

Her Fingertips Are Flames

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He Drowns in the Depths of Her

The shattering emptiness existing in serenity, a peaceful flow of being here and there,
the tide that represents the wavelengths of her insanity caresses him
wildly, powerfully, endlessly.

It is not the complexities of life that question an inner awakening inside of me, but a yearning to
understand how something so simple can bring so much pain.

How the inevitable nature of life can lengthen atrocity into a vast ocean that deepens in
facelessness; and she cries in agony...

swimming in a sea of lava, perpetually drowning in a pool of flowers.

A happy place unknown to all of mankind exists within the blood of a real woman.

The purities of her skin beckon him to come closer, to hold the endless layers of silk that lay
upon her skull.

Embracing what is truly hers has led her to an understanding behind what signifies more
strength than a gunshot that pounds into his soul

and explodes gracefully,

into shambles of

glass

amongst the marble floor.

A Gardener's Journey

in glorious wonder, he came to this earth
as she sat and sang in bliss
rubbing her swollen belly for months
she created her tender garden
watered her love
feverishly prayed
for abundance
for joy, an escape from a broken home,
one that left nothing but disastrous company,
martyrs left in their symphonies, harmonizing
in their pain
so she waited,
she fell in love in ten months,
carrying someone inside of her that she has
not yet met,
whom provided so much solace and realm of possibility
his quiescent being grew in her womb
carried in peaceful solidarity,
a garden that relished infatuation
amongst a creation that she would abide by so passionately
and her garden flourished from end to end
how she enamored in his presence,
how she graced his years with familiarity and soul
how she was forced to wake up one morning
in a world where he no longer existed
and her garden was overthrown in desolation
because she could not keep her child unscathed
in a world of polluted minds with beggars who seek mercy
through violence;
yet she continued to water her garden
for every loss counted
her flowers heightened beyond reach
to heal such love
that refused to *ever* shatter

Her Strength is Her Sexuality

A mistress amongst chaos,
theoretical mass of intimate continuity
the tigress of keen rational, of compelling nature
her poignant mania; forbidden.
Obscurity lingers...
a grand waterfall plummets downward
embellished in languor
hiding between the dignified edges that will not crack,
a tigress in her own nature shall not unfold,
but shall conform exclusively to the grace of her most
exquisite being
majestically renown into a state of fluid tenacity,
an ambition that will cease for nobody
except for the tigress herself.

Unknown Configuration

nothing is as sweet as the fruit of her body
lathered in sultry, with corresponding equivalence
a silhouette of divine femininity
a treasure box
she has been dipped only in the sweetest gold,
the richest honey, the wildest lavender,
crisp, fresh validity that crawls upon your shoulder
the recognition of such geometric lines which lie
atop her hips,
exactly where your hands are meant to be
without the touch of strength and mindfulness,
how must she learn that her silhouette
is not only made from the finest fruit, the ambrosial decadence
but alas, the delicate spirituality that resides within,
spirituality that awakens the depths of her mind, questioning
the uttermost being of whom she is, who she aches to be..
after all,
one piece of the puzzle does not last without the other
enlighten her

Release Her!

There are flames upon her fingertips,
they roar atrociously, begging her to hold recognition to pain
such everlasting grief is hard to ignore,
hard to swallow
the cement on the ground, questioned by what may lie underneath
the skyline above beckons in sorrow
as she watches time ploy and shift
a regretful expressionist,
her crimson lips crave melancholic bliss
unconventional heartbreak only feeds
the energy that she has left to relinquish
upon
her worst enemy,
herself.

Dear Voters:

Enclosed, you will find my manuscript, Her Fingertips are Flames. I am submitting this work to the SixFold February 2019 Poetry Contest. My work has appeared in the health blog, killerandasweetthang.com.

I have enclosed the entry fee and the suggested manuscript for the given requirements of the contest.

Best Regards,