The Wonderer

She lies there thinking,
Quietly on the ground.
They always snickered at her
When she would do this,
Only then she had clothes on.
Today she ran,
As far as she could,
As fast as she could,
Which wasn’t quite far enough.

Took off each piece of
Clothing, folding it neatly
Into a pile.
Not caring if they came to find her
Naked on the rock.
She had to feel the cold
Grittiness next to her
Bare skin before
She went insane.

She remembered doing this as
A baby, only then they would
Laugh at her cleverness
To know where she came from.
Rainy Dawn Ortiz

She closed her eyes.
Breathing in the warm air.
Feeling it flow around her
Naked brown skin
And over her hardened nipples.

With her fingertips
She felt the small
Bushes that emerged
Through the cracks
Of the rock
And felt the cool greenness
Of them.

She wondered if this is what
She was:
Earth, dirt, rocks.
They were her color,
Her smell,
Her taste.
And when she laughed
The rain fell
And the sky thundered.