

Ghosts of the Streets | Guadalupe Miranda

A blistering day—
 my skin red, hairs singed from the sun
 cooling off in the car as the streets seem to stretch
 past the tunnel of life.
 A woman lies on the ground
 sweltering under heat, under watchful eyes looking away
 skin to bone, bone to dirt, blood to cement
 searching for soft hands
 crying for soft limbs
 begging for the soft caress of life to accept her.

A blistering day—
 my skin raw, with something to itch
 furrowed brow with nothing to eat
 stretching past the tunnel of life
 watching, waiting for the woman to lift her head.
 Green shirt, green pants blending with nothing but air
 next to the steps of a home that is not her own
 blending with the leaves, the green of the trees
 blending, until air washes her away
 and nothing is left
 and nothing is seen.
 Green shirt, green pants like a leaf, green of the trees
 shunned to silence, shunned of beauty
 shunned to cruel powers of invisibility.