

# 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.

