

My writing process at Can Serrat was motivated by spending time outside in the land surrounding the house. It was very important for me to begin my days, red composition notebook in tow, soaking in the stillness of the mountain and the warmth of the sun without the distraction of technology. The Writers Room became a safe haven, and while I rarely used my desk it became the place where my rough drafts became realities. When I wasn't writing I was sharing stories with people who became lifelong friends. These relationships helped form the art I made at Can Serrat and the art I would make thereafter. I have selected two poems as a representation of my work during my time as a resident of Can Serrat.

ode to u

i can feel,
the way your eyes scan the room
only to focus on nothing.
can i awaken what lies dormant in
you, doomed to desire
what you know you cannot have.
 i am tired of scaling mountains,
of clinging to the past,
of chipping away at the skin you have let
calcify,
bound by doubt.
let me unravel what you have wound so tightly,
what you have denied yourself,
you,
lost amongst the fir of your mind.
 you see,
for a brief moment,
our lives are intertwined in splendor.
in beauty unknown,
undiscovered.
your laughter reverberating,
colliding with the walls and into me,
 my body is open.
your face
your eyes
you
are ingrained in my being
you are,
 and i will take you with me.
this love it radiates
it flows
it fills caverns hollowed out by beasts before—
it seeps through my pores, the scent of
 you,
is intoxicating.
and i am ravenous.

oda a ti

puedo sentir,
la forma en que tus ojos escanean el cuarto
sólo para centrarse en nada.
puedo despertar lo que está durmiendo en
ti, condenado a desear
aquello que sabes que no puedes tener.
 estoy cansada de escalar montañas,
de aferrarme al pasado,
de desprenderme de la piel que has dejado
calcificar,
obligado por la duda.
déjame desentrañar lo que has arrollado tan
fuertemente,
lo que te has negado a ti mismo,
tú,
perdido entre los abetos de tu mente.
 lo ves,
por un breve momento,
nuestras vidas están entrelazadas en esplendor.
en la belleza desconocida,
inexplorada.
tu risa resonando,
chocando con las paredes y dentro de mí,
 mi cuerpo está abierto.
tu cara
tus ojos
tú
están arraigados en mi ser
tú estás,
 y te llevaré conmigo
este amor irradia
fluye
llena cavernas ahuecadas por bestias antes—
se filtra a través de mis poros, la esencia
 tu,
es toxico.
y soy voraz.

Cortland

Twenty-five cents bought me stillness for an afternoon,
in the form of a fluorescent jumbo ice pop, back when the
coca-cola shaped piggy-bank never held its treasure for long,
its guts pilfered for a ham and cheese that would feed us all—
hold the mayo because you were allergic.

The adjacent lot ran wild, its weeds grown rampant concealing
fantasies, offering gifts, a page from a playboy where I first saw
breasts framed in an explicit manner, sprawling, unbridled—
is this what is to come?

I've come to learn just being a woman is explicit—
clothed
unclothed
existing.

We would congregate in harmony when the streets went black,
hydrants flowing, porches littered with families exhausted by the
heat with no choice but to succumb to the humidity that made
our hair betray us, the other.

Why did I try to hide it for so long?

A block once black and brown grown white.