

Studies of Human Affection

By : Antonio Rivera

Two short poems



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1 Pretty Brown Cats

Some silver doors close,
I push a button and go up.

I step out, she sees me,
doesn't know me.

For a moment, I'm stricken.
By her beauty, her grace.

I write down her features,
in the back of my mind.

Caramel colored skin,
with hazel filled eyes.

A smile of chalk,
and a laugh like music.

A body of temptation,
one that amused me.

She glances for a moment,
then leaves my attention.

With a flip of her hair,
strands of Africa I should mention.

Her and sisters,
Like pretty brown cats.

Away she was gone,
gone just like that.

2 Birth

You said that we would talk more,
sad to see that didn't happen.
Attached to our past,
tied to a glass mattress.

Had more of what was wrong,
less of what was right.
Our hands cuffed between us,

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yet we still manage to fight.

I came to visit on a plane,
through skies of heavy fog and rain.
When I landed, you rejoiced,
after the separation caused you pain.

Should you forget about the bruises,
the scars Iâve wrapped around your arms.
And wash your body with my lips,
with eyes that promise you no harm.

Like fresh flowers, and brown grass turned into green.
We start anew this time, with a full belly in between.

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