

### A love poem for Tattoos

It was a love gift for an old love  
her tattoos they were engraved in desperate moments  
when the heart seeks reason for love unrequited  
in dim parlors in Deep Ellum  
in the breezeway she tried to tell him  
look  
it's your name  
etched into the politics of my skin  
yes love  
we are kindred souls and I jus wanna love you  
baby  
that's all  
I just wanna get used to you making love to me and making up for not being close when we  
supposed to be  
see  
look  
it's your name.  
He was called Cool C  
Baby D  
Wayne, Jr.  
Reggie T. a.k.a. be mine forever  
she said  
to the image and motion dancing in her head  
like a movie reel supposed to be projecting versions of life but here it's death of the self instead  
it's not healthy  
the solitude of I got nothing in my bed  
won't you fill it with your body and let me feast on your energy instead?  
let go of your daddy's memory and your mother's dread and abide with me  
but this fellow he  
was way too Cool C  
he had too much to be and not enough to do  
walked out the door and came back for more and walked out the door and came back for more  
and walked out door and didn't come back  
so she packed her feelings in a box and set it out on the patio  
closed the curtains and locked the door  
until the phone rang and a morning voice sang  
"fool, you heard Cory got shot?"  
And she bled in those moments between the coroner and the chaplain  
her cycle ran to her aid because her heart was breaking  
bleeding words and memories and songs in the shower  
and the tattoos they bruised in the night  
widowed by mourning's end  
widowed like hip hop rhymes when rappers die  
they too had waited for him to return and marvel at how beautiful they were  
they wanted too for fingers to caress their lines and claim them mine  
and like her  
All they got is a line to explain words etched into the politics of her skin  
in that moment when just a few words became a love gift for an old love