PERSONAL PORTFOLIO
2016

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eb.
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

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.
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.
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.
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.
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.