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Virgin De Guadalupe

Jeanne Gomez

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Medusa

Jeanne Gomez

Black eyes conceal all truth
Who dare to look, for fear
of turning to stone

Chaos falls about my face
Hair made of snake ringlets

Sharp wit and sarcasm
Forked tongue pierces
the heart

Restless sleep
Waiting in anticipation for
my Perseus

Contact

Jayne Creelman

In the calm following the impact
she looked over at my husband
and knew he was dead.

At least that's what she told me
though I never asked her to explain.

I guess it was just one of the many things
I didn't really want to know.

Virgin De Guadalupe

Jeanne Gomez

My blessed child, I graciously come
To you with prayerful hands.
Tell me your sorrows;
For your wounds will be healed.
Sweet child, do not give up
On hope, love, or faith.
I am with you always. When
You doubt, look to the roses.