

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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