



Sofia De Ferrari  
SID #23976151  
Coffee Creek Correctional Facility  
24499 SW Grahams Ferry Road  
Wilsonville, OR 97070

## 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 grief  
lusting after her, I just won't falter  
despite ev'ry 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

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I await her  
command;  
her hand

6

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 her self 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

4

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'er 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

5

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

3

Will she ne'er take my hand and hold me tight?  
working 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 of her soft guidance  
my shy fear sows so much awful carnage  
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