

What you

Written by Hasan Abir

First, an outburst.
Then, those legs of your great hands...

What hands
With which you
Tiptoed across from my thighs to my head
Blew these lashes open anew wide, read
The lines of these well-sewn palms, and
Aligned me just perfect between

The fragrance of your greater hugs...

What hugs
With which we
Perfumed each other, cutting through our
Smell of pride, as we in spring took shower
Upon shower of winter plans
And in pawn a deadly promise

That soon will come your greatest kiss...

Meanwhile,
What little kisses
With which you
Tried to always keep me from blinking, tried
To grow my attention to that thing, dried,
On banknotes that there's no name for,
And drank the jokes I often made!

But that promise...
With all seriousness,
Flinching much, I told you

To stop there, and you did,
As if your little bag
Were already empty.

What's next?
I'm afraid:
Like a beheaded rose
With fleeting senses, gone
Will be this bag of yours
And what's left of your core.
If then in your absence
I can remember what
You were, at all, I should
If I allow myself,
Miss you.