

## Red Screams

(after a talk with Michael Meade)

Luis Rodriguez

The girl who used razors  
to slash the length of her arms  
called the opened flesh “red screams.”  
They are the mouths  
of all our silences,  
for what we can only imagine.  
They are the vowels  
in octave spiral  
toward our fears.  
Listening is not enough.  
What bass fluctuates  
In the resounding pangs  
between these ears?  
If we get near  
let the rhythm speak,  
convulsing beneath our caresses.  
We may not understand  
but I think about this:  
If violins could stay our hands,  
We’d all learn to play.