



Gloria Mindock – 5 poems

ADVENTURE

The rain hits the earth
with such force, soaking the ground,
cleaning it up for its next adventure.

When the sun appears, everything dries,
is normal again—
over and over again this happens.

Love is the same way. There is always
someone falling in love.
Don't be deceived by such happiness...
the world is a catastrophe and you must
fight against it, take your stand.
Survival is better with perfect teeth,
a smile, infectious.

Love makes you smile, stops the shootings that
encircle the earth.

There is always a gun being pointed at someone.
There is always a gun being fired.
There is always explosions, knifings, machetes swinging.
No end to these images.
So many coffins lined up. Makes me shiver.

Love can remake you, give you a pain
in the stomach or chest... makes you giddy.
Love is an ode you owe yourself—

walk down the street and the road will follow.

Misery is something you slip on once in awhile.
A nightmare, you can wake up from,
with eyes open, no tears shed, an eternity...

You breathe a sigh of relief. You aren't alone.
Your flesh was only asleep.

Don't

Don't tell me my writing is too graphic
for you as you sit in your nice apartment,
enjoying the day, sleeping peacefully at night.

You can do this, they can't.

Laying on the ground in the dirt, afraid to sleep,
the villagers wait for death, machine guns, knives,
to take them out.
Women are raped, clothes taken,
left to die in their nudeness.

Don't ask why I write about the horrors in the world.
It could be you. But it is not.
Can you imagine what it would be like to have your
son killed if he is 5 or younger or your daughter taken,
or your children with no legs?

Tell me, where do these people go for help.
You know where to go.

Don't ask me to stop talking of the atrocities.
Maybe someday, you will remember me,
maybe someday, you won't have your comfortable place.

No wishes for you. All the stars have fallen.
Pick one up by the side of the road and get busy.

DÉJÀ VU

On a TV show, I saw the building I loved, while
on the way to the Vatican.

Is this a sign, I should be opening doors
with blind devotion? But what will it
be devoted to? The color of the building,
the oldness, the shutters?
What does it look like inside?
Is it beautiful or ugly, like some of the uniforms
I wore early in life.
Why do I want to go back and knock on the door?
Will anyone let me in to take a peek at my heart?

THE ALPS

I look out of the plane window at beauty.
The Alps go on with no end in sight.
These mountains are strong enough to
take over the world, snow-caps their armor.

The mountains move and crush evil, a dream I know.
A canvass I want to see forever.
I want to live among them...

Looking closely, a face is revealed to me,
a brief moment of clarity happens.
God is rising into the air with hand reaching out to the plane.

Such grace awakens the earth if you look.
For most in this world, it is too late.

MELODY

For years, no one could rejoice.
Talking was in whispers.
No one could laugh.

The people, in the village, were dying.
Walking like zombies, existing only...
One by one, they all died a horrifying death.
Bodies rotting, maggots crawling into their mouths—
a feast.

What will you tell your children about this world?
about the dying, about the cruel dictators, the sound of

guns blasting bodies apart?
What will you tell them about knives slitting throats and
machetes cutting body parts off?

The children will cry you know.

What will you tell your children about flowers not
blooming? There is blood in the soil.
What will you tell them about too many coffins and not
enough soil for burial?

Will you take the time to wipe their tears and innocence away,
teach them not to care, keep their mouths shut and their soul dead?
Such emptiness will hurt their stomachs and they
will double over, screaming...
Such emptiness will cause words to be silent.
Such emptiness will cause blindness. Will you teach
them to see?

Will you mull over what to tell them or not? Will you be blunt?

Most of all, will you teach them to sing? Letting beautiful melodies
fill the earth with rejoicing.

And if you listen closely...quietly,
you will hear them.

Gloria Mindock is the author of *La Porțile Raiului* (Ars Longa Press, 2010, Romania) translated into the Romanian by Flavia Cosma, *Nothing Divine Here* (U Soku Stampa, 2010, Montenegro), and *Blood Soaked Dresses* (Ibbetson Street Press, 2007). She is editor of Cervena Barva Press and the *Istanbul Literary Review*. Gloria's poetry has been translated into Romanian, Serbian, Spanish, and French. Widely published, her poetry recently has appeared in *Levure Litteraire* (France) and in *Vatra Veche* (Romania). She has work forthcoming in *The Green Door* (Belgium). From 1984-1994, Gloria was editor of the *Boston Literary Review/BLuR*. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, St. Botolph Award, and was awarded a fellowship from the Massachusetts Cultural Council distributed by the Somerville Arts Council. Gloria currently works as a Social Worker and freelances teaching poetry workshops and editing manuscripts.