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.

**Cinders**

Once,

Your song swept

through me like

the Santa Anas-

A conflagration

hitched to your back

Like birds to wind

I was a girl then

I needed fire and moving

The hills

Where kisses once grew wild

on dewy fields

Like poppy and foxglove

have yielded to

The burning

leaving only cinders-

A gulf scorched with memories