

All Eyes To The Sky But Even Walls Have Ears
by April Jaramillo

Painted lips touch blistered tongues
and laughter rings throughout the house
as lamps come crashing to the ground,
all eyes on the sky outside.

And vodka stained tears
stream like pools of slick oil,
gold in stories of old and all we can say is "Yes."
As we hear their cries
from above us, and do nothing to stop it.

History speaks of golden eyes filled with fiery passions
played out in small cramped closets with only the hanging dresses
and mink covered fur coats
to guard from all the bruises for when their backs
went slamming, slamming, *slamming* into white washed walls,

and lust- colored love
leaves rose-colored hips black and blue,
impressions of other impressions made at dinner parties.

"Yes" they speak again, centuries later, into the arms
of unloving lovers,
all these diner parties gone so wrong and
the single and desperate many cry out into the night sky,
bloodied finger tips mixed with chocolate stains
on our, her, mine, their pretty pink dresses...
saved from prom,
refitted for cocktail parties,
torn in the night by beasts of prey.

And red painted lips touch salt covered wrists,
Lemon-kissed lips,
while porcelain flowers lay in shatters on the
white blemish- free carpet
all the while muffled screams stream with vodka tears
from cramped closets upstairs...

All eyes to the sky outside,
because we cannot stop it here.