


2014

Discourse of Introduction and Other Foul Sentiments

Erica de la Cruz
Tennessee State University

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Recommended Citation

de la Cruz, Erica (2014) "Discourse of Introduction and Other Foul Sentiments," *Sketches: the Online Creative Arts Journal of Tennessee State University*: Vol. 2 , Article 7.

Available at: <http://digitalscholarship.tnstate.edu/sketchestu/vol2/iss1/7>

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I. Discourse of Introduction and Other Foul Sentiments.

Erica de la Cruz

Discourse of butterflies among innards,
so beautiful in intent and horrific all at once.

Flying insects that flutter and falter amongst bile and entrails,
in the sack of the stomach and encroaching upon the esophageal space.

They coat it with their own kind of honey as would bees
but without territorial or protective sting,
only disorientation and the faint (and somehow innocent)
sense of a smile
and accompanying knot are yielded.

Misguided and true...

...Unable to see past the end of the nose,

to be consumed by and even savor
the feeling of sweet and sour torture-

the fruity acrid taste of a corrosive stomach liquids

crashing like vitriolic tides over the eyes,

over the tongue

over chest

finally spiraling, somewhat settling

down deep like a duodenal whirlpool.

Once the winged pestilence enters the dangerous space of the mind

it can no longer be expected to perform the mundane or menial tasks of everyday.

It has swarmed.

And you are warned,

with clouded cerebral dalliance
and possibly fever.

What is accepted in the discourse is that these symptomatic arthropods will not cease
until resolution;

A meeting.

The anticipation, hormones and chemicals rush about the body in the meantime
in an odd carnivalesque consumption of organs and general bodily composition
by wretched and whimsical moths .

It may be a point to consider for some that
sometimes the discourse's logic is faulty
(although that's yet another topic of discussion altogether)
because every now and again this resolution's rendered lame
-that's when they say miracles occur.

However, at the present time, what is to be understood is that there
is life

altering inside us, growing!

Creatures,

awesome and alive.

Utterly resplendent and putrid,

they dictate our physical climate until this said resolution.

Until I see your face.

And in the instantaneous combination

Of...

Loss...

Of...

Breath...

and kaleidoscope colors from the ejected
poisons of the bugs inside force me
to pull out magnificent wings from inside my mouth and under my tongue
that hinder me to speak;

Infected.

They have been latched onto a beating heart that feels as
though it has paused in one moment too close to death
that not unlike now the rush of passions and fairness of all life swarm again
culminating this discourse in the one foremost principle:
the task of one shy utterance;
a single