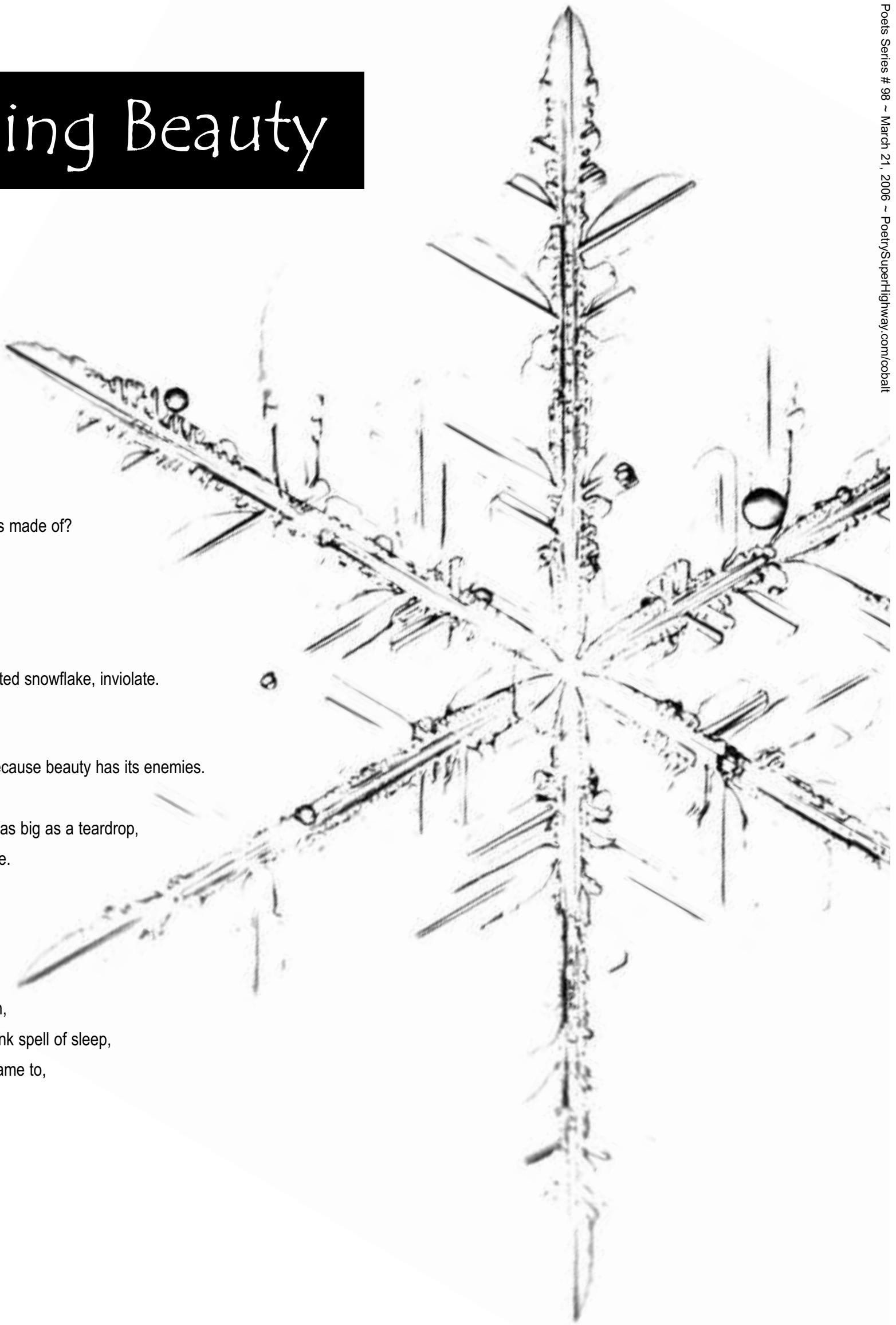


# Sleeping Beauty

Of what were Sleeping Beauty's dreams made of?  
The fleshless dreams of a virgin?  
She came from a blond, cold country  
a cursed puritanical region.  
She was beautiful,  
crystalline and pure as an uncontaminated snowflake, inviolate.

There was a witch, an evil prophesy, because beauty has its enemies.  
There was an accident,  
her blood was shed, just barely, a drop as big as a teardrop,  
enough to seal the landscape of her fate.  
She slept uninterrupted as the dead,  
the years like an unbroken night.

There was a kiss, flesh awakening flesh,  
a warm trembling to break the frigid blank spell of sleep,  
the depths of her shuddered and she came to,  
she awakened.  
But she didn't know who she was.



## Ramon Garcia

Ramon Garcia's poetry has appeared in a variety of journals and anthologies including *The Americas Review*; *Best American Poetry 1996*; *Poesa-da: Aids Poetry from Latin America, the United States and Spain*; *The Paterson Literary Review*; *Quarry West and The Floating Borderlands: Twenty-Five Years of U.S.-Hispanic Literature*; *Margie: The American Journal of Poetry*; 88: *The Journal of Contemporary Poetry and Ambit (UK)*. Ramon Garcia is an associate professor at California State University at Northridge.

