

# MiRAME

BY GRECIA GUERRERO



DOES THE SWEET HONEY OF MY SKIN  
BOTHER YOU?  
DOES MY CARAMEL POINT OF VIEW  
BOTHER YOU?  
DOES MY CASCADE OF BLACK DROPLETS  
MAKES YOU FALL TO THE GROUND?





“

What most graceful thing  
would that be, if not  
the harsh accent of my voice  
Please! I say to ladies, not  
women like me.

”

ONE, TWO, THREE.. ONE, TWO, THREE

THE WALK OF MY STEPS THUNDER THE ROAD

ONE, TWO, THREE.. ONE, TWO, THREE

TURN YOUR RIGHT CHEEK PLEASE.

ONE, TWO, THREE, ONE, TWO, THREE

I'M CLOSE.



MY FOOT IS IN, THE WORLD IS OUT.

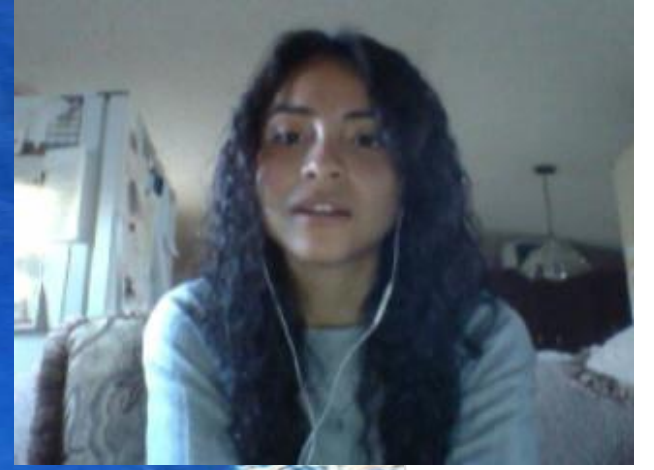
MY FACE IS GLEAMED; YOU CAN'T SEE

NO MORE.

PLEASE I SAID DON'T TURN

YOUR RIGHT CHEEK

WOMEN.



“

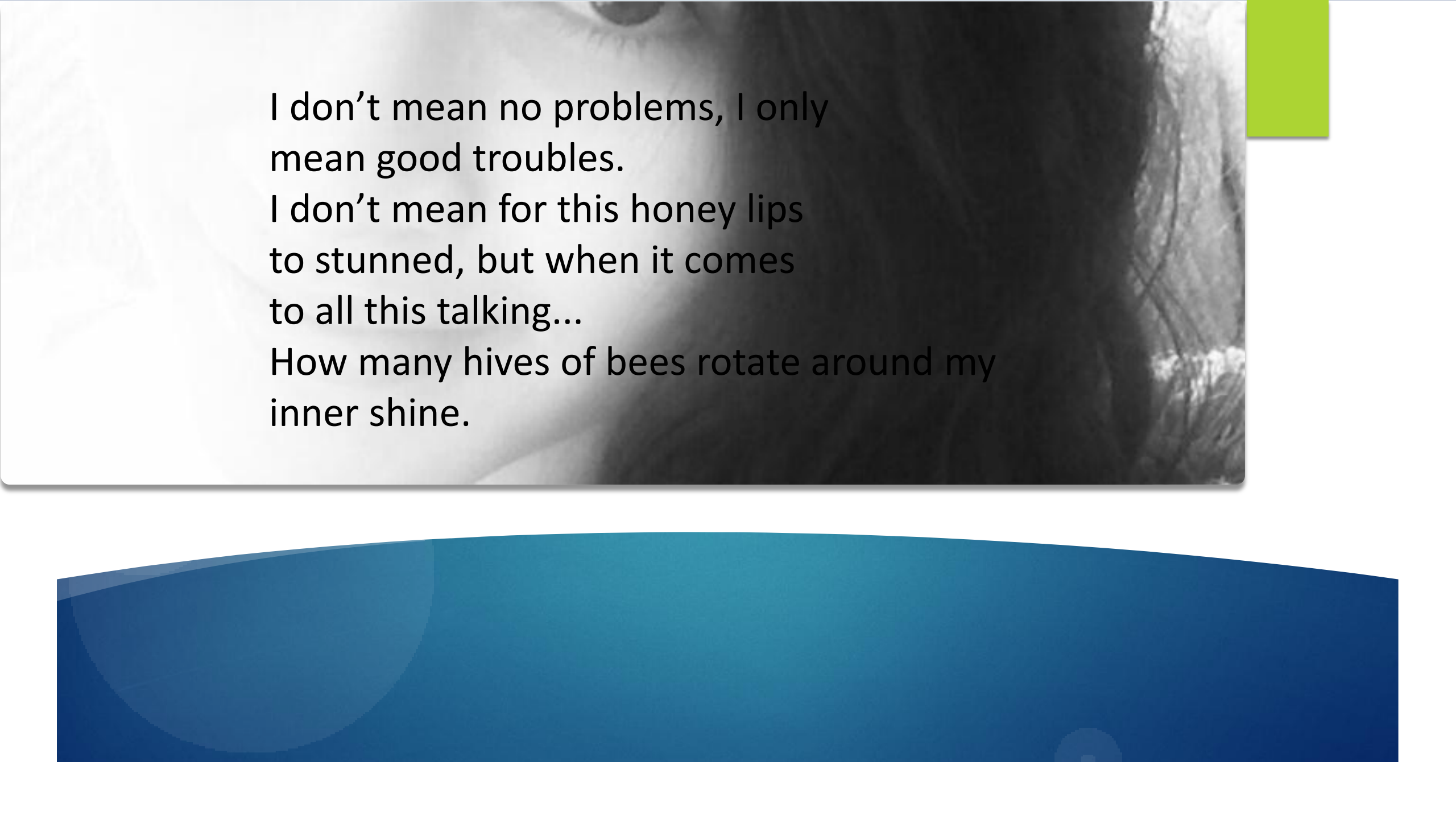
Here we go, hold my hand and  
let the honey of our skin shine  
glistening to the macadamias.  
Please women don't turn your  
right cheek.

Just as Jesus once did.









I don't mean no problems, I only  
mean good troubles.

I don't mean for this honey lips  
to stunned, but when it comes  
to all this talking...

How many hives of bees rotate around my  
inner shine.