

## Four Poems by Mike Amado

What the Mayflower Society Doesn't Want You to Know

Ancient bones  
paved over  
by plague and musket.

They find them in rural heaps  
and back yards  
developed for condominiums.

In the teeth of bulldozers,  
fragments crack the silence

\* \* \*

Legacy

Mother, I live  
as a candle flickers;  
life wavers from dark to darker  
sure as day sways to night.  
I thought I could answer the shadows  
with a too-shiny light..  
But if I was to snuff out  
that last, feeble ember,  
it won't be your error.  
I move with an urgency.  
Like a biting wind,  
I rip through a chasm where  
a rope-bridge hangs  
by frayed threads.  
And if I were to cut the thread,  
it'll be my best act of rebellion.  
I was brought up to be a fighter.  
You know I'm not a bad son.  
Just a dead seed.  
Time is not a slow march  
of birthdays, passages  
and anniversaries for me.  
Just a quiet day at the edge  
of the harbor, watching the sun  
arch over the sky . . .  
the water laps and laughs  
as I sleep like the kicking in

of pills. Even though I grew ill,  
you loved me like a mare  
loves a foal. You let me run,  
and even if my weak legs break  
and a patronizing slug to the head  
puts me down, you'll groan  
as if I was a stillborn calf.

\* \* \*

“I Love Rock-N-Roll...”

Roach-clip feathers perch on the light-string  
under a black light bulb.  
A hypnotic bird flaps to the sonic thud  
on my sister's stereo.  
We're dancing in the mirror,  
shrieking to “I Love Rock ‘N’ Roll” -  
me strumming on a tennis racket,  
she smiles into a coarse bristle brush;  
the kind that my hair is too fine for.  
I, like alabaster. I always thought  
that I was adopted.  
She, a shade of tan that all those  
uppity blonde girls at school want to be  
in the summer time.  
There are many colors in the spectrum.  
I'm playing around with colors in words  
until I can find the color I own.  
But both of us are day-glo under the black light,  
shrieking to “I Love Rock ‘N’ Roll”

\* \* \*

Old School Way

A boy is going to give himself a mohawk.  
For a summer, he let his hair grow long.  
He shaved the sides with his dad's razor  
then dyed it purple,  
[the only color of photo ink he could steal].  
With his sister's hairspray, he sprayed it up;  
[he used the whole can of Aquanet],  
then blow-dried it till petrified, painted it up  
with Elmer's Glu-All.  
He smiles in the bathroom mirror,  
knows it looks cool with his safety-pin ears.

**Mike Amado** (1975-2009) was diagnosed at the age of 13 with kidney disease, he began hemodialysis at the age of 25 for two and a half years, he then received a transplant that failed, in 2003 he began PD, a daily home dialysis treatment, until his passing in January 2009.

He three published books of poetry - poems: *Unearthed from Ashes* (Dorrance Publishing Co., 2006), *Stunted Inner-child Shot the TV* (Cervena Barva Press, 2008) and *Rebuilding the Pyramids (Poems of Healing in a Sick World)* (Ibbetson Street Press, 2008). Currently his estate is working on his fourth book of poetry, *The Book of Arrows*.

His poems have appeared in print in *The Bagelbards Anthology*, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, Volume 2, *Poetry Box*, *A Nightmare on Main Street* (A Halloween Anthology), *Ibbetson Street* No. 24. Other poems have appeared in *Spare Change*, the newspaper of the homeless, as well as in *Eden Waters Press Anthology*, and the *Brockton Public Library Anthology*.

Mike's poems also appeared online on the following e-zines: *Istanbul Literary Review*, *Poetry @ About The Arts Blog*, *Apt Magazine*, *Down in the Dirt*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Juice Press*, *Apt #12*, *Spoonful: A Gathering of Stone Soup Poets*, and *Muddy River Poetry Review*. He also had a page on *AuthorsDen .com*.

An onlinepoetry reviewer with over twenty poetry reviews to his credit, Mike's reviews appeared in *Rattle Magazine*, *Wilderness House Literary Review* and the *Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene*. He also served both as the music and poetry reviewer at *Roadpoet eMagazine*.