

100 WORDS ON BEING DONE

Lorna Dee Cervantes

I'm done with demons; dying

by the dram. I'm done
with dealing diamonds from my
hand; done doubting the way
destiny pays; done doubling up
on trouble; done with debits
defining me, dollars dividing me;
done doing it up just
to have it undone; done
denying the outcome. I'm done.

I want bread and your red
arabesques on my neck. I
want the guards at my
borders to grant you entry.

I want to enter your
bed, lay down your arms,
speak you when spoken
to—I want to be
your native tongue, your native
touch, your single braid—undone.

From *Ciento: 100 100-Word Love Poems*