

# PERSONAL PORTFOLIO 2016

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# ARS POETICA

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*To My Poet,*

I am a cursive body  
running laps on your notepad  
telling you the story  
of how we first met.

I am the best type of tickle --  
a spark that lights your spirit,  
warmth -- like the sound of *good morning*.  
I will be bittersweet -- the first bite  
of a fresh peach, the color green,  
stars dripping -- Apogee.

I've heard my words can make you weak.  
I speak because your thoughts shriek --  
bullet holes decorate the page, your brain  
wants more, and we both know  
this gets messy, but we both feel it --  
something raw is ripening inside your mind.

Together -- we are open  
to interpretation, acclamation,  
coughed up confessions  
that have us convinced  
certain emotions don't exist --  
language may sway, wobble,  
and even pulsate, but language  
alone will never explain the way  
you create me. I feel

Wild and alive and fuck  
I feel good. Write me --  
passion like this  
has never felt so rewarding.

# HEART

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## FRESH

There's a rush that swells your chest  
and suddenly  
you discover lust in slow motion.

My heart is ripe.  
It's ruddy

I look at you  
and I atomize --  
My heart puckers  
and pomegranate pulp begins to drip  
from my ribs.

We explore each morning  
self-confessed, your words  
Tango about me. It's passion  
tapping the earth -- wonderfully  
exotic, curiously human

You and me.

Oh

when you feel it,

you know.

*Untouchable*

You think I am untouchable  
but your arms climb on my limbs  
as if my body is  
your exotic jungle gym.  
You tell me  
looking into my eyes  
is nebulous --  
an extraterrestrial state of hypnosis.  
In silence, these eyes speak  
reaching to say  
what words can't be said, and I hope

I hope you hear me.

*Gold Dust*

You are the earth; I am its spirit  
and together the trees act as our lungs  
that breathe under starlight and rustle  
when we are excited -- leaves wisp  
in our wind, and I hear maracas sound.  
My hips sigh and we glide methodically --  
call it organic chemistry, the way our lips  
trigger nuclear kisses that repel atoms  
in every direction -- Naturally -- We speak,  
and our words radiate as subtle energies that  
translate pure phenomena. Please,  
muse me. You are the earth; I am its spirit  
and together we experience living.

# SYNESTHESIA

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## *Cloud 9*

There is clarity  
when you look at me  
with stormy vision, you scope  
out the eye of a hurricane.  
You see light in my soul  
and thoughts of us accumulate --  
the iris dilates  
as you travel me, a current in your memory.  
In silence, you speak  
the sound of ocular movement:  
we blink and thunder claps --  
a break in the overcast.  
Lightning strikes from my chest  
and I feel your downpour.

A cloudburst showers,  
the body bends light,  
our sky kaleidoscopes,  
and we synthesize rainbows  
to feel sanctified.

*Linger*

I sleep at ease

when the scent of last night  
stitches into my clothes.

I breathe,  
and every past  
good or bad decision  
we enacted in moonlight  
perfumes the room.

His fragrance envelopes me.  
The aroma cloaks and holds  
shapes: impressions left on the couch,  
incense coiling to the ceiling,  
the mint on his lips,  
the trace of pine he wore  
home from work,  
even the planted whiskey kisses  
that blossom overnight.

I watch as mornings rise  
like the steam ascending  
from my mug  
and I realize how  
he holds me  
the way citrus sticks  
to your fingertips.  
Encouraging sweet dreams,  
I feel him.  
He holds me, and

I sleep at ease.

# ROOTS

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## *Car Doors*

When I was a child,  
the sound of car doors meant  
he was home.

*Slam.*

Tiny feet  
tapping along the cold hardwood  
to the door --  
I could barely grasp the handle,  
pressing my ear on the window,  
listening for his car keys to jingle.

*Slam.*

When I was six, we crammed  
my banana bike  
in the trunk of his silver Chevy,  
drove down to the boardwalk  
because the air smelled of brine  
and the fisherman were our friends.  
His jacket was patched: USS Wainwright.  
*Commissioned in '66* he said.

I didn't know better  
and couldn't notice.  
I carried on with grass stains, believing  
everything was fine.

*Slam.*

When I was twelve, he unboxed  
an old notebook. I remember pages  
decorated with the names  
of foreign places: *Albufeira, Ipanema,*

*Laos.* He became my history book,  
unwittingly teaching me  
to curse in Portuguese:  
our native romance language.

*Slam*

I read:  
Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder  
is said to affect relationships.

I watched:  
coffee brewed  
no longer for two,  
the neighbors never knew  
what to say.

I still remember how  
the wall shivered  
as his picture was stripped  
and the stomp of his heavy heel  
vanished from the hall.

*Slam.*

Hopeless --  
a car door hits the vehicle hard.  
I'm tempted  
to stare, to silence  
the old growing curiosity.  
I'm nearly quick  
to casually glance,  
yet I stop myself  
as I always battle to do.

*Slam.*

I know better.

I know better.