

Poetry Series

Tureygua Inaru

- poems -



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Tureyguia Inaru()

Tureyguia Inaru is a co-writer of INDIGENOUS (No Peeking Theatre) , Love Is In The Air (Free Spirit) , and Found A Proverb (Poets' Choice) . Her poetry has featured in the Nine Cloud Journal Series (Vijay R. Nathan) , Leonardo (CNMCC) , NonBinary Review (Zoetic Press) , Vagabonds (Weasel Press) , and the online magazines Untenured, Humans Of The World, Oddball, and Rigorous.



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The Unified Theory Of You

Though quantum physics may object
I regard you as more
than a tiny burst of light
dashing across my persistent memory.

From the smallest edges of the universe
I would, in fact, like to believe
that you and I are connected
(and always have been
and always will be)
but it's not because
you're quanta
and it's not because
time is relative.

To be a mere fact of life
woven into Indra's web with you
would be enough for my ego
but I cannot accept
a scientific theory
which reduces you
to a vibrating string
enmeshed in the same matrix
that includes everything else
(which, I'm told
only appears
to be matter) .

Since I've met you
I've known
that You were set apart-
of something more
than the particles
the rest of us are made of.

Tureygu Inaru

Capacocha Of The Little Revolutionary

Mother, Mom

half of my heart will always be missing, the part that belonged
to you.

Mom, you still don't love me.

Did you love me in the womb?

Mom, why don't you love me?

I'm twenty, now.

Did I bloom imperfectly?

I held your ideals dear to me.

As a child, you watered me with your points of view
that my eager leaves lapped up, thirstily. All through

grade school

you taught me about the "white man", you sprinkled me
with random facts. For you, I stood up to the teachers. For you
I broke the rules.

Every word that poured out of your mouth was golden.

I danced around you with my little bucket.

I longed for your miscellany, your knowledge.

I relayed every droplet

that effused

from your infinite fountain

to all who refused

to listen.

Pacha Kamaq, you were my fertility god
chopping me into pretty pieces so others may grow from my seeds.

You spread them about the land

at times with a heavy hand.

You were always adamant

you only planted

by need.

Did you know I still bleed?

Long ago, I learned

when you slapped my face—

I learned

that my identity was not in my body.

Yet, my purpose still escapes me
and at times, chases me.

I long for a place where no feet trod.
I long for a place with you, Mom.
I envision myself running, in slow motion
across a field that is open
a field of burnt flowers
Running, then running farther...
My brown feet are crunching the souls of my stillborns
as I reach for your limitless arms.

Tureyguia Inaru

Awakening

Between a four-cornered sunset
I made my pillow
I slept a long time
and woke up in cold ice
woke up in a neversphere
Now my dreams resound starlights
clinging to that utopian fantasy
My body pushes along my own
inner meteorites
memories of debris
disposing of my own conditioning
retiring undignified trophies
Everything hurts me because I'm listening
Nuclear bombs in bright explosions
Truth and History carving their names
into the sky that scars like skin
I'm a high-flying bird
soaring relentlessly
above the pollution of white supremacy
decolonizing—though the gray smoke, twisty
grabs my ankles
missing me
and pulling down some of my people
forcing affection in Stockholm's shackles
Space is consuming our resisting entities
Everything hurts us
but it's only because, collectively
we're moving closer to the standing sun

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Sushi With Cutlery

That peculiar musk on your hipster flannel...
marijuana: recreational, mixed with depression: clinical.
The aroma clings to your skin
as I undress your body
rubbing body
I'll make you brown like me too.

Our mouth-sounds
hushed moans in low tones
pleasure rising like heat
with only up to go...
Your eyes
so, so red
political cynical talk
as we lay naked, post-coital
in the middle of the night;
you play your 'The Beatles' on ukulele for show
repeating 'Me gusta Latinas' like I don't know.

The pitying squint on your forehead
as I pull my cardigan one shoulder at a time
then I say 'I'm tired—I don't think I can drive.
Can I stay? '
Hugging me quickly
you say I am fine.

Do you remember our first date?
You showed up to my house
with the tag on your dashiki turned inside out
we went for sushi
and when I positioned the slender wooden sticks
in your hand
with a kiss, you said
'Judgmental'.
You're just mental.
Then we screamed and spilled the sake
in front of the open-mouthed 'Orientals'.

After the date

you nailed me to the wall like a painting
hanging me up like an ornamented Indian-on-a-tree
placing me on a shelf
like a beautiful decorative piece
so high
I'll never be tall enough to reach

as blue irises locked with deep brown
I recognized
my shrinking reflection in your eyes...
sexual tension peaking, releasing
I was reaching for that place
but you pushed me to my knees;
you wanted it—NOW—
on my face.

I'm your candy, Willy Wonka.
I'm the squaw that you saw in the store window
a long time ago
an exotic trophy on display
cold, alone
with nowhere to go
a foreigner in her own home
begging strangers for a white bone.

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To Bear Witness

I used to read all of your poems
but you don't write about me anymore.
Before you left
you gave me your eyes. You popped them out
shook them like a pair of dice
and threw them on the floor at me.
'You're welcome'.
Indian Giver.
But you didn't want them back.
You said you no longer needed them.
Somehow that was worse.
I wanted to look away from you
but I could never
even as you sneered at me
and set yourself on fire.
I think you chanted
went through the motions
of religious rituals
just to prove you could
making a spectacle of self-discipline
until your point was proven.
One night
while the rest of the world was sleeping
you got up, from eternal seated lotus
your spirit
as thin as a butterfly's wing.
You stepped out of Your body
shrugged it off
like an old pair of overalls
and flew away
forever
into a forest
into a mist
somewhere you needed to go
somewhere not here
somewhere on
somewhere nice and magical and wonderful
where you don't have to think about those people
and what they did to you.

You don't remember me.

I don't want you to.

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American

It will be the death of me.
When they say 'She's American'
my heartbeat flickers like a dying lightbulb
a light someone turned on
when I didn't want them to.

We are 'gritty'. 'Pioneers'. 'Brave'. Loud'. 'Stubborn'.
All the character traits that are clipped like dead ends
as soon as they blossom in young girls
because girls are supposed to be quiet and obedient.

'But she's an American.'
'Adventurous, even for an American.'

But I am an American Indian.
And there were Indian cowboys, I
want to ride on a horse without a saddle
onward into the plains of the Wild West, without a map
while my never-cut hair blows in the wind
and only optimism guides my way.

These thoughts are going to kill me.
I don't want to be an Indian on a reservation
or a US-owned territory—I want to be me.
I want to be free.
I want that elusive, promised, American Dream
the Dream that was promised to people who are not me
the ones who don't look like me
who come from far away
the Dream for which people who look like me
died so they can have.

I want this so-called waking Dream.
I want that freedom.
I would sacrifice being a woman
or an Indian
to be an 'equal human'
protected, by God
from the elements, rattlesnakes, slave catchers

and anything else that would harm me
as I blaze my own trail in this land.

After a day of blazing my own trail
I am tired and must rest.
As I sleep, the American Dream
forms a protective circle around me
and fights off all my enemies.
As I sleep, I am cradled
in the soft womb of an open field
held inside of God's beautiful sky.

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Lessons From Permaculture

I didn't know what time it was or where you were. There was no dramatic empty room, no lone clock on the wall, ticking in tandem with my broken heart.

I was at the dining room table. I guess I fell asleep doing homework. I scrambled for my glasses; I get scared when I can't see. Is it 5am or 5pm? My smartphone says 5pm. I am a ghost of the modern age. I am an infant encircled by ravenous wolves. I am nothing but pure potential, hugged by a baby blue blanket. I cannot see whether the wolves are my friends. I laugh. I smile. They do not eat me.

I look down at my phone one more time. I thought you would call. I was told not to have faith in man, but I'm still dreaming.

No. I chuck my phone into the pond, it makes a plop in the murky, beautiful water, then starts the process of becoming nothing. I realize its decomposition is beautiful, just like mine is. If I die, let my body fall, used into the earth. Let the earth embrace me. Let me become carbon, then archaea, and nematode. Let me know what an arthropod knows. Let me swim in the salty oceans of the prehistoric Cambrian. Take me away Protozoa. I am so sad.

I loved you.

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Suicide Note

When I think about Love
(and by 'Love', I mean You)
my heart is filled with questions.

Since I met you
I am a traveler.

I wish to travel the world
to find the reasons why
You do not love me.

I would like to expand my consciousness
at least.

There has to be a reason
because there is a reason for everything.

In my Travels
(and by 'Travels', I mean Dreams)
I am in an Ancient Egyptian tomb
naked and holding a torch.

The walls are closing in on me
with their angry, burial paintings
vengeful animal heads atop human bodies
screaming in a language I don't understand.

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, they chant.

I run down a long hallway
to my gilded coffin
outrunning the walls
that are collapsing around me.
I make it through the double doors.
They shut behind me, protecting me.
But before I can look upon my body
and discover the secret of my past life
everything disappears into a mist.

When I Awaken
(and by 'Awaken', I mean
I Think I Wake Up But I'm Still Dreaming)
scholars twitter schizophrenically
in ivory towers
about my life as Queen.
I am a ghost
so they can't see me.

I listen.
I am disappointed.

I do not know who I am
but I know
I am not who they say I am.

I am not who they say I am
even though they revere me—
they say
I started
the most important religious revolution
in the history of my country.

What do they know?

Using all of my ghostly strength
I flip the table and all of the chairs
making the smart people run and scream
because the place is haunted!

As I laugh to myself
my hands, face and whole body
become human
but they still can't see me.

As they scramble from the room
I throw all of their research papers
into the fireplace.
The air fills with smoke.

I Really Wake Up This Time
(and by 'I Really Wake Up This Time', I mean

I Have Consciously Chosen Death) .

(And by 'Death', I mean Love) .

I have lots of thoughts.

I am tired of thinking.

I Kill Myself

(and by 'Kill Myself', I mean

I Take A Rope

And Hang Myself

On A Tree Outside My Parent's House) .

It is just like going to sleep

except your eyes are open.

You were already Dead.

I see You.

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Being Weird

I was born of pain
from the moment my mother's screams
reverberated across whiteness
and she pushed me into this world.

No—I lied.
The legends say that my progenitor
reaped what she sought soundlessly...
that she lay down in a lonely wheat field
and made me exist
as silent tears seared across her eyes.

They used to say I was like her
with my set jaw, dead-fish stare
and weird habits.

As I spread my wings
they came at me with pitchforks
so I fled from town after town
before realizing
they could see my silhouette in the sky.

And like my mother
who, in later years,
thought the pain of procreation
afforded her cruelty
so in pain have I become pretentious.
Now they say I hold my weird chin too high.

I'm done trying to convince them
that I'm a noble savage.
My demons are enlightened.
I've built myself a temple of self-love
stronger than the songs of angry cannons.
I don't need Mom to tell me
I'm beautiful.

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