

Ignazio Perez Romero



reflections through poetry



Intertwined.

Mislabeled as a weapon. Ironic, as the inherited label describes an object that separates, defiles, and kills. Now I reckon, aren't black widows recognized for their beauty?

I believe it is a tool that unites, certainly causing jubilation throughout my people. Is this feeling akin to what Mary felt after giving birth in the steeple?

My emotional baggage pours, sprawling throughout the room, as she reaches inside the box without fear of what will be revealed.

I look up to those that aim for the top. For them, I shoot my shot, no gun. For her I would travel miles, just to approach and tell-er. Love can know no bounds. When exercised properly.

Exercise— is it aerobic or anaerobic to love? What is a steady pace and conformity without surges of adrenaline running through your veins, rushing your state of mind and making you feel jittery at your partner's touch? Ecstatic does not seem to cut it— your rapid contractions and jolts of muscle fill me up with euphoria. Just like the show, you are truly my substance.

Nonetheless, the intricacies of my mind usually falter when concentrating on one topic... something often picked up by my peers. This time, I cannot lose focus and forget that I must take her with me to the tropics.

It's my call to decide if she'll be mine. But this time— Adam faces uncertainty and temptation... while Eve remains free, studying the declaration. I declare my feelings for you without hesitation. No time for elaboration, I just want to see your enthusiasm. Depart from formalities, reminisce our time spent together throughout the last year- intertwined with the feeling of joy.

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Los Angeles, 2022

Stained.

Drinking a fine red wine in excess may lead to spillage,
which forever stained both my shirt and my relationship with the bottle.

Although the bottle seemed blessed, Its true intentions were hidden.
Intoxicated with the temptation of power and control encouraged
actions deemed forbidden.

Stained. The wine won't come out, mistakes forever engraved in the
fabrics. Is this really what I'm all about? Am I going to hurt others with
my antics?

If that's the case I've failed... to uphold basic human decency. While
others to the cross are nailed. I feel locked up, can someone pay bail?

The detergent, hard at work. The sergeant, in the trenches like Durk.
Can one really cleanse the other while drugs stay out of the network?

Change requires both awareness and effort. As I slowly scrub the stain,
feeling the arduous labor, I think to myself. My palms get sweaty, arms
get heavy, but from that thought I refrain.

I clean and clean and realize. It is not a wine stain; it is blood
It is all but a mere disguise. The mental strain in fact represented
physical pain. And the few drops that poured at first now resembled a
flood.

There's hope, the wound can be covered. Making me smile, wide as a
lime. Away from my body, my anxiety hovered. The bleeding will cease
with time.

Scabbing and coagulation works this way. As human social interactions
follow. These commons patterns leave me with a feeling of dismay,
Are all aspects of life really that intertwined?

I was wrong from the start. Change also requires sparing time. I have
enough spare pennies and nickels in my pocket. But the real dime will
stick with me through the crime... and ride with me to the moon on my
rocket.

Eventually, the stain will wash away, revealing a clean surface full of
promise and potential.

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