

Red Screams

(after a talk with Michael Meade)

Luis Rodriguez

The girl who used razors
to slash the length of her arms
called the opened flesh “red screams.”
They are the mouths
of all our silences,
for what we can only imagine.
They are the vowels
in octave spiral
toward our fears.
Listening is not enough.
What bass fluctuates
In the resounding pangs
between these ears?
If we get near
let the rhythm speak,
convulsing beneath our caresses.
We may not understand
but I think about this:
If violins could stay our hands,
We’d all learn to play.