

LESBIAN POETRY



Mongoose Distro
PO Box 220069
Brooklyn, NY 11222



by Sofia "Candle" DeFerrari

Sofia DeFerrari 23976151
Coffee Creek Correctional Facility
24499 SW Grahams Ferry Road
Wilsonville, OR 97070

Δ

I miss that
look in her eyes
when she was
excited
seeing me

φ

I await her
command;
her hand

6

Her tomboy disregard for my femme cares
my choosing to embrace femininity
how trite to state love negatively pairs
there's seldom virtue in timidity
so powerless, so helpless, yet I'm sure
the weak submissive overcome the strong
I'm thankful that exceptions are so her
so powerful, her dominance I long
until she makes me distant from disdain
could cold come any harsher than her ice?
her disgust at my presence is so plain
sole satisfactions of my prior vice
I linger in the frost til she will warm
ne'er quite restored to what warmth she once had
her sweetness assumes such a changed new form
and just to see her once more I'm so glad

1

How she gave me that attentive focus
which my heart so earnestly demanded
that we never shared so much as one kiss
breaks me even more than if commanded
to destroy my own emotional state
sinking to the lowest depths of sadness
where the only target for me to hate
is my passion that resembles madness
pushing onward always to my demise
she'll continue with her thoughtless action
all my suffering kept under safe guise
nevermore her loving occupation
tragedy defines the constant current
why did she just love me for one moment?

2

What is it that makes me want to hold her?
my deprivation fuelling wanton grief
lusting after her, I just won't falter
despite every attempt to feel relief
her ignoring me shouldn't draw allure
looking as if she would rather vanish
reminiscent of tumultuous war
as if my mere presence would her's tarnish
perhaps to her I'm not significant
that she'll ne'er love me speaks to just as much
furthered by how I bring detriment
selfishly longing to not remain such
should she change her mind, I'll be awaiting
hopeful that one day we'll commence dating

3

Will she ne'er take my hands and hold me tight?
waking in her arms such a distant dream
how we'd share the sight of each by moonlight
gazing to each so long as we will deem
her dominance rids me of my courage
though my heart is warmed at her soft guidance
my shy fear sows so much awful carnage
upon my tender heart's wont of romance
can I place the blame at my own two feet
or is there no one who is culpable?
the butterflies she gifts me are a treat
her role making them is negligible
I have no doubt that if she did want me
she would grab my hand and my heart is hers
I, thus, have no shock that this cannot be
she holds the reigns that bring my heart quivers

μ

her
hips
walking
away

Σ

She'll
never love me
like her

4

Her laugh rings clearer than any bird's call
so subtly subsumed by her fresh joy
beauty that grows with her chest's rise and fall
I love the happiness of a tomboy
her confident daily activity
warmth flowing unto all her acts unique
like bright sun's ray can spark proclivity
of sapling unto growth of what once weak
supporting those so close, so tenderly
her tomboyish allure so feminine
her walk and talk decidedly girly
so slightly tinged with traits oft masculine
how sweet to taste the sunshine even far!
her radiance impossible to mar

5

Those rare shy moments with hesitation
where her discomfort shows in control's lack
how cute she looks in her contemplation
I want her help to paint the whole world black
to see her wake unto herself at last
free of authority's dreary power
no longer subservient to the past
her fullest form allowed to now flower
I'd take her hand and help her on this path
false consciousness divorces her from this
e'er enslaved to the capitalist wrath
she should just pull me closer for a kiss
her tender hands pulling my lips to her
her interest for me no longer falters