

Confusion

What if I have no fire?

Tornado curls blend into blades and leaves

Do I lack power?

Clouds of blue and purple paint my body

“No,” I giggled

Do you lack feelings?

His satin fingertips glide across my chest down to my navel

Am I not human?

A white canvas, flesh toned circles; below a black inverted triangle

*he must be confused*                      *no*

What are the boundaries? When is this not benevolent?

Discharge kisses

*he must be confused*                      *no*

His hand weaved and bent into my neck

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What is the engagement between me and this pen?

## Opium

African Violets stretch their petals and leaves toward the sun as the morning dew shimmer from its taut skin

*What's happening to you?*

The violets watch the spruce tree grow and drop needles at its feet, blemishes multiply on its branches leaving scars

*Why are you doing this?*

The needles turn brown and sap starts to leek

*You need to stabilize your roots.*