

Cristian Diaz, AY-0115

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“Dogma” (5/6/18)

I was brought up in a home with strong doctrine beliefs  
orchestrated by catholic religion, superstition, and witches  
candles burning with inscriptions written around the wick  
idolizing saints and prayers to the virgin Mary  
I'm very superstitious  
with a curse of a thousand broken mirrors;  
I believe in the bad luck of a black cat.  
Candlesticks burning in the dark  
I'm waking up at 3am.  
Searching for a cleansing and healing  
I'm very superstitious  
I let the family witch engrave a cross on my left chest plate.  
Although it is small, I will forever have this scar.  
Soul searching deep down inside, and broken mirrors scare me  
Seven years and seven more, bad luck like I broke a thousand mirrors.  
I dreamt with the devil and even spoke to God in  
my deep sleep dreams.  
Take a look at foresight,  
Read me the cards and if you read my palm I'll have bad luck  
Eleven years ago in a dream, at his grave, in a form of a poem  
I read my brother's eulogy  
he was still alive then; I don't remember what it said and I wept in my sleep.  
The meaning of long life is death  
and he visits at time; prayers and prayers every night

Angels and demons, I've seen them both  
caring and mocking, caressing and taunting  
an apparition is common to my folk  
A sign, good or bad is common like fish in sea  
I've heard of people speaking in tongues and they say they've been touched by the holy spirit  
I was told my niece spoke in tongues at a church service  
I saw my son speaking in tongues  
I was drowned in fear  
such mystique that we can't comprehend  
except for the prayers and prayers every night.  
This strict doctrine of what I've been taught.