

## *Her Skin was White*

I want to taste her  
margarita-white skin,  
so white that when I drink  
I mistake her skin for clouds.

Her compelling eyes,  
visible from afar like  
two emeralds sparkling  
in the midst of the dark.

Her lips,  
intense ruby red,  
like the unbreakable walls of her heart.

It's almost impossible,  
to get through those walls.  
As you might know,  
in front of every wall,  
there are muscular guards.

To talk to one,  
I'd have to lift my head and speak,  
as loud as the tambora in a merengue.  
But that's not a problem because,  
I'm Dominican.

If only she would listen,  
to the bursting sound of  
my heart, a pressed balloon  
on a bed of nails.

I wish she open a door,  
just for a moment,  
so that I can admire  
the waves of her hips,  
her waterfall neck,

her straight-as-a-ruler hair

But when I see her in the streets  
I feel as if I was clear as glass,  
a window she sees through.

And I understand  
that she doesn't desire  
to appear next to my skin.

To her, it would be like spilling  
chocolate caliente on a brand new  
white shirt, a bruise, a dark scar.

It would be like combining  
orange juice and milk.  
Which in Dominican terms  
sounds delicious,  
but this is not the case.

My brown eyes are boring.  
My hair is too rough,  
it would scratch away her delicateness,  
take away her allure.

Why does she have to brag?  
Her astonishing smile scrubs my face.  
In the market the apples are ignored  
for her lips rouged with grace.  
Why has she invaded me entirely,  
like army of lice breeding in my thoughts.

In her mind she'd believe  
that I'll curse her with my flaws.  
That's okay, I'll fall in love with hers.  
She can ignore mine.

She is a magnet that drags me  
to this emptiness craving to be filled.  
If I knew my bachata steps  
my rice and mango accent  
the flavor of my sancocho  
the salted caramel of my skin  
would make me invisible,  
I would never have set foot  
near those walls.

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