

LOS ANGELES: EL LAY

She is rose or the essence of wine
Drenched coupling. She is ribbon silk
Like fluid kisses as I sigh again
Inside her lace-lined sunsets, I fall forever
Laughing with joy, eyes, mouth lips tongue
Glued to her skin that glistens
She is fever and sweat and a smile
Only Cheshire could rival.
Her voice is innocence and purity
Begging to be deflowered, debauched
Under the hypnotic glow of a
Late-night love song by Sade
On a cinnamon-honey glide through
The walls of her crescent moon tomorrow
I am distant, caught in a diamond-web
Paradise. In her arms I seethe and roil,
And burn like the candle made
From eternity's flame.
She is the sainted angel of lust
Who blesses my bed in the dark
And haunts my days long after
I have gone away.

ABEL SALAS



Abel Salas is the Publisher and Editor at Brooklyn & Boyle, an Eastside arts, literature and community journal based in the historic Boyle Heights neighborhood. He currently serves on the board at Corazon del Pueblo, an East Side community cultural arts center and collective. He has also taught creative writing in LA County juvenile halls and his work as a journalist has appeared in The New York Times, Los Angeles Times Magazine, Los Angeles Magazine, Artillery Magazine, New Angeles Monthly, Latina Magazine, The Austin Chronicle and The Brownsville Herald among many others. Salas has been invited to share his poetry on stages in Havana, Cuba, Toluca, Mexico, Mexico D.F. and Washington D.C. He is the author of the forthcoming book, LOS ANGELES: EL LAY and the chapbook LONE OAK IN DECEMBER: ENCINO INVERNAL (1998) and the monograph HIJA DE GUADALUPE/CHILD OF GUADALUPE (2007).