

A Mid-Summer's Childhood Horrified Memory

the tiny house which once held grandma's wonderful smells, is no more
it only returns from time to time in faint tiny whiffs of a garlic memory
red chilies with green peppers in olive oil, a fiesta of blends once found there are no more
ben-gay rubbed into my *Abuelitas* arms with homemade lily-lawn ointment upon her legs,
familiar grandma smells all topped off with Raid sprayed everywhere...

these all are no more

at only five a broke-back colt was I, with stuffed phallus choking out my cries
innocence of who I was before that dawn, have long since been lost and gone
stolen on that Domingo day
like the dead-end street the tiny house sat on, I too was dead-ended there
who could have known a shared shower would have changed my world...

mommy is who should have known, but the price of Pride
was worth more than my young soul

denial proclaimed and marked me as a lair below a city street Kress café when I blabbed all
the One I believed I could tell all, only returned a slap to my mouth
you must understand, it was unfulfilled Penguins who taught me sternly, always tell truthfully all
but mother's harsh reality taught me differently...worse thing of all was the cutting of her
maternal strings...

no longer did mommy wear an apron for
me, but a wore-out rod of retribution upon my now brokeback

alone at five and alone still now, seeking always my lost childhood of purity
negativity dripped off my chin of bitter ill-gotten rearing auntie and mother force fed me daily
forty-nine years later still controlling attempts were made, while the *Gordito* Sundae was
sprinkled with limitless blessings
rebelliously over eating became my lifetime cry of despair...

no one dare cared enough to take
note of those psychological cries

Frankenstein's House became a refuge within the Universal silver-screen of false reality
finding there understanding on common graves of realistic fantasy
I, like the black and white creature that he was, rejected by his creator
could greatly relate -rejected by my own womb-maker

having not been asked to be made, both of us scorned and forsaken...

although Frankie and I never understood why?

Now that tiny house holds only painful results of a curse that follows my life
from woman to woman, marriage to marriage many stray attempts at love were only mangled
bonds of twisted loves, mirroring the twistedness of the me, always and forever seeking
absolution in acceptance; like a child crying over a broken toy, never able to be truly replaced,
never finding release from the pain...

as so -this broken boy was left equally
cracked and shattered on the bathroom floor

no number of Griff's burgers and fries, nor long Corpus fishing trips, nor
free Godzilla movie passes could ever absolve the Sins of the past
even hits of Lennon's Lucy or red-golden smoked hairs of Mary
could ever numb the agony of living,
constantly daydreaming and pretending to be someone else was all I could do when in school...

my imagination was all that was left, but even in
that, as you read here, is tainted with the past

5 dimensions chanted of Aquarian possibilities in that Summer of Peace and Love,
but like a perverse Manson follower, the Antagonist bloodline proved it was not for me
for in that same hour, the Monster who bathed with me -created the new me
ending that decade of positive possibilities and the immaculate in me
leaving only a childhood memory...

of a Horrified Mid-Summer's Morning Memory