

Ignorant Blood
by: Jonathan Santiago

I wonder if her mother heard him
leave their bed to wish their youngest girl goodnight.
At dawn, a bedroom wallpapered with Artemis'
calloused hands covering her eyes,
the cherubs turning their flushed cheeks.

I wonder what being innocent must be like-
no acts of curiosity hanging over you;
like the dying limbs of a weeping willow;
like the darkest note on the piano I was told not to touch;
like the hunger for oblivion in which a hymen confides.

I wonder if her teachers' label of "promiscuous"
meant she smiled at wanton boys who weren't afraid
to sneak between teeth-grinding pink cotton sheets
to play come-spank-the-dumb-girl;
but be sure to wipeout the stains!

I wonder if I have strains of him
flowing through the veins of my penis;
the way it floods with ignorant blood
makes the every morning experience of excretion
that much more putrid.

I wonder what made her think she's "dumb, stupid, retarded,"
unable to function with a normal mind's apparatus.
It must be that whole passing-the-buck thing.
No, it must be the way she stared at the blackboard-
oh, how it mirrored those nights without flickering stars.

I wonder what stirred him in the middle of those nights;
propelled him into her dandelion coated room,
into her licorice nightmares,
into her sour rain lake,
he made a splash.

I wonder if it would be wrong to spit
in his face when he gets to die.
Maybe I will save some shit,
gnash it in his icicle eyes. I am scared
god will let him off easy.