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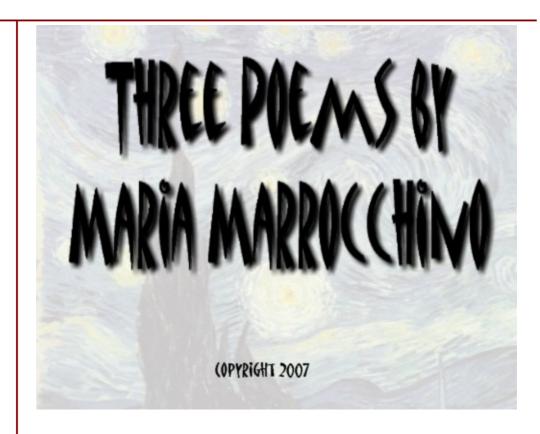
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My prince is dead

My prince is dead.

, bare feet

full of armor.

Eyes smashingly blue.

Dirtv.

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 Confuzed* and *City* magazines. My poem entitled "Andy" was in *America at the Millennium: The Best Poems and Poets of the 20th Century*.