

Mike Amado – Three Poems

Nothing in the Human Heart is Foreign

Off in the desert where the Anasazi lived,
a petroglyph is painted ...
ochre pigment on sandstone cliff;
limning a longing still living in the heart of man.
Invisible fingers in a red reach above

Long ago, that moment was catalogued
on earth-canvas when a supernova flared,
glimpses of man's destiny sent.
Eager in his infancy, then he knew ...
the collapse of a star as it draws in on itself;
like a vehement heart full with agitation
explodes in a white-hot
migraine-like fire ball of
self-annihilation. Divulging life energy-
so destructive. So liberating and self-affirming,
[we aim to be as open]. Tonight
we see remnant light of star's saying, "I'm here".

The desert churns its vacuous voice; a cool echo
on the cool breeze; but the sand and stone feel warm.
I'm here with my camp lantern,
the only light in the blue-black dark.
My fingers whisper-trace the petroglyph,
I meet the lines of the hand with my hand;
I recognize ... it's my ancient brother's.
Thousands of years between,
He exists, so do I.

Be Experimental

take a temperature
without a thermometer

be a diver
without a compressor

be a fruit
that trees want to eat

be fresh produce
in the frozen section

play tennis
in the woods

make words masquerade
as their antonyms

be a marching band
of flamenco guitars

play the congas
with the tabla.

Shades

Darkness stands in the corner
Arms folded and shoulders to the wall.
Waiting for someone to say the word...
Ashes fall from its cloudy cigarette.

Then tough as pre-teens
Totting machine guns, it spoke:

*“There is a soil where monsters who
used to be children play. Pitch-black woods
swarm with flames and smoke.
Want lives there, an undercurrent of
thunderstorms in winter understand?
What’s the big deal, you wanting to
lifted your bloated self out?
Light’s brutal and burns.
Trying to chase down Mother-love;
you’ll find the cord. Don’t you know?
We are born from the dark,
we cry ever since.”*

It’s a mortal joy, for certain to
Prank in those candy-colored
Ribbons of day. but then...

Shadows bleed from
The fun of our sunlit rooms,
We pull the night shades and light the lamp.
Asking the darkness in the corner to
Spit rhymes of unredeemable bottles
Against brick walls while we sleep...
It flashes a smile.

Mike Amado [1975-2009] was the co-founder of two ongoing poetry venues in his hometown of Plymouth, MA. He published three books of poetry during his short lifetime, a fourth book of his poetry was published after his death. His poetry has also appeared in various printed and online poetry ventures as well as appearing as a feature poet and open-mics both in the Boston and Cambridge areas as well as the South Shore and Cape Cod.