

[Home](#)

[Current Issue
\(Autumn 2007\)](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



My prince is dead

My prince is dead.
, bare feet
full of armor.
Eyes smashingly blue.
Dirty.
He crossed a mountain
full of sky to get to me,
but he died at my doorstep.
Poor doughty soul.
He was going to tell me
how much he needed me,
how much he wanted to rescue me
from my wretched mind and empty orgasms.
But he's part of another sphere now.
Sword in hand.
Riding into the Dali heavens.
Shame I needed him more then your boring war ever did.

In there off to the side

In there off to the side, behind the tall statue, It wasn't simple.
You were guided. You followed like the sun falls into the ground and
people stare. Easy as Sunday.
A quiet moment and a gentle warmth, only you don't seem to notice. But
feel comforted and sound. Your soul delicate like a baby's bottom.
Fresh and blameless.
You're growing and growing and then the rain in your pocket reaches
your tongue and you feel it all over again. It's like velvet. You
smell the grass rich in your head.
Your feet are moving now guided by the wind and something inside.
Something you think is yours. That thing that feels you up. It keeps
you company.

There it is, the drawbridge. An exit resting comfortably between tomorrow and the brilliant glow of dandelions. Reaching for the banister you descend the dragon and begin to smile. Waiting for the sun.

Me and Mars

I haven't been this lonely
since Mars came into discovery.
And when all the planets are terrifically aligned
maybe my true love will show its face,
in a dog's smile or a guitar string,
I don't care as long as it keeps me from
tearing my fucking eyes out.
A drum roll's inside my head
Boom chicka boom,
Elvis Presley died alone
with his sunglasses on
but that's not going happen to me.
I have too many trashy novels to live.
Besides I don't even own a pair of sunglasses.
Squinting with the crevice of my soul
so tight, no light can enter
but the sun's not my sex planet anyway.
No-strings-attached guys
coming in like a herd of dirty cattle.
They must smell my lust
seeping out of every part of my throbbing body.
Gonna tell them to drop their boy dreams
on some other whore, like their mother.
What's the matter sir, am I too frightening for you?
Well then I'll be dumb,
because I know complicated women can be such a hassle,
until a breast comes out,
divine and round as mother earth.

I don't have any damage yet, at 33
so I'll be that play-thing you want me to be.
Just say you won't leave me and
go build a skyscraper or wait to make your first million.
Trying hard to get to Mars without me.
Don't worry, I'll catch up I promise.

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Maria Marrocchino, a producer for Saatchi & Saatchi as well as a freelance writer, has had her poetry published in the *Sun* and *Main Street Rag*. In the book *Winged Victory: Transcending Breast Cancer*, her poems are accompanied by photographs of breast cancer survivors. Her feature stories have appeared in *Nylon Magazine*, *Dazed and Confused* and *City* magazines. My poem entitled "Andy" was in *America at the Millennium: The Best Poems and Poets of the 20th Century*.

