

Five Poems

R. Zamora Linmark

**All from *The Importance of Being Wilde at Heart*,
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My first young adult novel.**

DAYDREAMS

The curve of your lips
The sigh that completes a kiss
Ah, the endless Ahs!

SCAR

If only the memory of his kiss
and embrace did not burn
like a first-degree and left
me with a scar with meanings
as the time he held my hand
and whispered softly
my name in my ears
while the moon glowed
and eavesdropped.

AFTER A GREAT PAIN...

I don't want the chill
I don't want the stupor
you can keep the letting go
so come and take it
there is no room for it
in this room tonight
this is not a poem
this is nothing
preparing for more
nothing.

HEART

Learn from the clouds.
Promising nothing—
Even rain.

ON SILENCE

There's the silence that drops from nowhere
And the silence that stabs like a shiny switchblade.

There's the silence that comes right at takeoff
And the kind that echoes long after a crash landing.

There's the silence that craves for attention
And the kind that aches to be left alone.

Silence like the red velvet curtain of an old theater
Full of history: Thick and musty.

Silence confident as a period, breathless as a comma,
Endless as ellipses...

There's a silence lovers leave behind,
Like a suitcase on a platform after the last train.

There's a silence lovers arrive with,
Like a body crammed in a busload of strangers.

There's a silence waiting to breathe
And a silence crying to be broken.

There's a silence rare and breathtaking
As the time I caught her in her room,

Dancing with no music to guide her
Just a song playing loudly in her head

Leading her to another place,
Another her.

Away from here and away from her:
The woman with a thousand and one silences,

Who left behind a life in another country
So she did not have to answer to any man

Or walk five steps ahead of him
Or sleep with dreams bolted down.

This woman who made me see silence in words
And taught me how to shatter it

Whenever something was worth hearing.
My list of silence ... my endless list: My mother.