

I swelled for you like ripe fruit

and bursts with sticky nectar

at the time

You liked the taste of me

On your tongue.

At dusk, I held the curve of your spine to my breast  
like sand dunes

To the Saharan sky

As your chest rose and fell in rhythm with my breathing-

I believed in you.

So, I opened my ribs like Adam

And built stanzas for you

in my heart.

For a while, you slept there,

In the comfort of my poetry

And pretended you were

Stronger than you are.

But, in my hands

You are a little girl

Whose cheeks are sticky and sweet

Your belly, fat-full of me,  
Aches with gluttony.

Do not be ashamed when you wipe me off your lips and

Stain your dress.

I know that  
you are small.