

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.

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

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

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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