

## James Sanchez – Two Poems

### Bonsai

The tree limbs crisscross the tiny room  
Arms wrap around an ancient corpse  
Her kisses—distant  
Phone calls lost to time  
Memories gather dust under the typewriter  
Their story bruised around the eyes  
Tears punish the reader  
If it were your story  
He would board the plane at noon  
Cross insurmountable oceans  
She would lie on a Spanish beach  
Sipping love worn sangria  
Longing for the happy ending  
This is not that story  
The end—arsenic  
Limbs crash through the door  
Reaching for the next book

### Secret Lives of Trees

Her hair shines like silver water  
She dozes off as I tell yet another tale of the tall trees  
This one about the woman who caressed the poplar tree's trunk like a mother feeling a  
cheek  
She cried  
Her tears pool at the base of the poplar  
The poplar remembers being watered by Miranda at the hardware store  
She was Guatemalan  
Her husband was in Iowa drowning in cow's blood  
Te voy a comprar la Granja mas Hermosa en todo Guate  
She tells the poplar the story of the crossing  
Terror—hope—doubt—faith—rage—love  
We learn patience from struggle  
The dream is as beautiful as a pretend farm  
The little girl blinks twice  
She is lost to the world now  
I kiss her forehead twice  
One for mommy. One for me.  
Mommy won't come home tonight  
The lure of long not strong enough  
One last drag of poem before I go to sleep.

**James Sanchez** is a poet and teacher from Hialeah, Florida. He holds a B.A. in English from Florida International University. He teaches English and Creative Writing at Ronald W. Reagan Senior High School in Doral, Florida. He resides in Miami, Florida with his wife and son. His work has been published in *The Acentos Review*, *The Apeiron Review*, *Mother is a Verb: a Red Paint Hill Anthology*, *The Circle Review*, *Blue Heron Review* and *Lost Coast Review*.