



HIDING

You can't press your palms to the back of my void's dark red flesh, wrap fists around the spinal column of my grief, clutch its lonely power; even when I plot my pain like index points, drag your fingers from dot to dot, hold seminars on despair, fill novels and whiteboards.

My triumph ruptures sky like fiery pulp blisters horizons, I paint your ceilings every red and yellow of my infinite autumn but I can't convey how my joy brims like stretched atmosphere, bloated with stars.

When regret evaporates oceans, we scrape at the bottom of loss, graze its desert floor. Your feet are still legions from my petrified desire, clawing fossils trapped in sediment's teeth.

Dissecting my forearms, I lay bare knotted veins, remove organs, expose my cowering center; even so you can't see the edges of my lungs charcoaled with yin, how the moon in me is always waning.

You wade in my abyss, tar in your pores, ears steeped in umbra, but can't hear the symphony of fear embroidering my body, sorrow's burnt overtures, clefs of staccato anguish, myriad dark notes, drowning violins.

We soar like astral rays extend arms to planets, look down on cordillera pinnacles as if replicas, breathe pride and song. I still can't reveal my awe's towering verticals drenched with hope, gleaming like snow caked in sunrise.

When I dig up shame's buried roots, show you where I'm rotting, even then I'm hiding. You can't see tuber casts in my earth, ghosts dangling like dead spiders, hollow cadavers of dream.

Brooke Nia has been featured at some of the most prestigious venues in Los Angeles: Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center, Highways Performance Space and Gallery and the Mark Taper Auditorium in the Los Angeles Central Library as a part of the Newer Poets XIII Reading and many more. She received the 2008 World Stage UCLA Scholarship and is published in Pearl Magazine and pending publication in several other presses. Brooke attends the World Stage Anansi Writer's workshop weekly.

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