Womb

the burning of the sands beneath my feet

the searing of the air in my lungs

and the flames scarring my retinas

are only symptoms, and i can ignore them

i can see through my desire

the oasis that i hope

is my right destination

there will i lie by the banks of a cooling pond

the shadows of trees offering me life

and i will say

what the fuck?

i don’t belong here

i belong in the dark, in the moist

i have never been a morning person

but i know this:

that my love is my wish

to climb inside you

and find the world that for most all my life

has been denied me

and that you, being you

can wear anywhere, on or in

let me post a sign

here, there be dragons

here, there be me

and i will forever orbit from within

that this is impossible

has never stopped me before