

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Cassandra Dallett: Three Poems

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Cassandra Dallett lives in Oakland, CA. Cassandra is a Pushcart nominee and reads often around the San Francisco Bay Area. She was the winner of the March 2015 Literary Death Match. In addition to six chapbooks, she has published online and in many print magazines and anthologies such as *Slip Stream*, *Sparkle and Blink*, *The Bicycle Review*, *Chiron Review*, *This Is Poetry: Women of The Small Press*. A full-length book of poetry, *Wet Reckless* was released to good reviews, from Manic D Press May of 2014. A new book *Bad Sandy* will be released on Dangerous Hair Press in spring of 2015.

Your Whole Entire Name

The velvet
of his lips
makes me
want to say
his entire name
no matter
how bad
my pronunciation
every time he enters
makes me forget you
how far apart our branches grow
but you say
we are not so different
in the things we want
you can only say this because
you don't know what I want
and in the darkness of my insomnia
I want to feel the way
he grabs my hips
anywhere in the house
pulls my panties down
before we've left the dinner table
no cautious lighting same old shallow

in the bed
 routine lick
 then stick
 then lick
 careful so you can
 last
 so you can feel
 justified
 in the three stroke combo
 he can go all night
 why should I feel bad
 for wanting that
 I didn't make up Viagra
 stomach rolls or pattern baldness
 I didn't make up the lies in our heads
 the not-good-enough stories
 that hold us back
 I'm just trying
 to stop sucking in my own gut
 and keep it real
 enough to say
 all of us
 want to fuck
 someone beautiful
 and by beautiful
 I don't mean model
 or slim young muscled
 or pretty
 I mean someone
 who looks into our eyes
 straight down into us
 penetrating us
 as we are
 someone whose touch
 makes us beautiful
 in the fullness of it
 in the lack of fear
 a fearful kiss is no kiss at all.

Watching Fast Black

I think of Dwayne Reed, write list poems of lovers-
 lovers as in people I hooked up with lovers who never said make love
 but were tortured like the love songs we listened to.
 Between us color lines, my being underage, and our poverty.
 But when the lights went down there was only his hands.
 His weedy brown lips, lean chocolate frame,

He was scary quick to slap.
 Although he never did, I knew he was a trigger without warning.
 That was as close as I have been to love
 sleeping with someone so dangerous.
 It makes you want the meat of them,
 crawl the floor bare-ass and beg for it
 whisper Daddy while straddling his bucking frame.

These are the men whose perfection graced auction blocks
 the white world still trying to own it, cage it,
 while milking it for inspiration
 so caught up in the mythology of pimps and blues men,
 the mystery behind dark eyes.
 Women like me want to be owned by it
 feel safer with someone who isn't afraid of us,
 someone who gets our soft spots and that exteriors are just that.
 There are words and then there are hands
 and sometimes its all too much.

Dwayne lived on the brink
 finally fell in
 to insanity
 to the nut house
 Oh but Dwayne
 you really turned me on.

Off The Tracks

It's a fact there are too many rape poems
 or just too much rape or rapey-ness
 too much talk of raping boyfriends and punching fiancés
 the women who marry them
 and I understand those women I do, been there
 got my ass beat and the word rape didn't even come out my mouth
 but I was bent over and around and drunkenly pushed down
 dick in my mouth cause his friend said it was good, said I would
 so drunk I sucked dick in darkened playgrounds more than one
 and sober I went to see a boy from the neighborhood
 the lights off when I got there in his room
 his friend waiting for me
 both of them groping me strangely in the dark room
 and even though I knew they did it just to tell the fellas outside
 I kind of liked the mysterious hungry hands on my body
 but I hated the dance and the trickery involved
 sometimes I refused them and sometimes I invited them in
 even though my aunt yelled at me
 cause one time they left their nephew waiting in the dining room

he was bumping around the hallway looking for them
and she said "He knows what you're doing in there!"
four hands can be better than two
maybe because I realized how scared of me they actually were
when I was close to cumming
their nervous hearts beating fast under my palms
smooth brown chests California Curl greasing my pillow
gold chain medallions hitting my face
and in the end and forever I owned it
no one ran a train on me
they were my train
a chain of men I went through and keep on
when I tire and replace them
men are funny
always standing around in line,
dick in hand waiting for a turn.

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