



Emerging Writers:
Jacob Laba

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Bareness

Bareness—
it is just skin,
why be afraid, why goggle-eyed? To be bare is to be
bracketed alongside
what many brand the greatest sins! But it is just the cherished
human
figure; curvaceous curves, stocky buttocks, fleshy flesh—nudity is
human nature. To suppress it is to bicker with the
mush prancing around as a
free human.

Forebears

A wrestle between wind and fire occurs nightly — wind puffs; fire rebuffs. How to reconcile, they do not know; to ally with each other, they tsk-tsk and pip-pop at the mere idea. They prefer an endless tug-of-war of woe.

How well they would work together, though!

Fire: its cries sound like wind rolling over a rickety shack. Wind: its little-windtaps, its scurries — they resemble wildfire

boiling over a vase of

timber. Flames: the retina

shivers, fragments, as if

a pressed-sponge freshly feasted on lava.

Wind: the retina embraces

its blade of ecstasy, shedding its

wilty-white

for it exhausted its skin.

The visual lure of the

flame, the varnished roar of air! —

how they streak and splay and

swaddle our sense with the delicate veins of

the wavering world. A hurricane, when faraway, is a

serpentine funnel hauling the earthbound to the nether —

it is doting too, as it whispers,

“You belong here” — and settles in our ruins. However, its

whispers are more like

howls that only reach the

deaf.

A forest when

alight with a siege of red, faraway too —

is the nakedness of being: the atrophy of a

once-green polis,

bowing before its unrelenting tyrant

after centuries of maturity.

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Destruction, danger, is the untold love of the human —
for do we not watch everything collapse and the flattened nothing
with a quenched lust?

And do we not love to statically heed the beauty of
everything fizzling out — until it is all
gone?

Perhaps fire and wind are our
true forebears.

Assumptions

What is that
on your chin? Is it a spot;
is it a skin-pin? Or perhaps it is
a cancerous mole — but no, it's
too large or too small. A condiment, perhaps? —
barbecue's red tears? Did you shake it too hard, you have the gull!
did it retaliate with a splash and a smear?
Oh, and on your knee, what could it be! Is it a cut, a bruise —
a deformity, or a false paper-mache bump to rouse?
Shame, shame on you, for what right do you have to even
make me consider the latter?
And on your stomach, your belly, and directly
below! Folds; mold-eaten rolls? Slumps of your
back's-knack
or your ugliness? You must be
a disgusting little fellow.

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About the writer:

Jacob Laba is a writer and poet from El Cerrito, California. He has been published in the *East Bay Times*, *Haiku*, *Collidescope*, *LitVegan*, and is forthcoming elsewhere.

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