 FEELING  
   rushes  
     of  
       energy  
 released  
   thru  
     temples  
       fingertips  
         thru our whole  
           bodies  
             relaxing  
 and,  
   we lay back  
     just lay back  
       enjoying the vibrations  
         feeling perspiration  
 trickling,  
   caressing  
     our bodies  
       as  
         we hold hands

papi,  
   you  
     died,  
 just like you  
       said you would  
                                 papi,  
 you said you would  
       die if i left you  
  
 you have really  
             died,  
 and here i am.  
  
 YOU  
   ARE  
     DEAD  
       PAPI  
  
 and here, just one  
       week ago, i had said  
         i  
           would'nt  
             care  
  
 oh, papi,  
   oh, oh, oh,!  
     can you hear me?  
  
 i really did'nt!  
  
   i did'nt  
  
     i did'nt  
  
       i did'nt



three days before the nicaraguan earthquake

air

heavy things are  
    happening,  
        all at once,             the  
            one after the other,  
  
                                    in  
            ALL AT ONCE  
  
                                    up  
            everything  
                    is

does that mean a

HEAVY

rain  
is  
going  
to  
fall?

my mind has  
been

EXPLODED!

scattered fragments  
of a nuclear blast  
aftermath

falling

floating

falling

floating

floating

n	ma	F	F
i	n	A	R
ca	a	M	I E
ra		Y?	N
	g		DS?
gua	u a		

scattered

fra  
g  
ments,

fragments  
of  
my  
past!





keep it together,  
now,  
the pain will pass,

but,

i want to die,

hold on,  
hold on,

why?

you tell me  
that you know  
you will always  
be a source of

light

to someone,

am i

to fall  
on my knees  
and  
kiss your  
feet,

or  
crucify  
you?



in a world

of

bombs  
oppression  
and  
destruction

i  
want  
to  
hold  
you

but

we are  
e  
x  
a  
u  
s  
t  
e  
d

trying  
to  
survive

and

too

afraid

to

care

you floated by  
like a soap bubble,  
reflecting beautiful  
changing  
colors  
of  
irridescent blue,  
green and yellow  
but then,  
i  
touched  
you

and you  
were  
no  
more

lonely  
people

hungry

desperately  
grabbing

competing  
for  
tearing  
at

the

peices

hunks

shreds

of

l  
o  
v  
e



but,  
after  
you died,  
i cried,  
  
papi,  
  
i cried

sammy of 1 1/2 years

quietly,

innocently  
aware,

she looks  
into my  
eyes,

points

to my

soul

and,  
we  
commune

i hear  
your  
music

and

see  
your  
soul

and

appreciate

that

you're  
my  
friend,

jick



to both,

joy  
and  
me

you are the

reflection

of your

projection

that you  
see in

my

reflection

of

yourself

two parts of myself

the  
evil  
one

Veils

The  
tender

one  
with  
black

Protecting

her

The  
flames

temper

temper

temper

turning

to  
a  
sometimes

deep  
soft,

sometimes

intense

energy  
glow

i will not

compete

for  
you

the

love  
i want  
is not

a

prize

to  
be

won

but  
that  
which

reflects  
the

b  
e  
a  
u  
t  
y

of  
our

s  
o  
u  
l  
s



when john  
learned  
to like  
himself,

he stopped  
sniffing glue  
and  
his peer group  
ostrasized  
him

at age  
eleven,  
he again, learned  
to stand

alone

and you went  
crazy,  
mami,

and  
you  
went mad,

but you stayed,

you always stayed and

you  
went crazy mami,  
and you went mad

and i understand

now

mami,

i  
understand

sometimes,  
arturo,  
you remind me  
of a big sensual walrus  
laying on a rock,  
basking in the sunshine  
of your thoughts  
and  
splashing  
with the  
luxury  
of being you

sometimes,  
my laughter  
is  
my tears  
crying out,  
pushing out

telling me

i  
must  
laugh



to the movement intellectuals

tired

of

mind

trips

and theories

and mind

trips

and

bullshit

and

mindtrips

mindfucks

theories

and

bullshit

and

planning

utopia

in

a fucked up  
world

you say she's

"too heavy"

but i think it's

just

that she has a  
good concept of

weight

i feel

deeply

and

when

i

feel

deepest

i

also

feel

most

a

l

o

n

e



a child,

alone

and

frightened

cries

within

like

a duckling

at birth

she breaks

thru

the

shell

of

my

outer

strength

la muerte

que me viene

es gran

pues,

tiene que ser,

por lo que es

el nacimiento

que me espera

that

which

i

choose

to learn

may

not

give

me

material wealth

but

i can

take it

with me

there were those few  
times, when i saw that  
part of you, and those  
fewer times when i heard

you,

but those times,

i

loved

you,

pápito



there  
was  
a  
time,

when  
pain  
was

somehow,

what  
let  
me  
know  
i  
was  
alive,

letting  
go  
of  
pain,

meant  
death.

whishing  
i  
were  
dead  
and  
afraid  
of  
dying,

i held on,  
and  
on  
and  
on

letting go,  
going to die,

because i am  
wanting to  
be

born

she dreaded death,  
until she lived.

pain,  
you have  
finally pierced right thru me.  
i felt you clear to  
my backbone.

now,  
there is no place  
for you to go but out!

i wait to see  
what is beyond you.



she

was

rigid  
and  
stubborn

then

she  
learned

to

lift  
and  
push  
bend  
and  
stretch

reach  
and  
grasp

and  
she  
became  
flexible  
and  
strong

wanda,  
my daughter,

is  
teaching  
me

to love  
myself

when  
i  
was  
her  
age

/  
a mi mami

como

lo hiciste?  
ha sido tanta  
tu lucha

me parece  
que no hay

p  
a  
l  
a  
b  
r  
a  
s

solo la  
comunion  
de nuestras almas  
para comprender

como

te lo digo?  
lo que siento  
para ti,

respeto  
simpatia  
y  
amor

me parece  
que no hay

p  
a  
l  
a  
b  
r  
a  
s

solo  
la comunion  
de nuestras almas  
para  
comprender



something  
is  
happening  
with  
me,

and  
there  
are  
no  
explanations  
now,

only  
what  
is

trapped in  
locked in

anger

t  
u  
m  
b  
l  
e  
s

l  
e  
a  
k  
i  
n  
g

out  
through  
tiny

nebulous  
cracks

without

d  
i  
r  
e  
c

t

i  
o  
n

deep  
poems

lose  
meaning

with  
the changes  
in  
time

only to those  
who  
cannot  
read

between

the lines

to maria

you amaze me,  
but i do'nt feel  
uncomfortable or  
afraid -

your vibrations  
are those that  
i like and/or trust  
in myself.

is it true,  
do  
you fear  
and envy me?

why?

i do'nt want  
to hurt you,  
nor,  
to compete,

i  
want

to  
share

with you



MESTIZA

my indian hands  
will  
play my spanish  
guitar

and i will sing

time to retreat,

my soul

won't let me

l

o

s

e

myself

going

inside

getting

insight

tapping

the

knowledge

of

my

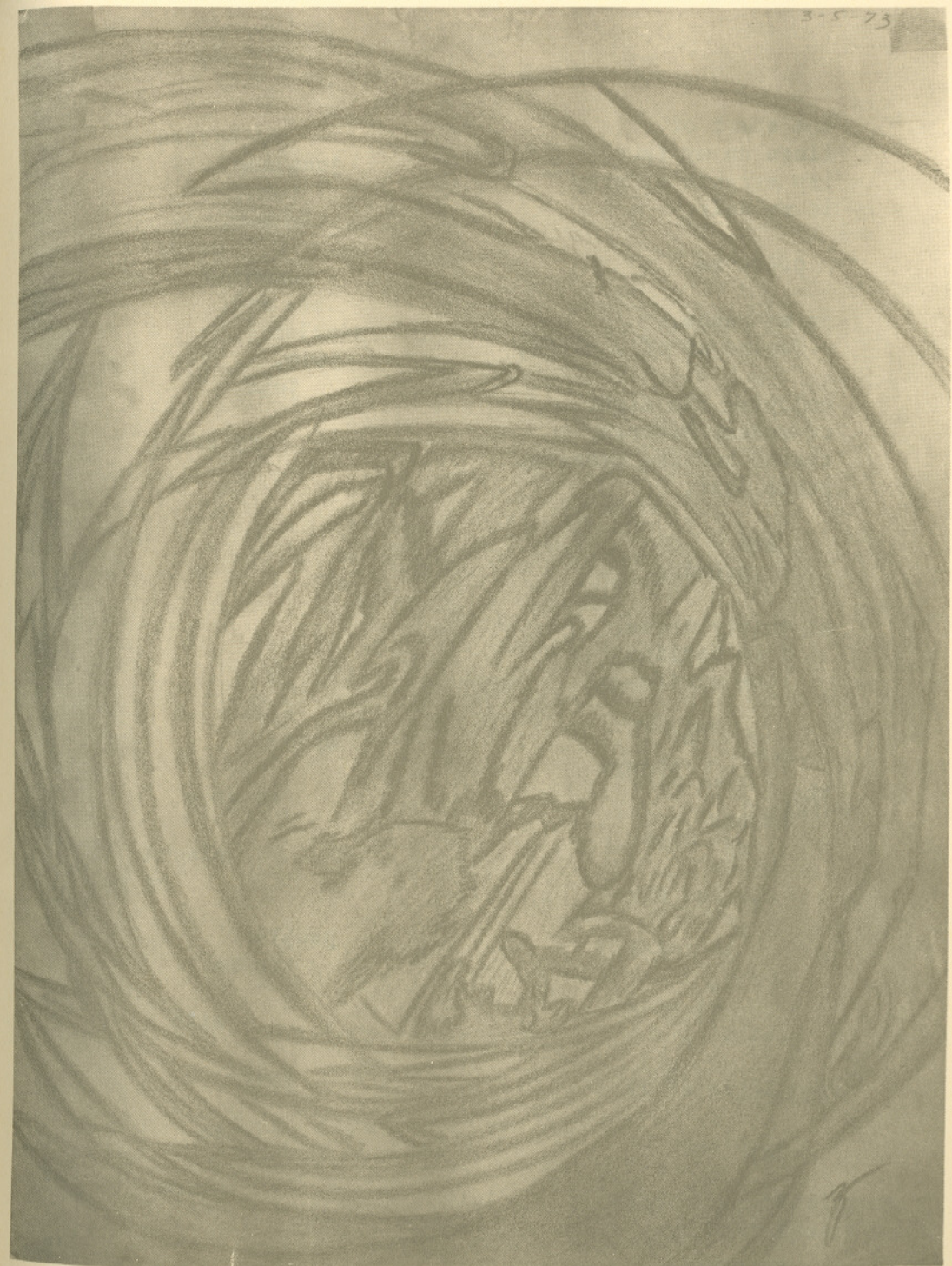
ancestors

flowing

in

my

veins



Knowledge of my ancestors



the start of  
lines on my face,  
few strands of grey  
in my hair,

patterns  
on my hands,  
remind me of a child,

enjoying the sight  
of spaces between  
teeth, budding breasts,  
pubic hair,

and  
growing

at thirty three,  
i am feeling  
the excitement

of  
change  
the  
beauty  
of

g  
r  
o  
w  
i  
n  
g

and the

joy

of

awareness

juan son,  
john,  
son,

sunshine  
sun!

juan,  
john,

my son

space

to grow

places  
to go

people  
to be

with

space

to

grow

i wanted to  
kiss you,

you looked  
so  
strong  
and  
defiant

you know,  
pain,  
with each  
incision,  
each  
wound  
you opened,

a lot of  
good  
came in  
also,

it is still here,

inside,

and it is helping me  
to heal myself now.



we laugh,  
    arturo,  
and i feel  
    free  
    as  
    a  
beautiful  
    wild mare  
    running  
    thru  
    an  
open field

wanda,  
    why must  
    you be

so much  
    like me,

at times,  
    i find you  
    difficult to

live with

    /  
a mi mami  
  
siempre  
    te vi,  
pero ahora,  
    te oi.

when i get drunk,  
i often discover ways  
    to prevent

HAVING

    to  
    get  
    drunk

i do'nt get  
    drunk as  
    much as  
    i did,

but,  
    i'm glad  
    i can  
    get drunk  
    when i want to

hic

some  
    say it's

love

i fear,

    but that's  
    not true,

i fear  
    the games  
we hide behind

to say

    i  
    love  
    you



i think  
i would like to  
bathe  
under  
a

w  
a  
t  
e  
r  
f  
a  
l  
l

with you,

and

after,  
we could  
run naked  
in the woods

and  
laugh  
cry  
scream

and  
make  
wild  
uncontrollable  
savage  
passionate  
uneducated  
unadulterated  
uncivilized

L  
O  
V  
E

spontaneity  
is the  
thing  
nowadays,

DON'T  
have  
expectations

so

we make sure  
we are spontaneous,  
plan  
not  
to plan

and

expect

no

e  
x  
p  
e  
c  
t  
a  
t  
i  
o  
n  
s

doesn't  
anyone  
just

FEEL

anymore?



your caress penetrates  
me softly,

like a gentle wind.

to those concerned with  
the state of my soul

please,  
do'nt try to sell  
me reincarnation,  
i already accept  
its possibility,  
it's just that  
i FEEL  
i have met my  
quota of  
life times  
and this is my  
last time  
around!

heaven,  
you say?  
i'll accepts that!

to me, heaven  
is  
bliss  
and  
bliss  
is  
death

oh,  
and you want  
to tell me about  
hell -

allright,  
tell me about it!

yeah,  
well, if it's THAT bad,  
i'll just go crazy,  
but then, that's  
nothing new.

what,  
you say  
GOD WON'T LET ME GO CRAZY IN  
HELL  
BECAUSE I HAVE TO ENDURE THE  
SUFFERING?!!

well then, if  
i can endure hell,  
i can live THRU it,

and if  
i live thru hell  
i deserve to go to  
heaven,

and to me,  
heaven  
is  
bliss

and  
bliss  
is  
death.



song

sometimes,  
my mind  
just flows  
sometimes,  
my mind  
just goes

sometimes,  
i need  
to be insane  
this world's  
too much  
for me, too filled  
with pain,

so, i break  
out  
of this misery,  
and into my  
world of insanity

there i am  
free  
to be,  
to be,  
just who  
i am  
without  
the game  
of normalcy

my mind  
just flows,  
my mind  
just grows,  
my mind  
just goes

to be,  
to be,  
where all  
just is,  
where all  
just is,

just  
is

and,

i am

how can anyone  
say exactly how  
it was?

it IS only once  
and WAS is not IS

and, there are many  
ways of looking at

IS  
and  
WAS

whose reality?



my theory  
can fit me,  
and therefore,  
be complete,

since,  
i am  
a complete  
organism

yet,  
i am but a part,  
an  
abstract,  
of the  
greater  
whole

therefore,  
my theory  
is but an  
abstract,  
a tiny  
piece,  
of  
that which  
is  
complete

since  
you are  
not me,  
but  
another  
part  
of  
the  
greater  
whole,  
we have  
differences  
as well as  
similiarities

therefore,  
your theory  
cannot  
fit me  
completely,

nor can you  
fit  
comfortably  
in  
mine

yet,

as  
we  
are

each

separately,  
individually  
uniquely

whole

organisms  
and  
abstracts  
of the  
greater whole

we  
are  
also

ONE

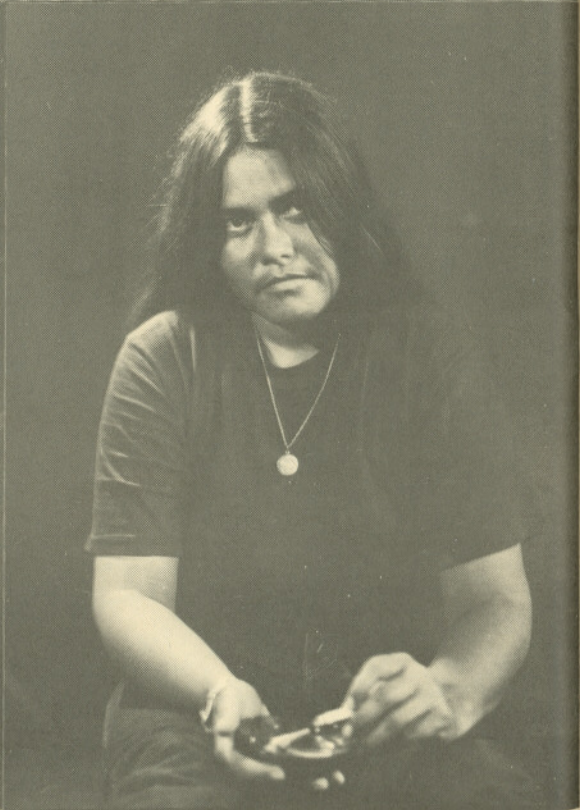
in  
that  
which

is  
complete



There will be peace within







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