

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

Parted lips at wide doorways

Parched and empty intimacies

Mounds of poppy and lilac leaves

Black hands ; pale at palm and itching

Touch me at the tip please

Swallow my breath

Don't spit me

Out

Cocoon landing

What are woman body parts

Disassemble

Eyes rolled in filth

Brown eyes ; sodden

Big belly empty womb

Priceless body

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

her **body unfolded**

tendons tight

but spilling outward

like a knotted shoelace

dug into with the inner side of

your strongest nail

inside there was a battle

but her body lay still

Silent

not singing

like when held

by dance and melody

not vibrating

like when limbs spread out

as the first of morning sunlight leaks through the blinds

His body curled into her

filled her with sound

that had no rhythm

the cuaw of a wide-winged

sharp-beaked eagle

searching for a quick snack

nothing that would make Him fatigued

the deep whistled cry

of a siren

rushing to beat death

those sounds were not meant to live in her

make her glow red from the inside

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

how would the world believe a quiet body filled with foreign sound?

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

I don't sleep the same
once your scent has lifted from my sheets
and I can no longer breath you in
Being touched scares me at first
The muscles in my back flex and my butt clenches
Then I come undone
like a song so well sung
the room vibrates afterwards
Run your fingertips in the warm
crease behind my knee
damp with sweat like your brow
when you burrow your face
into the **crook of my neck**
Show me other ways that I can bend
touch me and don't touch me
and bring your lips so close
that when you whisper
your breath raises the hairs on my skin
forget that we exist except to exist in this moment
So taboo, just with you, wont you... come thru.

How does it feel to live
inside of me
a house that has been empty for years
How will you decorate my wombs
Crash your angled hips into what is plush
into what is warm and dewy
and leave behind your sweet and fading smell
maybe if I hadn't pressed my face into my pillow
and hungrily inhaled the memory of you

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

it could have lasted longer

But instead your face is fleeting

Sweet as it is

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

Barren

Belly bloated with air

Here is the mother of your land

Slain on it

Skin melted into her soil and tears seeped into her veins

your eyes disdainful

For the love she once had for the earth

The songs she wept into her bosom

The dancing feet she padded into her ground

Are now swept away and over and consuming her

you took the child away screaming and

Stripped the tenderness from her eyes

The virtue from her thighs

Until she was child no more

But beaten but bruised but bullied and subdued

The dirt will not spring rose pedals because it is saturated with blood

Too heavy with melancholy to pretend

you were not the one who caused her ruin

you with greedy hands and disdainful eyes

God forbid you give back

even a crumb of what you've wrought from the **womb of this earth**

Scatter like tumble weed in a desert

As she be deserted and lonely

And know not what company be like when it just stand there

Cause it always be picking and nipping and grabbing at her fruitfulness

Oh she.

Is bound to grow tired of you and roll you off her striped back

Patch up her wounds

What the **Body** Wants and Does Not Want

Take her chosen few

The ones you watched suffer

with those eyes that suddenly turned blind

The ones humbled through suffering and blunt trauma

The ones you dared not help less you be less comfortable with yourself

Don't you feel less comfortable with yourself?