

My Heart Broke Loose With the Wind

(In Response to “Poetry” by Pablo Neruda)

On the pages of a Khalil Gibran journal
my voice was freed—the wind squalled
through my brain beaten
down by words, abusive.

Such liberation possessed me wholly.
His revelation bloomed,
so unlike my mother’s mutterings
as she drifted in and out of madness.

My lines, at ten, engendered
many other poems holding and healing
me—once so deeply shattered.
Those words now yearning for the divine
just like the prophet Khalil Gibran.