

Not Only Dark Poems

By Rosalinda Vargas

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Dedication

This book of poetry is dedicated to my sister Janie Black. We went through a lot together and so these are her memories too.

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Hey There Cute Thing

Hey there cute thing
Are you smiling at me
Are you thinking of a fling
Let's go on a date and see

Hey there cute thing
Are we compatible
Will I make your heart sing
I'm sure it's not impossible

Hey there cute thing
What's your first name
Why are you winking
Oh, you want to play that game

Hey there cute thing
Is that a ring on your finger
Do you need to confess something
Well, I find you cute no longer

I Used to Like Riddles

I used to like riddles
But I don't anymore
I used to like fiddles
But my fingers are sore

What is a riddle good for now
It used to help time pass away
But now no one has time anyhow
The time available is not for play

With Xbox, iPod and cell phone
There are lots of stay-busy things to do
Sore fingers is what you get with one
I don't have time to doodle do you

Text messages, emails and twitter fun
One day I'll wish for a riddle or two
Who am I kidding cause only one
Will tax my brain and tire me too

In the Morning I Drink Coffee

In the morning I drink coffee
In the evening I drink tea
Today nothing bothers me
Tomorrow we shall see

In the morning I eat sweets
In the evening I eat them too
Today I can dance to the beats
Tomorrow I'll gain a pound or two

In the morning I start with money
In the evening I count what's left
Today it's "anything you want honey"
Tomorrow you'll be calling me debt

In the morning I get up at eight
In the evening I don't care for clocks
Today I will live and work till late
Tomorrow I'll look for my socks

In the morning this rhyme sounded good
In the evening I won't understand it
Today everything is as it should
Tomorrow I'll run around saying "dang it"

Planting Sunflowers Is Fun

Planting sunflowers is fun
I like planting in the sun
Watering the seed is fun
Then we go for a run

Waiting for flowers to bloom is fun, too
I like sliding down the slide
Riding in a car for two
And running out to hide

Friends come over and I show the sprouts
I like hearing that they will come back
Watering and weeding, then Mom shouts
“Everyone, come here and have a snack.”

Weeks go by and more friends come play
I like having cookouts in the yard
Eating, dancing and dodging water spray
Then saying good-bye is very hard

There Are Hats on my Wall

There are hats on my wall
But I see more that I want
Here and there at the mall
I'd like one more to flaunt

It sports feathers and ribbons
On colors of dreams
It would look better on gibbons
"Buy me" it screams

There are hats on my wall
That I know I just adore
Funny how I never wear one at all
When I walk out the door

Now with my aunt
Here at the mall
I know I can't
But I want them all

***A Tarantula**

Sleepy, groggy, a tickle on palm
Opened eyes to see an acquaintance
Moon light through window reveals the giant
Frozen, speechless, terror stricken
Remembered, "It won't bite unless threatened."
Waiting, paralyzed, looking at slow pace of unwelcome local
Wide brown eyes stare at hairy, methodical legs
Crawling, brushing, upturned child's hand
It's gone, "I didn't die!"
Shouting, crying, getting up off the floor
Searching, turning things, shaking blanket
"You must have been dreaming," parent says.

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A Cockroach

Big, a flying type, dark as brown can be
Under dead trees and near a rubbish pile
It scampers and hides and doesn't bother me
Cry of surprise to see it inside on the wall
Gone, out of sight when help arrives
Disbelieving, no evidence, parent dismisses
Tucked in bed, worried about its whereabouts
Could it bite, hurt or kill me? "No, I'm not prey."
Shaken awake, time for school, dressed in a hurry
Learning, playing, now home for the day
Shock at mangled cockroach on big toe, scream
To this day, shoes are shaken, still shudder at memory

A Night En Route

They are too young, there's no moonlight

Fearful, they walk hand in hand beside a mesquite jungle

"Someone's coming" shouts a cricket, and then only silence is heard

The heat of the day rises from the earth mixed with dust

Each step is taken with care lest they step on an opossum or snake

Behind them barely visible is the campfire for cooking

Not brave enough to return without the cigarettes, the sisters continue

Distant barking is heard from dogs and it brings a fear of being mauled

"Uncle" they say teary at the end of the journey with a deep sentiment

Returning with a ride in his car, drowsy, hardly aware of the goings on around them

Yesterday and the spooky night without explanations is buried deep in memory

Years later and conversations too infrequent the memory is buried again

"You were probably dreaming," the parent says.

A Scorpion

Slow, yet quick
Miniature dinosaur
Hides, very patient
Morphed lobster
Hikes tail up as a signal
A statue to the eye
Scrambles to safety
An entity

A Rooster

He struts, crows and generally bullies hens
Colors are bold and head jerks around wildly
I look out the doorway, thinking of venturing
Quiet, sunny, I see only hens WITH chicks!
Oh, how cute, smile, look around
He puffs up, spreads wings! Run!
Panting, looking back, no air for words!
Ouch! Keep going, somebody is screaming
Sharp beak, loud noises and now fear forever
Then later, eat, grandma urges me and grins
Because *arroz con pollo* is on the plate! That's
Chicken with rice, cilantro, and other spices
Then I smirk because it's time to gloat

The Goat

It smells and complains constantly
Butts anything and everything indifferently
It skitters and bucks and does number two
Nibbles and gnaws and gets his teeth on my shoe
It looks at me wildly and scrunches its nose
Sounds that he makes make me think that he knows

Ants

Look at them go
To where I don't know
Up and down and here and there
In and out of their nest to who knows where
Some go in with some food which they carry with care
But just to bother them by using a short stick I would not dare