

Good Intentions Are for Fools

by Samantha Lê

He only reads National Geographic for the brown,
exotic, naked women whose faces and breasts ooze natural,
sexual energy. Good intentions are for fools.
Sixty-two years with the same woman, the same face,
the same scent, and the same sex that wilts
like lonely irises in the night, he deserves something
more than this morbid stillness of dead, tired bones.
No one told him life was going to be this way.

The cactus storms cast their thorns upon his shadow,
which fades slowly down the last stretch of road.
Maybe, just maybe, all the rulers and gods are wrong.
Maybe, just maybe, the ocean begins where he stands
and the solstice, sun and equator are just points on points—
and after sixty-two years of leaving his dreams on the mat
outside the door, maybe, just maybe these hot tears
were the long awaited rain of a new birth.

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