

POETRY/FICTION

Poems

On The Last Decade

First, valleys were green
And the horizon pretty blue,
Hoping most things would be
How wanted, pretty good,
But as you never know
What tomorrow will bring
You should better go
With a love that stands still.

On Nineteen Ninety, in the month of June
With who I was with, since nineteen eighty six
Went to be tested for the new deadly illness
And on both it came out positive,
High blood pressure about this bad news
Right away began inserting into my mind's list
Heavy stress while thinking why in me,
And it brought me pressure, strongly.

My brain experienced
Meningitis and encephalitis
On August of Nineteen Ninety,
So today I keep feeling
Is a blessing that now I have lived
As majority of others, do not live;
No matter what
I am very happy
And keep on track
Good times to see.

—René Cordero-Cordero (Mr.)