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## Lesbian Poetry



**Sofia "Candle" De Ferrari**

1

How she gave me that attentative focus  
which my heart so earnestly demanded  
that we never shared so much as one kiss  
breaks me even more than if commanded  
to destroy my own emotional state  
sinking to the lowest depths of sadness  
where the only target for me to hate  
is my passion that resembles madness  
pushing onward always to my demise  
she'll continue with her thoughtless action  
all my suffering kept under safe guise  
nevermore her loving occupation  
tragedy defines the constant current  
why did she just love me for one moment?

2

What is it that makes me want to hold her?  
my deprivation fuelling wanton griefy  
lusting after her, I just want falter  
despite every attempt to feel relief  
her ignoring me shouldn't draw allure  
looking as if she would rather vanish  
reminiscent of tumultuous war  
as if my mere presence would her's tarnish  
perhaps to her I'm not significant  
that she'll ne'er love me speaks to just as much  
furthered by how I bring detriment  
selfishly longing to not remain such  
should she change her mind, I'll be awaiting  
hopeful that one day we'll commence dating

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I miss that  
look in her eyes  
when she was  
excited  
seeing me

φ

I await her  
command;  
her hand

6

Her tomboy disregard for my femme cares  
my choosing to embrace femininity  
how trite to state love negatively pairs  
there's seldom virtue in timidity  
so powerless, so helpless, yet I'm sure  
the weak submissive overcome the strong  
I'm thankful that exceptions are so her  
so powerful, her dominance I long  
until she makes me distant from disdain  
could cold come any harsher than her ice  
her disgust at my presence is so plain  
sole satisfactions of my prior vice  
I linger in the frost til she will warm  
ne'ver quite restored to what warmth she once had  
her sweetness assumes such a changed new form  
and just to see her once more I'm so glad

4

Her laugh rings clearer than any bird's call  
 so subtly subsumed by her fresh joy  
 beauty that grows with her chest's rise and fall  
 I love the happiness of a tomboy  
 her confident daily activity  
 warmth flowing unto all her acts unique  
 like bright sun's ray can spark proclivity  
 of sapling unto growth of what once weak  
 supporting those so close, so tenderly  
 her tomboyish allure so feminine  
 her walk and talk decidedly girly  
 so slightly tinged with traits oft masculine  
 how sweet to taste the sunshine even far!  
 her radiance impossible to mar

5

Those rare shy moments with hesitation  
 where her discomfort shows in control's lack  
 how cute she looks in her contemplation  
 I want her help to paint the whole world black  
 to see her wake unto herself at last  
 free of authority's dreary power  
 no longer subservient to the past  
 her fullest form allowed to now flower  
 I'd take her hand and help her on this path  
 false consciousness divorces her from this  
 e'er enslaved to the capitalist wrath  
 she should just pull me closer for a kiss  
 her tender hands pulling my lips to her  
 her interest for me no longer falters

3

Will she ne'er take my hands and hold me tight?  
 waking in her arms such a distant dream  
 how we'd share the sight of each by moonlight  
 gazing to each so long as we will deem  
 her dominance rids me of my courage  
 though my heart is warmed at her soft guidance  
 my shy fear sows so much awful courage  
 upon my tender heart's want of romance  
 can I place the blame at my own two feet  
 or is there no one who is culpable?  
 the butterflies she gifts me are a treat  
 her role making them is negligible  
 I have no doubt that if she did want me  
 she would grab my hand and my heart is hers  
 I, thus, have no shock that this cannot be  
 she holds the reigns that bring my heart quivers

$\mu$

her  
 hips  
 walking  
 away

$\Sigma$

She'll  
 never love me  
 like her