

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mike Meraz: Seven Poems

Mike Meraz · Tuesday, August 12th, 2014

Mike Meraz lives and writes in Los Angeles, Ca. He has been published online and in print. His new book, *43*, is now available at [Epic Rites Press](#).

You are a
Matisse
Painting

I am a
18th century
Sculpture

We are two
Pieces of
Art

One quiet
As stone

The other
Filling the room
With
Color.

The body
Has the grace
Enough
To start
Over

You get
Drunk
Wake up

Hung over

But by mid
Afternoon
You are feeling
Okay again

A girl smiles
At you

Two weeks
After
Your girlfriend
Breaks up
With you

Things
Get
Better.

She put garlic
In her
Burritos
And didn't
Heat the
Tortilla
Up

She knew I
Liked Mexican
Food
But this wasn't
Mexican
Food

I sat and ate
Gratefully
As I was
Hungry

We dated 3
More
Months

But then we
Called it
Quits

The burrito
Thing was
A sign

Each man
Needs to
Be loved
A certain
Way.

Your happiness
Is now based
On another
Human being.
Good
Luck.

I can come over
For two hours
She said

Ok I said

She came
We argued
We can never have
A decent
Conversation
She said

I'm sorry
I said
I get too
Emotional
With you

I'll come over
This week
She said
And we'll watch
A movie

Sounds good
I said

We were better

At
Cuddling
Anyway.

She walked into my room
And said, "I like the way
You have your room set up,
Very minimalist."

It was the first time
I realized my writing style
Was my lifestyle:

A bed
A coffee pot
A pillow
A smile
You
A large brown couch
A small fridge
A desk
TV
Night table
And of course
Me
Sitting
Quietly.

I played Li Po
Locked into my Zen
Drank wine
And read
And didn't fill spaces
That didn't need to be filled
And now she is
On top of me
Weeping
Again.

This entry was posted on Tuesday, August 12th, 2014 at 4:57 pm and is filed under [Fiction](#), [Poetry](#)
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

