



JACLR

*Journal of Artistic
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Research*

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"Five Poems"**

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Five Poems

You think he is a master of all

I adore the way Cristiano kicks
me between the grooves
with the cleats and his spikey shoes.
Sometimes he lifts me up, juggling
me like a musician with his toes,
other times he kisses me with the top
of his head leaving me sticky, stained
his moose gelled flair. Sometimes
his touch is soft while creating no look
passes gently pressing his foot on
the base of my skin. I love it when
he curls me like Ronaldo's combing
his very slick European hair. I hear
the screams, victorious, a smiling
dream when he picks me up after
practice like a child, and carries me
on his chest Ronaldo shows his accuracy
from the penalty spot and I should know
for all the ones who kick me around,

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But mostly I adore, the way he bends me
from the grass sometimes I'm wet,
like a victorious wish who feels
the grace of falling between two posts,
the only time the crowd loves me
when I land inside the net, how could
I forget Ronaldo's feel, more than hearts
our beautiful game the way he strikes
for goal, bending his shot, we are
a perfect match, lifting me up,
I live for the sparking touch,
Cristiano's soccer strike reveals

In the midst of this rubble

From a photograph of Claudia Cardinale, Italy 1968

She sits legs crossed
showing traces of symmetry
as her tan skin confesses
harmoniously while dangling
her feet above debris
he experiences inner
aftershocks on concrete. She
is not statuesque, not something
angelically distant, she is softly
striking and instantly
exposing the nape of her
breath. Seated on a boulder
from once a building now rocks
not waiting as a damsel, with
a cross around her low
cut neck, she is faith—
in silence as she awakens
a surprise in her glowing
a promise with just a blink
welcoming this stranger
through these ruins—
remains of a city a spark shines
between them, as she blushes
running dusty supple hands through
her lovely frazzled hair, this stranger
sees an opening, skirting
closer she winks, uncrossing
her legs, glimpsing a shadow
the fire she conceals... softly
disclosing unspoken flickers
before the smokiest traces
anticipating glimmers
of candlelit communions—
from her eyes aflame inside
a connection revealed.

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Raining Umbrellas

Things have dropped from me. I have outlived [...] lost friends...others through sheer inability to cross the street— Virginia Woolf

Strolling in the French
Quarter sun on cement
I see remnants of floods
flashing, branches filled
with Mardi Gras beads
falling as the storm
left so many umbrellas
on the sidewalk—
every step I take, I see
another forgotten soul
torn— left stranded
still dripping wet, some
unopened and waiting
to be salvaged, and be
resurrected as someone's
cool cane or even a make
believe light saber in the grip
of a child, these castoffs
welcome any shade—
but as I walk I see so
many tossed off, I can
hear them seething
discarded overcast days
sweltering heat, broken
handling hard, just wait
till you need one, without
protection, who will save you
from all the thunder? Lightening
shimmering umbrellas holding
all their grudges as your splashing
to find some Bourbon Street
balcony cover to avoid these
Louisiana summer storms, you
will be soaking with regret.

Assemblé on wood

As the curtains open,
dancing bare feet élevé
in this ballet of flesh,
bending 2 lovers gliding
through stages of grand
jeté spotlights merging
revoltade becoming one.

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Their penché gifts are
glowing déboulé, next
step from the wings,
so brisé her limbs
spring so blessed shining
like doves, this prima,
princess, queen floats
the balcony beckons
as the piano, strings
of symphony serenades
the allongé of their
climatic grins resounds
these two lovers
exploring the space
of their dégagé, each
touch sparking à terre
while rediscovering
intricate traces
above, reaching
the clouds gracing
the air as the audience
glares reawakening
sissonne eyes
with nothing but love.

We were never the last to leave the field

I often lingered after practice. I asked Ruud Van Nistelrooy to open up a can of thunder [...] sending balls in with swerve and dip at speeds up to 90 mph. But no matter how long we stayed out there, we were never the last to leave the field. That's because no one could outwork Cristiano Ronaldo.—Tim Howard

Outlasting the blisters,
the muscles pulled, the aching...
all obstacles as Ronaldo
stood in the empty fields
balancing soccer balls
through God's tears.
There's no fear and no fool
kicking over and over
on his foot of exhaustion.
Sweat drips matching the
rain pelting him, working
on tricks to use in the next
Match, strikes from the side
while the rest of his teammates
taking shelter hiding
from the storm, Cristiano
always aiming
for his goal. Everyone

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sees the commercials
flashing tightest white underwear,
models are his girlfriends and
speeding cars but his work ethic
godlike, like when he's on the pitch.
On the ball, in the gym, after training,
always the same. Losing, no scoring,
the miss, second place is the monster
Ronaldo tries to slay outside alone.
Though his sweating kit,
hitting the ball again and again.
No matter how steaming, raining,
Snow— Cristiano always dreams
of scoring victories. His heart
rolls up on his sleeve, nothing can beat
his true love's name, on the field
stepping outside, kissing the grass
waiting for the whistle and falls
again for his beautiful game.

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