

FELICIA

Women like Felicia aren't meant to be your lovers,
Women like Felicia aren't meant to be your friends,
Women like Felicia don't make it beyond base one,
Where your mouth zealously outline theirs,
Engulfing the warm moistness of their skin,
And then, as you gently pull away you already know that,
The vestigial taste will reside at tip of your tongue,
Like a burning ache forever.

When I first met Felicia,
She was just getting to know herself.
She draped herself in *sarees* with roses in her hair,
Pencil skirts and Victorian blouses,
Drinking her gin with extra orange bitters,
Her Amy Wine-*esque* eyeliner pointed at the edges,
As high as her heels.
She read about Celtic tattoos,
And dreamt about sunsets in Italy.
Felicia felt like a nostalgia,
And looked like peonies in the summer,
Dreamy & heady, you'd always think you know her from somewhere.

We grew up together,
Felicia and I,
Felicia sitting across the room as I watched her,
Cross legged and brooding,
Felicia devouring her cheese sandwich,
Felicia working her silly jokes in a room full of people,
Martyrs who would never fully recover from her provocative magnificence,
Felicia, never mine but drawing me in like stars in clear sky,
Like a sedative to the restless.
Felicia wasn't the most beautiful woman that I had met,
But the sheer shirt grazing her breasts before they tucked into those denims,
Felicia could walk into the room and eat you alive.

Felicia brought deliverance to my life and lay me bare open,
Over the years Felicia figured me out,
She unlocked those cysts of emotional baggage,
And I caved faster than a lone man can.
In a world so often thought to be grey,
Felicia showed me black and white.

Women like Felicia aren't meant to be your lovers,
They don't make it into your bedroom,
They don't walk down to you at the altar,
They aren't supposed to be the mothers to your children.
When I'm sitting on my porch watching the city sun take a bow,
I still think of Felicia.

The woman who wasn't meant to be my lover,
The woman who wasn't meant to be my friend,
The woman who found a place at the tip of my tongue,
And dwelled in it,
Like a burning ache forever.

TANTURA

To make a Baklava, the chef first stacks up the phyllo dough with nuts & honey,
It's 4am and the club lights are flickering in the distant dark,
And you light a cigarette against the glass window of Tantara.
A languid figure in oversized and majorly unbuttoned shirt,
Velvet trousers and hair that makes for a kinder Italian mafia,
You strut across the pane casually talking with the boys,
As the smell of the cinnamon fills up the air.
Controversially beautiful, nothing suits you lesser,
Than the badassery you so profoundly wear,
To hide the solitary wallflower that you grew up with.
The chef is layering the dough sheets, whisking it with soft butter brushes,
As you're casually throwing in words like 'incognizant' and 'knackered' in the same sentence.
I'm letting you have it- your pensive demeanour and a face that folds such,
That one cannot but help notice your eyes cautiously meeting mine across Tantara.
The top layer of the Baklava is eight sheets deep,
When we pretend that the Arctic Monkeys number doesn't move us the way it really does.
You play your part, the ruby provocateur garnish, the boy who doesn't approach,
All the while humming to Alex Turner's melancholic tunes,
And wondering what I was doing there- a girl lost in translation & fantastically spent.
Things don't reach the boiling point, until the dough is cut with a sharp knife in squares.
Your wanton cigarette puffs make circles that disappear into your slick hair,
And you acknowledge the ridiculous mutual entertainment we've been indulging in,
Delicate & wistful indecencies clouding our thoughts,
As dawn mysteriously breaks somewhere outside the city of Lisbon.
The chef plates the Baklava onto a Turkish china,
Warm and soggy, seductively dipped in vanilla & honey,
Your lips part, my lips part,
Eager to meet the sweet aftertaste.

LOVE SUPERNOVA

Imagine us
stationed like stars next to each other,
Each a different colour and intensity,
believing that the space between us is a carrier of something that is never spoken.)

I'm going to do something different today,
I'm going to sculpt the two of us,
Into people who are figments of the other's imagination,
I take who you are, and who I am,
And beat the edges and carve out new lines, and plaster new shades,
Until we become a giant star.

And maybe over the years,
I keep sculpting us till we arrive,
At nouveau you and nouveau me,
And occasionally collide and rotate around a pivot,
Over the years we meet softly and embrace the rigs between us,
Or repel like explosive beings far away from each other moving like supernovas into the outer
space.

And sometimes we will move against our hearts trying to align them to each other,
Till the tendons of our hearts are strenuous muscles,
Tough and defensive like layers of conditioning on our surfaces,
So the muscles don't ache or break when they are punched at,
Till neither of us can feel anything,
Till they tell us,
How you are not meant for me and I am not meant for you.

In a parallel universe, maybe I will break away from our giant star,
Into dark places that our only mine,
To voices only I can hear,
And are not be shared by another supernova,
Shining in my own colour and my own intensity,
In a parallel universe, maybe I don't sculpt you back into me.

Or maybe I will keep converting our wild imaginations into reality,
Till you're a shade of me and I am shade of you,
A few shades away from perfection, I say,
We attach on our surfaces, our focal points never meet,

Our hearts so wired from all the pressure,
But when we bounce off from our similar shades of colours,
You do not know who you are and I do not know who I am.