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Another Last Poem

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Another Last Poem

Marines Alvarez

I guess I was expected to wilt
Eat the Fruit of Sin
And let it take the place of a little girl's faith
I was given this jaded heart
And expected to wear it under my sleeve
They gave me all the appropriately cynical answers
And all the rational against you
I let myself have all the hurt
Enough to make it obvious that heaven is too noble a solution
Enough loss to suspect and doubt
(Two missing ingredients in faith)
I was the girl in the great garden
Who felt the creator's eyes on a naked body
Soiled by sin
I was the one who wanted to know it all
The world sees all the indications of a Godless creature

And yet
But still
Even then

In my muddied hands I hold my mustard seed
It's grown
My eyes can't help but lift towards heaven
And laugh at those too blind to see it
You believe this God
They say
Against your better judgment

My Best Judgment is my best reason to believe
Where did my own selfish, crusted, stupid judgment lead me
I was the girl in the lushness of a perfect garden
Who couldn't see towering trees of sweet Divinity
Who reached out to touch the only one she couldn't have
The only one that could do her harm -
The Fruit of My Better Judgment
The Fruit named My Judgment is Better

The Fruit named My Judgment is Better
And sometimes I feel that bitter taste left in my mouth
And I laugh again
And let my feet lead me to the tree of Redemption

I'll Stop Writing Poetry

Spill the milk
Cry
And write it all down for the world to see
Share the secrets
The ever-ending love
The never-ending pain
Is that what it's made to be?

Shh.
Don't ask the questions
They killed the cat
Who held your tongue
Awkward and untalented as it was

But
Hesitant am I
To proclaim any poetry from mine
To display myself with the one a day
Who claim to own
The art that so often eludes me
Slip
Slipping Away
But this broken shoe often fits
And my hopelessness
Makes me wear it

This is my last line of poetry
In a long line of last poems
All dripping in sincerity and desperation
But if I stop this release
I'll kill my sanity
I'll kill my hope
Two free birds
With one pointed stone

Pain is never real until it weaves itself onto these pages
These small bits of veracity
I can't even hold in my hands
It's only after I leak it all
Out of my head
That these words
Start crawling under my skin
Is this who I'm meant to be?

Shh.
Don't ask the questions
They killed the cat
Who held your tongue
Awkward and untalented as it was

Pay a penny for thoughts
And you'll get a penny's worth
This
Broken
Stream
Of just feelings
Just words
But no questions
This, I say
Is my last line of poetry
With as much honesty as I possess

All the silvery linings
Have weighed down the frail clouds
And now they are upon me
Crashed
Burned
Consuming
Nothing is well
This isn't ending well

This is my last line of poetry
A small prayer that will not stand
This is another last poem.