

Poetry Series

# **Thelma Flores**

## **- poems -**

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# Thelma Flores(2-28-81)

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# A Poem For My Soal Sistas

A poem for my soal sistas

You remind me of my sister patty, wen she inspired, taught and pushed me to write poetry.

I was 7 years young you remind me of mi hermana warrior with a cause and something powerful to say

you take me to that genuine place of kindred spirits my our ansestors hear it our cry for empowerment

our laughter of innocence our whispers of pain. I recall were the same wen two temples are vacated @ soals drift in bliss elated

I sincerly hope were the same when our stories lay parallel

Wen our eyes see through brick walls of insecurity

wen our eyes met in dreams

Wen our eyes cry oceanic tears of relief because joy is on her way

Cause i have everything and nothing to say

Hermana tus manos me ensienan poder de victoriosa verdades

poder de amor poder de alcanzar todos mis misiones

sista youve shown me paths unsought songs unsung Passion youve won my growing devotion

that day we met 2 nicoyas getting to know one another bmingiling juntas with reggee grooves

conversation with humble and honest energy

hermana me hases recordar the smell of my brother freda cooking up a storm in the kitchen

scrambled eggs frijoles fritos con crema, and on a special occasion carnitas and pan,

Saturday morning cartoons

the welcoming arms of mi mama Fanny

her body cramped overworked, yet grateful to see me nappy headed and all

sista soal sista the feeling of acceptance is so hard to find in a world were hating is expected and loving is not

Luckly i found comfort in our conversations, I found realness in your voice, I found advice in a hug

I found strength in our 've done so much to motivate me to find my lost inner beauty.

seeing the chaotic journey of life alot less stressful with you

sista sol sista by my side

Girl we down for watever, down for the cause, ya we down for eachother

Girl we down for watever, down for the cause, ya we down for eachother

Thelma Flores

# Asi Se Hase Like This

hasi se hase like this

latinos manos arriba  
nicaragua throw up a fist  
Salvatruchos manos juntos  
asi se hasi like this x2

poesi me ha salvado la vida  
locura, pena, perdida, triste  
ABANDONADA.....  
the pen is my sword  
the pad is my shield  
el lapiz, mi sangre, mi fuerza

Mi papa  
My father was from El Salvador  
he ran away from his anguish, his discovery, himself  
he wore a mask to parade in this maskarade called land of oppurtunity of  
forgetting  
HE wore a mask a mask a mask

MI mama  
my mother a lotus flower gracefully breaking through steep mountains was from  
nicaragua  
she ran away from poverty from her roots ran away from herself  
she couldnt afford a mask thus held herbstory her beliefs herself in her eyes  
her eyes met my eyes in the eyes if sadness in my father  
a man named Maximilliano lopez any one her recall such a name help me find my  
father  
He wore a maskto parade in this maskarade USA and 21 years down the line i  
wear a mask  
to tip toe on the rigid rims of sanity  
aka insanity  
Buscando la verdad escrito en los espejos en los ojos de humanidad  
buscando mi identidad

buscando en la oscuridad  
MI SER

Latina don't confuse me with a white crackerim a rocker hip hopper pot smoking  
college scholar  
Im just a confused consious concerned human bieng  
I mean whats going on with the Id 2day the news horrified my soal 2day  
kill your television  
La televison habla mas con mi mama que yo  
La tele me ensenia gringos tanto tanto even on bet black television the gringos  
face on all the commercials  
media rasism  
My mask gets bitter as i loook into mt reflection givin in anger from the lake  
nicaragua estoy brava  
My people my children stuck frozen in front of toxic tubes that select ther daily  
life routine  
my spleens ripped ripped from ripped from society telling me im dumb  
NUMB would better describe the next generation that lacks motivation due to the  
way to easy acsess to mind pollutants weed  
exstacy cocaine to crack  
dilluted diarys full of self obsessions decomposing deppresions obsseions to  
perfect the facials  
and body as the soal gets neglected

Latinos manos arriba  
not in guidancs of the pigs but in celebration of our battles

Nicaragua throw up a fist  
reconizing the importance of revolution  
resisting unjust regulations  
regulating the demons  
remembering our ansestors

Truchos manos juntos  
clapping while singing  
holding the hands of our brothers and sisters  
grasping tight our gratitude for bieng a ble to breathe  
cuz 'there's no need to recieve if GOD's gift was to breathe'  
Respecting the mystic marvel

asi se ase like this  
asi se hasi like this

asi se hasi like this

Thelma Flores

# Dizzy Lizzy

Dizzy Lizzy

HOW can i taech when i was taught to facilitate  
how can i be free when tou bullied and caged me  
how can i sing a song when you corrupted the words composing a childrens song  
how can i resist the agonyof burning flesh when you threw me in the fire  
promising rejunification  
watching me struggle for relief in the red lake of hate convincing me the heats  
just a jaccuzzi effect  
telling me to jump in and out like a kid on a trampoline swearing the red lake is a  
bath for queens  
you laugh at my gullibility watching me burn n struggleconguring trouble  
how can i supervise with the memorys covering fibs and lies  
How can i nurture wen you overcrowd and merger  
How can i feed if you staple lips closed in pursuit of all round dominance  
power in silence  
How can i grow if you tell me everything i do is wrong or bad  
how can i uplift wen you throw red bricks shattering my creativity the place i call  
home  
how can i believe when you force me not to dream  
How can i possibly win when you created the game? ? ?

Thelma Flores



# Mi Mama

Mi Mama

Even in the days when I just wanted to go away  
from living

I remember que tu me diste mi vida and I would be failing you  
If I just took that for granted and gave it all away, in coward ass ways, like  
suicide in a craze  
Me enseniastes Love, hate, respect, devotion  
You showed me that hardwork eventually pays off  
so i was inspired to complete every task: to make a list and handle that  
she gave me my dreams showing me hella love as a baby and into my teens  
telling you friends how smart I was and how I was in gifted classes  
Me enseniastes mi pimer lesson  
amor love  
so it became my foundation to everything  
Realizations  
because of you Ive had many of these and will countinue to have them for the  
rest of my full life.  
Gracias te adoro

Thelma Flores

# Musik 101

music 101

musik is a clear rainbow in the sun filled sky after a relentless rain winter night

musik is religion captivating ang uniting

musik is gods gift to the poet whom listens to the leavews on trees whistle n hum

music is.... my beat be... my beat be.... my beat be...heart

music es salsa.. adancers movements sweet and seductive like the sun after a long cold rainy fall night.

music is reason, intention, deliverance of answers

music is mix tapes recording hits straiggth from the radio freebies for us goonies

music is sword and shield haelthy crops on fields marvelous mental meals fakes to reals

its all a heart shaped grenade love and hate

music is because...you... youn make me feel brand new..or... brass monkey the funky monkey

music is pain submitting to no one emotion emitting from sound and stories universal to all walks of life

music is my absent father holding me in his arms telling me it will all be okay

music is my lover the lock on my very personal diary the one i tell all my deep dark devine truths to

music makes me orgasm ohh ahhh ya babby right their cumming like forever and ever ohhh ahhhh baby right tap me there tap those keys strum that chord the best ive ever skored gimmie moreeeee....

music is the last breathe of magda miriam edwin and kelly

music is waves unruly crashing into oblivion

music is chaos then calm chaos the calm and so on

music is ohhmmmmmmmmmmmm

guitar amp microphone menace

im sounds and words formulation of freedom

drums pounding and pounding along with rebel rainsticks

sizzilling santana like solos

the rise of do do's

and the shooting of corrupt po po's like king bobby elegantly put it

music is... music is... music is miracles

music is my mind wandering in a boring monotone classroom

heyyyy... party in my head next next

music is my life day to night music is my light in the dark days of war when  
though the television i can smell the stench of death music is my breathe to live  
another day

music...musica....melody.....will you marry me? ? ?

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# My Wish

MY WISH

In the potluck of life

I will bring one pan and one fish

Close my eyes truth and wish it

It will divide and divide never finish

Till every belly got food in it

MY WISH

MY WISH

MY WISH

Thelma Flores

# Round Here

## ROUND HERE

round here we always stand up straight  
round here somethin radiates  
Round here we talk in code its that innate vocabulary belonging to the golden  
tribe  
we scribe like modern hyroglifiks through graffiti art  
(mystik modern marks)  
Round here  
we catch trains desination unknown  
we... run after rainbows in pursuit of iron pots to cook a royal feast for the entire  
village to eat  
we...carelessly play mancala with the golden coins  
objects and minds untainted money and power the root of all evil  
not a worry to my people  
round here  
we square dance with lepercauns  
We break dance with GODS

Round here  
we o to community colleges savin our money for a dream  
by the way city college used to be free  
we buy used books to read blessed pages  
hey sharing is caring and this second hand is a fist we resist  
Round here we eat dollar burgers savin are pennies for clean water  
Round here we cypher in circles swimming though eachothers minds  
beatbbboxing drumkits n sound bits  
from our lips to uplift  
Round here  
                    were hungry  
starving  
                    fasting  
                    lasting... longer with love  
we eat pinto beans con arroz gallo pinto yi queso fresco  
Round here my niece Mireya calls me tortilla Telma. Here in this moment she  
feels free to sing songs about  
mountain tops and love  
Round here we learn from the youngest teachers future leaders babys first  
movements....dreams lucid

Round here a bucket full of water out front becomes a day at the beach and like  
the waves we flow fresh and free

Por Aqi

nicoyas play card games we dance salsa all night at that seleganes clubbet  
BAOBAB holla! ! !

Round here we host open miks inside bart trains POWER

without a permit we protest injustices are words like stampedes over ignorance

Round here we dont ignore we explore to one day even the skore

we stay flossin hardcore comrades por vida GENTE!

Round here ROUNd here Round HERE

mothers play roles of fathers

daughters breed premuturly

so young girls become women then mothers to play the role of fathers

Round here some fathers try but not nearly enough...so guess what

sons follow the one image they see bad ass rapper degrading women lying  
through golden teeth man loan me your grill so i can pay my rent DUDE!

Round here teens have quarter of a quarter life crisis's

teen beg for pricy clothes looking like clones clones clones

wearin the lastest trend

quick to outcast a friend if their attire isnt MTV aquired

Round here the vision is narrow

round here

sum of us close our 3 eyes and imagine a picture thats circular inside a shape  
that contains narrow paths, steep paths, golden roads leading to temples or  
mountains or even trampolines or rainbow dyed swimming pools

Then we choose what route to take

round here ROUNd herE ROUND HERE

fake pistols are lethal

and video games train terrorit tacktiks

real pistols ring roit outside

and real guns are easier to get then a good teacher

Educational Genocide

round here

we mash bikes weaving though traffik like magik

Round here

holidays are hollow for much more then just a few families

Round here

Apen and a pad illustrating feelings i have

when im mad

our sad

wen me bad

me a sav  
joy porque soy  
hoy...tommarow or today talbez ayer fuk it wats the differance  
changes  
Grow grasp give  
no need to recieve if Gods gift was to breathe so peace ohmmmmmm  
Round Here its all or nothing  
WE SURVIVE  
ROUND HERE

Thelma Flores

# The Opening

The opening

for: Max Lopez

Today can be as lucid as my dreams mixed  
I dwell confused  
A journey paralleled with distractions hinting satisfactions  
leaves me relying my only sanction in the eye of the beholder  
the older i become the more clearly piercing visions get.  
like dajauvoo re-occurrences reveal again i overstand ive lived the same intense  
rotation  
follow the routine  
I'm dizzy from the movement, dizzy from the yearning to be stationary, dizzy  
from erratic phrases thrown from a distance  
Stagnated.  
Limp root praises a faraway lotus flower.  
I'm DIZZY.  
'Mama what you say is my fathers name? '  
Should I live shamed?  
A man ran from an unborn child.  
Was I misery at his peak?  
It's week 52 me and you.

Thelma Flores