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2 POEMS

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Communion

I am eight
standing in the cathedral's plaza

my digits out in front of me,
making birds fly into shadows

the palm trees cast,
the color of God's face.

A woman nearby picks lice
out of her hair.

Leave my birds alone, or else
I'll kill you

with my thoughts, I tell her.
My shadow grows bully long,

lifts his penny-loafer to stomp

on birds I cast her way.

I try to punch my shadow flat,
like boxers I've watched

in the TV box souls get stuck in.
But it's safer here then

in the cathedral bells.
I'm going to be a bird-doctor

when Mama's shoes fit.
I'll peel back the ears of ivory corn

like she showed me, throw kernels
here, in this field that's a golden cage.

Mama's going to come live here.
My sis & all of my friends.

But that woman picking lice
from her hair, she hawks me,

like dolls I know have feelings do.
She knows what I hide inside.

I shut my eyes to make her go away.
I peak through my fingers, see white

trees with monster feet grow all around
& a boy who tells me to climb.

Up I go, behind him,
to find glass-lizards

hiding & if I eat the wafer
waiting, today, it will be sweet mango

I've stolen to stuff myself with,
and give to the boy

whose prayers I bump against,
inside his mouth

to save us. Birds grow
seven colossal wings each.

Build my dreams far away
from the cathedral bells,

they say, I'm like them. One day
peacock feathers will grow from my back,

& an extra pair of eyes
for the daggers thrown my way.

This Countryside

Somewhere a beehive has been knocked down.
There's no one to claim the body lying, here.
Somewhere, someone has pushed in and back
the honeycomb's walls. The wind
rolls a ball of hair on the ground,
beside the boy's head; an ant climbs the slope
of his nose, up to his eyes, coveting
the tissue exposed to the sun . Here,
someone pulled honey from out of its nest.
A gold band hugging his finger; its two letters
spell his name. Here, where the cane is a giant
with no eyes, gathering the sweetness left
in the marrow of this land, someone's robbed
the bees. No one calls his name,
in this field where there's no sugar.