

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Radomir Luza: In the End You Are Invisible

Radomir Luza · Wednesday, November 6th, 2013

Radomir Luza has published five books, including *The Café Latte Tapes*, *The Last Collection*, and *The Fourth Nut House in September*, and recorded four spoken word CD's. He has published twenty poetry collections.

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## Sylvia Plath

You remind me of Sylvia Plath  
All tattoos and nose bleed  
No nonsense  
Blue bubble gum  
The nectar from your bosom  
Drowns the lion's head  
And the tiger's tail  
For in the end  
You are invisible  
Like a metal mule  
A white raven  
The reason for  
Reason's fall  
Into the ghost yard  
Of guilt and gas  
Bordering design's disgust  
With the blue beauty  
Of your breath  
The very children  
You swear to believe in  
Slaughtered at the shore  
The dream you  
Divide and multiply  
Forgotten  
After the feast

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## My Soul

My soul is stiller  
 Than a wounded bird's wings  
 More polluted  
 Than Three Mile Island  
 When it began  
 It screams through empty lungs  
 It flies like a tank  
 And kills because  
 It wants to  
 All rain  
 No dawn  
 Feathers of a crocodile  
 My soul does not debate  
 It cancels school  
 It does not open  
 But closes like a lamb's brain  
 After the bullet  
 No children  
 Convicts eat lunch on doormats  
 Made of lice  
 Mothers abort fetuses  
 Because they can  
 Fathers kill potential  
 In the darkness of day  
 And in the end  
 Giving is the ultimate vulnerability  
 An open palm  
 A fist to the face  
 My soul has been ravaged  
 Even raped  
 And midnight is still better  
 Than the frozen boulevard  
 Of purgatory  
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## Poetry

I thank God for poetry  
 In-between its lines  
 I have found a steady hand  
 And the broken bones of beauty  
 Through its verses  
 I have splashed into the Atlantic  
 From the Apollo 13  
 By its rhythm  
 I have learned  
 To count the beats in my brain

And through its  
Metaphors  
My life's delicate decisions  
It is because of you poetry  
That I suffer  
With such ease  
And break no sweat  
Living on the street  
Because of you  
My soul is clean  
And my love soft  
Thanks to you poetry  
I am reborn  
An angel in this lunatic asylum  
A tire on a forlorn bus  
Headed for Hades  
Through your veins  
I shall accept death  
More easily

*"Sylvia Plath" is from the anthology, Men In The Company Of Women: A Provocative Anthology Of Praise & Persuasion.'\ Cultural weekly is proud to premiere the poems "My Soul" and "Poetry."*

*Image: Detail from photo of Sylvia Plath.*

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