

Saturday Night

Raquel Rodríguez

Pot bellied man,
Hiked up khaki pants,
A felt tip hat he
Never took off.
Not even when he took me in the
Dark closet that smelled of moth balls
and sat me on his lap.
Fingers under my cotton starched
dress, touching me hard on Saturday
night while Mom and Dad drank with
his wife Josefina.
Until I forgot and they
Never noticed every
Saturday Night.

Unforgiven

Raquel Rodríguez

Ten years old,
guilt pushing me to St. Frances Catholic Church
every Sunday in Sunday best dress of
over-washed cotton.

Bleached yellow socks kneeling
before a priest in a mahogany cage box,
confessing the sin of collecting dimes
from boys my brother brought to my window
to see "it."

My dark space of curiosity
forbidden, my dark Garden of Eden.

So on Sunday, every Sunday,
knelt in a mahogany cage box forgiven
by God, but hell and shame my invisible
friends followed me home...
every Sunday.