

**THE
GIRL
IN
BLACK**

poems

by yasser musa

for pamela

Sometimes

November 2012

Sometimes your lips are sealed
It seems like your eyes fly away

Sometimes you seem far away
Let me come closer and whisper my thoughts

Sometimes I am driven to melancholy
I sit alone and watch the television

The next time we will be naked
Absorbing air in the room

Wars are raging inside me
Debris raining on my heart

Let me talk to you
Tell you these stories in my head

Let me lie next to you and talk
With words that mean so much

What if any is the conclusion?

November 2012

Only you and I will ever know
what the night brought
how a few flickering stars watched us roll
how I read with my heart
and you licked with little light

It is as if we could not finish
as if we did not know how to get
from beneath each other's trance

And what if I told you,
that nothing was like last night
your eyes burning into my heart
your lips the sweetest thing I ever tasted

So tight was our grip
a harness of heat
like a Cohen song

Let me take you back to that hall in Grand Praire
where he sang to us
where old men go to cry

The mornings in Dallas were crisp
we stood in front of a Giacometti
I touched your neck
and we fell in love all over again

So let us agree
that last night had no end
let us look past the obvious conclusions
let us believe it could never be as good
until the next time

Body of Shadows

November 21, 2012

I see the shape of light on your back
Racing into your neck
Where I rest my lips
Do you expect me to contain such desires?

On your chin I sharpen my tongue
Pinching your lower lip with my teeth
I smother you with a boy's kiss
Eager, anxious, fiendish

This permanent game in my head
Where lust dances on the fragrance of your skin
Roll over and let me begin my waltz toward a ravenous
place
Where pleasure accelerates toward a nothingness of peace

And when the tip of my fingers touch your breasts
I become the person who saw you from a distance
Wondering how could I love her
And what about the night that encircles the greed in my
heart
To consume your being with limited light
Touch becomes the clarity of now
Taste the understanding of wanting

How did I become the predator of your elegance?
The conquer of your grace
This insane ambiance of uncontrollable needs
This addiction that rests
On your body of shadows

and while you write 2 sentences, i must write 20

while it wont go as far as an epistle, maybe a minor one...

what matters most
at least to me
is that we are enjoying ourselves
surely you cannot fault in me
for being relentless in my obsession
your body is my victory march
your lips the effusive surface of my most burning desires
for these very words that dance from my fingertips
are formed inside my veins
where blood gushes,
already contaminated with the potion of your love
flows without hesitation, without fear of exaggeration
flows with gestures of grandeur

the arch of your back bends my manhood
and now in the glistening grace of our life together
i am keenly aware of the fragile state
of this awesome moment
it is not for us to question how great this all feels
it is for us to respect it
to appreciate it
to acknowledge our deepest obligation to each other...
in the end we are just a man and a woman
who came together in the longest dance
who walk with careful steps beside each other
i do my best, it might not be much
but know this
my touch is made of all the me i have

So this is what happens

November 2012

There are these memories
I would rather never forget

The many days we barricaded ourselves
In your Nurse Seay Street home
Lying on a mattress watching the TV on the floor
Sheets smell like Knowing

Your smile held the glow of your eyes
Lips the anticipation of my craving

These moments
I would rather never forget

In the cold Louisiana winter we ate banana bread
With hot Kenyan coffee at the Highland Road cafe
Massive oaks outside
You bundled up
and I could only think of kissing your neck

You used to say I don't hold your hand enough
Is it too late to say I am sorry about that?
Perhaps these words can carry my burden
Perhaps I can still become a better person

I can hear your breathing
in the darkness of a Super 8 Hotel
I can sit and think of ways to remind you

That I am here
And what if I break the coffee maker again?
You would know it's me

We raise children on Manchester fields
full of flowers
Showed them Picassos, Van Goghs and Basquiats
Crossed Manhattan streets holding their little hands
Buy meat pies every Saturday and Chinese food
Fridays in Belize City

So this is what happens
When regular life becomes an adventure
When routine becomes a matador
without his red cloth
You know I notice these things
The insignificant glamour of nothing
The magical meaningless actions of beauty

The iridescent likeness of now...

Encounter #3

For 11 years

We've been going to the Jaiya Thai restaurant
Each time you order the fish
Each time with coke
And each time after eating
We walk outside into the Manhattan night
Toward Lexington
Digesting yellow taxis,
crowded sidewalks,
the underground vibrating below our feet

In Grand Praire at the Nokia

April 3, 2009

On a cold Dallas morning
we drove our rented Ford focus
Out to Grand Praire up the Beltline just to scout
the spot where
Leonard will sing like a bird on a wire

For weeks I told friends and family
of my fantasy seeing the old Jewish poet
and his undefended heart
dreamed of us at a Denny's stalking
Drinking endless cups of coffee

Waiting for
"Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin"
On the cold Dallas morning I considered
Lee Harvey at the book depository
Coldplay opening for Cohen
Kayne West singing freestyle Pinocchio Story
Michele holding the Queen
Barack laughing with Lula

How do you summon a fury?
That crisp evening we walked
up to the Nokia Theatre
You laughed at my nervousness
Upper class Americans
with their elegant wine glasses

The march to seat MM 21 and 22
At post-modern church
Where is my camera?
How can I get an autograph?
Lights, beer, cheese, sound, voice
There he was
Skipping on
Decorated in grey

The man with the golden voice
Three girls
A man on an organ
What are the chances?
Sitting next to the love of your life
staring with eyes wide shut
Making home

Behind the smoke of all distinctions

The Girl In Black

The night I never forgot your name

December 21, 2012

The giant room full of sound
A bar with plastic cushioned rail
A large print of the Haulover Creek
With armed British Honduras Volunteer guards

The night raged on in Punta Rock
25 years ago
Memory never dwindles

I must speak clearly of this moment
We danced
I did not know you or you me
I did not know how your skin felt on my lips

This destiny
With its wretched lust
And hungry desires
Pressed against my waist

The light in your eyes
A haze of heat
Clear almonds

Your smile lit the surface of my body
I was travelling in all directions
I was home

The girl in Black
Wait for me
I will come back...

Did it rain last night?

May 29, 2013

For three days I had been tracking the weather
I had seen a ring around the sun
took pictures
examined them in photoshop

For days I told the woman I love
the one that during many nights of rain
we laughed and watched TV

For days I imagine the sound of rain on my zinc roof
the beating beads on the Haulover
pelting rocking boats, swaying
yellow street lights difused by the power of water

On the horizon where cruise ships normally rest
I would see
a white sheet slowly approach my North Front Street home
the skin becomes cool
the heart with its penchant for ease would welcome
the glory of wind, water and a wallowing sound

So last night when the lights were off
and all the TV's shut down for their nocturnal rest
I crawled unto the living room couch and waited

I imagine that she would appear
that she would come for me to hold my hand
So I could feel, her sweet thunder,her magical lightning

She is the rain of my imagination
I am drenched in the anticipation
of a new encounter
the residue still on my lips of our last dance

I am in this state waiting for the rain.

Like A Dance

April 30, 2013

I touch the ridge of your hand
as we cut through sugarcane fields
south of Quintana Roo
only the hum of engine keeps silence at bay

your eyes sensuous in the sun
in the Bay of Corozal we stop
so I can take black and white pictures
of the glorious green waters

like a dance I see your body move
my mind cannot expell these thoughts

I write countless letters
so that someday
you can realize that
here in this portion of the Hurricane Zone
a man walks with words in his head,
images in his mind
and super thoughts of basic love in his heart

I touch your thigh because it is irresistible
The night before we fell exhausted into
A comfortable desire
A dreamlike atmosphere
Without television, lights or noise...



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