



les femmes

a chapbook by losian



Northeast
The Hallway
Peace + Turmoil
for an untitled lover
prelude to a kiss
dope girl
v8
more roses
Dear Love
fatale
dope girl
pologrL3
Loving Oceans
distance
cipherstar
poor girl
My indigo
poor girl 2
312

My dream is of the waves crashing versus the shorelines,
the moon pulls the tides,
so as the night skies erase the day,
mist tickles the atmosphere,
the remaining light shines,
on multiple prisms in the air.
And they cause a certain laughter to begin.
It was then, my vantage point became from omniscient to a being on the sand,
and I saw.
I was created to exist here specifically,
The direction of northeast was painted magnificently.
I closed my eyes to thank The Creator...
and at my prayers conclusion,
I opened my eyes, the northeast bore no trace, nor shadow,
an illusion!
I swiveled my torso as to turn away in dismay,
when again the laughter rang.
I say, "Who Is There?"
"Without a face, how am I to place the beauty behind the laughter?"
The Creator of this state must have heard,
for my fingers were tied within another's grasp,
At last! I turned to her,
but, alas! my vision was blurred.
I tried to speak aloud my questions, but heard 'shhhh' with every word,
I awoke.
And blinked until my vision was restored,
and then smiled,
for the hand clutched was of the one that I adored.

Northeast

My eyes fixed on hers across the bustling hallway,
the tiring day had somehow driven her my way,
enthralled by her breasts, and how her breath pushed them slightly
divinely inspired,
her lips had to be mine,
possessed as if pushed in her way,
my body took me their way,
neverminding the traffic torn hallway.
Her chest echoed to my eyes,
sizing her eyes, they were occupied,
I spoke,
interrupting the vast disarray,
the hallway nevertheless listed violently,
as I silently inquired.

A dusk light shone through the painted windows slowly retired,
as I accompanied my love through the empty hallway,
reaching the double doors, I held them in courtesy,
while curiously,
I turned my head and imagined the woman in the hallway.

6/9/99
The Hallway

the taste of your words, on my lips,
I felt the tongue of poets,
equipped and armed I attacked the page,
and disengaged your lips,
I was flipped backwards from the emotion,
and so there stood the red ocean,
frozen for words I staggered line by line,
spoke to you thru my touch,
fingertips made divine
impressions,
and so your essence awaits, as does mine,
to unify our bodies in space and time,
to intertwine ourselves into positions never explored,
she clutched my hand,
yet you were the one that I adored.

Peace & Turmoil

for an untitled lover

as I lick the faint taste of
sweet
from my fingernails
I remark at your
beauty.

your eyelids squeeze together
at the hint of romance
as if to say,
"Oh yeah?"

Startled
by the sudden trend of conversation
you can't help but give me
a graduates smile.

journey into my eyes
again, love
and bite your lip
while you sleep in their twilight.

12/9/00

prelude to a kiss

Tonight love, remember me.
Not all night, but for a single moment.
But let me first take you
fish into the sea of promiscuity and
extract a boot
lay it on his floor next to your clothes
wake from your sleep
stagger a sideways- partially drunk swagger to the sink
and wipe his mystery from your lips
trip your eyes over the walls
until..ah a switch

your starched cheek and lips are chapped for water
you cup your hands and raise a martyr's unknown cup of poison
and partially sip the splash as the fingered chalice breaks
your eyes leak a glimpse at the face that ominously hangs
perched upon a naked torso
their connecting point marked of fangs
alarmed your gaze widens
your peripheral catches his chistled arm rising
with a toffee mouthed sorrow
you speak.

your words are ghosts.

As he approaches
centipedes walk across your neck
he speaks a chalked dry breath that is a slow anemic bleed.

1:29am 01/27/00
unfinished

dope girl

I know she tempts me with her succulent kisses
and her curves...
naked eyes couldn't follow them well
her body is angelic
built in hell
she swallowed my emotions as they escaped thru my semen
she exhaled
pure oxygen emitting an euphoric feeling
but the dope
that came with her
is unquestionably too good for eyes to view
too pure.
So as I swim thru her
I wonder if my strokes will be suspicious
for my heart is dry
but its thoughts are delicious.

12/9/00

Right now we sit on opposite sides of our respective cities,
my son lays by my side,
by yours, thoughts of witty scoundrels fly
with gravity no longer a factor,
I suppose I held you down for now your sex drive is faster.
A v8.

I could be there now
spying
on you.
Seated at booth two
at the waitress michelle's route,
As I stare at your stout breasts
they've never looked as they do
perhaps a cup size larger.
Obviously affected by your presence
I begin to stroke my body
you seem to sense me in the air
for your head
swivels rapidly
and your gentleman at the table
ganders over
believing me to be seconds from approaching his prize
he throws wicked eyes at me
but I repel them
taken back,
I clutch my member at the thought of competition
your insides moisten
and salivate in submission.
Is it he? the man with which whom i sit
oh it must
my hand- his thigh invites it.
He responds, baked by your psychedelic touch
blocked by the table, you sit at a circular couch
so no one notices your hand creep into his waistband
he smiles at me, and taunts with a wave of his hand
as his climax is given by your hand with my ring,
you cum for the first time
believing
it is him.

absorb me, deliver my woes unto your heart
spit prose,
bleed passion through your human cloths
with your eye stoves warm my enchantment
replace word commitments with action
i need more roses
more satisfaction.
karma's chalkboard is weak on my side
give me the notches
concoct brews of levitation
so i can fly with lovers
and onlookers can cover their eyes in disgust
i was bred to adapt
i am half chameleon, partial reptilian.
read my skins
they escape me as the nature.
patterns held by paper
i am hokusai and esher
an angel and a devil
vivid are the pictures that confirm my level.
sunburn me or
expose me to the stars
i am a victim of nicotine
you of exploding cars.
please chase me
erotic gods attempt to erase me
by sending me lovers with roses
afraid to face me.

more roses

Dear Love,

If this letter reaches you in time,
please reply.

My nights are filled with confusion,
some days only your voice would be an ample solution.

Silence- nowadays is my time with which I rejoice...

look into my eyes, recite a sonnet
that would justify your voice.

Oh, what coy words you possess!

Let me now, describe my tear which escapes my iris.

Your style is..

so inspirational.

3/18/99

a frustrated night

fatale

you want to know why you're
dangerous?

you make me want to chase you
with those

eyes that refuse to let me hide in the physical
I cannot fight magnetism

so,

when i kiss you slow

I must hold my soul by its ends
because emotion evaporates quickly
in this warm wind of reality.

dope girl

I know she tempts me with her succulent kisses
and her curves...
naked eyes couldn't follow them well
her body is angelic
built in hell
she swallowed my emotions as they escaped thru my semen
she exhaled
pure oxygen emitting an euphoric feeling
but the dope
that came with her
is unquestionably too good for eyes to view
too pure.
So as I swim thru her
I wonder if my strokes will be suspicious
for my heart is dry
but its thoughts are delicious.

12/9/00

Pologel 3

Baby, as i sit here saddened by your words
I Laugh, because I am only saddened by words,
not your fingertips that write them
or type them,
not your mind that creates,
or your hands that recite them.

I am neither mad nor sad at the words you
composed

let me present a bouquet of but a single rose,

Close your eyes now. Hurry, do it.

Can you see my intentions

Must i kiss your palm to prove it?

So girl can't you see I'm not at all bothered
by our conflict or the sullen paper you authored?

So remove yourself from your state of unrest,
for it is hard for me to shout
when I am in a state of happiness.

7/20/99

I must admit, he has done well,
I can feel you on the phone with him saying, "Hi baby this is me.."
and regretfully I never break up the conversation.
I just sit there, mesmerized by your deceptive performance.
Remembering your kiss of lying lips
then I blow up the guilt to enormous sizes
with such presence that you shed tears.
Loving you for years, how would I know it was a ménage à trois?
His dick inside you while I urged and pleaded for you to give up your
involvements,
I of course gave up- plenty of times you know it,
and I knelt there suckling on your breast
while he fucked you until your lungs could barely gather a breath.
It was then, that your soul spoke what your lungs could not
and I asked, "what is wrong"- your lips remained shut.

I am the head moron in this moronic state
you lying to me about visiting men when to their house I would navigate.
I'm trying to stay straight in this crooked world.
Giving you rubies to commemorate your years as my girl-
I wish I could interrogate you as a prisoner from the third world.
And do it until such a time that my only option
is to bring him and submerge his feet into a concoction
that is acidic to all but the container it resides in.
Burning his flesh into the atmosphere leaving zero resin.
And you, you sit there traumatized, that your friend is being tortured
by a man with cinnamon and brown sugar eyes.

And I remember the loving words you have told me
these things I have not forgotten.
And so when that time comes and those words I have been waiting to hear
transmit to my ear from that bug hidden somewhere in plain sight...
You will die.
Forgive me twilight if the news comes during the sun lit hours,
just know you will still hear the echoes of the cowards.
If it is soon, perhaps I retain my emotions,
if not I will retain grenade pins for explosions
and then, I will wait for him in the commotion
and kiss his lips, saying he drowned his bitch in his loving oceans.

distance

raining down on my reality, my brainstorm became a tropical one,
and with you at the eye you spun all unimportant thoughts away,
I am an emotional centrifuge,
and I admit that day was the fondest for me in recent memory,
a voice spoken like yours should be reserved for a deity,
for its impact fell with cosmic proportions,
my attempts to identify its origin lead to these nonending thoughts,
these perilous walks of wonder.

And among these devils you fly by night,
so without light I search for your face through these worlds foreign to me
and recite my words, projecting them towards the heavens
hoping I am welcomed with love and not deception.

10/16/00

Cipher Star

I ask myself too whether time has placed
my eternal love with your face.
I easily taste a hint of passion in the air
as I breathe
methodically your cipherstars accompany me.
When I travel by water
all fears are forgotten
with violent liquid rocking my ship
my compass is starving
for affection
but none in the least is given
it is your cipher of stars that points my
direction.

7/26/99

poor girl

poor girl
beneath him you speak
your words are muffled
and you are soft spoken
do not give me sentences on your strength
they are only fragments of your confusion
and this plank
that you claim is your ticket
will be authenticated with time
as a blood spigot.

"/12/00

My Indigo

Serenity is a rare thing in my present
often, when it is opened
it reveals desolate thoughts and other things -
love smothered by rings & kisses,
wishes keep it authentic.

But pathetic as I,
I still wonder
about hot summer afternoons with thin air
and thin clothes
the type that expose bits of skin.
the kind my wife would walk to the store in
pregnant and ALL
holding her stomach as if my child were a small
basket
the heavy sun asking
for her beauty to show in sweat beads
her bifocals leave her brow as she wipes them away
still a smile walks her down the pathway
accompanied by an entourage of notes
Donny Hathaway wrote.
What a scene.
Her fair skin stretched to a lighter hue of cream.

(at cafe future & gallery)
July '01

poor girl 2

so, your new love
has helped you forget
about what I have to offer
I wished your copper tears
would bring you back to me.
instead, you stay away.

Afflicted with throat diseases & bladder infections
it makes me question where your orifices have been.
Clogging them from the wind
how could nature remove the bacteria?
You with your inferior men
smothering your pores - making you breakout
while my heart screams its ache out.

11/00

staggered by your words
i cannot show my limp
but my knees hurt
and it remains a painful wish
Approaching you now would be pointless
for our distance would always exceed our closeness
In these sunny cold days and these
winter warm afternoons
i am confused.

Still afflicted with the bruise you threw at me years ago
my cheeks barren from tears I refuse to let go
my fingers have heightened their sensitivity
I cannot even imagine another's clutch nor proximity
When they come near
dry heaves sease my loins
I am not ready for change
so in fountains I purge my coins

hearing your voice
it spoke as the Sirens' would possess me
I have just begun to fight
why do you contest me?
I thought I broke into your heart
but you have yet to arrest me.