

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Tanya White: Three Poems

Tanya White · Thursday, April 26th, 2018

Mean to An End

My *good morning* to the bus driver
 is met with tight lips refusing to let civility
 come forward and meet me half way.
 A thick girl, wearing thin pants
 worn tired from everyday wear
 sporting a pig tail at the nape of her neck
 jutting out like a cactus,
 –don't dare touch that tender place–
 snatches the transfer coughed up for the kid directly
 in front of her.
 He standing off stupidly to the side.
A sucker born...and I started to...
awww, who am I kidding? I keep my mouth shut.
 Forgetting...all the good revolutions begin with poets.
 What a punk!
 The driver pushes a button, spits up another transfer
 the thick sis sits
 clutching her connection, shiny bright bird eyes,
 just trying to get over.
 Just trying to get over
 Just trying to get over

*

Royalty Rides the Rapid 7

The Queen rises to the occasion
 of travel crosstown
 eyeing her people with wary care
 as the kneeling
 bus dips down

With easy command she
 reprimands the driver

his slight unknown to him
 tossing her transfer
 he looks down

Black brimmed crown
 ashy hands, a long lost smile
 a kingdom flush with mobile acreage
 at the mouth of the river thorazine
 she sits down

She greets each subject by name
 we are common
 all one in the same
 she knows we cannot meet her gaze
 heads bow down

She creates a community
 when she FINALLY exits at the rear
 silently pleading for our allegiance
 we poor peasants avert our eyes
 she steps down

Long live the queen!
 A mantle of expletives round
 her shoulders, match her crown of thorns
 her peoples' prayer— there but for the grace of God
 we ALL fall down

*

Portrait of the Artist as a young Girl

I remember being ten years old.
 Valentine's Day.
 I drew a perfect ribbon.

I remember
 the sensation
 the perfect

way it curled
 flat on paper
 yet full of breath

it felt perfect
 it was
 it was perfectly

remembered
 in the body

the moment

like fascia
over
muscle

of memory
a girl being
drawn to draw

the perfect ribbon
remembered
perfectly.

Chasing that
flutter,
forever.

(Author photo by Willy Sanjuan)

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