

Valentina Cano -- Two Poems

Man of Darkness

He was a certain mine
full of words
glittering in his depths,
daring fingers to explore,
to dig with untrimmed nails.
She couldn't gaze at him too long,
the darkness was too thick,
with only the shining crystals,
like eyes never willing to sleep.

A Regret

Now I know what
you meant to say
that day with the clouds
in your mouth.
I know you were choking
on gray thoughts,
fearing there'd be no way
of ever saying them.
I wish I'd torn open a vein,
red and hot like boiling cinnamon,
and let you see that my insides
were just as dark,
just as pulsing as yours.

Valentina Cano is a student of classical singing who spends whatever free time either writing or reading. Her works have appeared in *Tuck Magazine*, *Congruent Spaces Magazine*, *Pipe Dream*, *Decades Review*, *Anatomy*, *Lowest of Chronicle*, *Lady Ink Magazine*, *White Masquerade Anthology* and *Perhaps I'm Wrong About the World*, among others. You can find her here: <http://carabosseslibrary.blogspot.com>