

## Her Fingertips Are Flames

*Preface*

This manuscript can be translated as a love story, one between a woman and her spirituality, where the poems themselves are entirely open to interpretation. Her spirituality and femininity become her stability and foundation through tragedy, loss of self, and immense grief that consumes her entire being while she grapples in the face of resiliency and breaks through her demons through her divine charisma and karmic psyche. This collection is meant to honor feminine energy through the power of independence and devastation.

These poems signify the light at the end of the tunnel when one finds that their spirituality opens new doors of self-reliance. With all of the tragedy that has transpired throughout the course of this past year, millions of people are searching for answers within themselves, religion, relationships, and through personal pain. These poems are meant to act as a catalyst between catastrophe and freedom.

I want to leave a safe space for anyone who feels lost and vulnerable, for anyone who is searching for reassurance through hope and language.

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## House on Fire

she laid beneath a fig tree  
 her eyes slowly scanned the demolition amongst her  
 her sky flourished into a burning zeal

*she was angry today  
 she set the house aflame*

the world slowly crumbled through her clouds like cosmic dust  
 it fell into her hands and demolished, relentlessly exploiting it's own marvel  
 she set her gaze, wallowing in her reverence  
 her ocean metamorphosed into embers like a meteor shower in the night sky  
 each wave ripped into their liberty

*she will be back, but the earth is angry today  
 let her be, let her weep*

the house is on fire, the sun chose her  
 as she beams towards you wrapped in smoke and passions  
 swaying to the melody of crushed glass, her splintered feet glide along the ice  
 leaving a mist of crystalized dust which quickly implodes like a molotov cocktail

*she will be back, but the earth is angry today  
 let her be, let her weep*

she rests atop a lily-pad  
 falling victim to her imminent quietude  
 a dragonfly lands on her shoulder  
 whispering sweet-nothings upon her sensuous lips

*she will be back, but the earth is angry today  
 do not disturb her in her endless glory*

before the storm reaches the safety of it's harbor  
 a bolt of lightning strikes  
 unashamed of it's entity  
 untouchable in it's vast heart

Le Pouvoir

a mistress amongst chaos  
 a theoretical mass of intimate continuity

the tigress of keen rational, of compelling nature  
 her poignant mania; forbidden.  
 obscurity lingers, floating amidst her statuesque being

*a grand waterfall plummets downwards*

embellished in languor  
 grazing the delicacy of her skin  
 the freckles which lay below the pool of mystery in her eyes  
 come to life to spell-bind the world below

*a grand waterfall plummets downwards*

grazing the small of her back  
 yearning for her oasis to douse her  
 and rid the heaviness that permeates within

a tigress in her own nature shall not unfold,  
 but shall conform exclusively to the grace of her most  
 exquisite being  
 hiding within the walls of her dignified science  
 majestically renown into a state of fluid tenacity,  
 an ambition that will cease for nobody  
 except for the tigress herself

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

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 beginning 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 was no longer earthbound

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

Waltz Along the Velvet Sand

the tide that represents the wavelengths of her insanity  
caresses him  
wildly, powerfully, endlessly

shattering emptiness existing in solitude,  
falling into a vast ocean  
deepening into a faceless void; she cries in agony

treading through a sea of lava; perpetually drowning in a pool of flowers  
a serendipitous dream unknown to all of mankind  
exists within the blood of a real woman

the purity of her skin beckons him to come closer  
to hold the endless layers of silk that lay upon her skull  
finding meaning in the embrace of her own charisma  
parallels more strength than a bullet that pounds into brick  
and explodes gracefully  
into shambles of  
glass  
amongst the marble floor

40°52'N 34°34'E

there are flames upon my fingertips,

they roar atrociously

begging me to hold recognition to pain  
such everlasting grief is hard to ignore

hard to swallow

*in a dream, my brother told me he is the air that whispers my name on a wintry night*

as I watch time ploy and shift  
I become a regretful expressionist  
there is a rhythm to this pain  
a melodic song that reminds me of deprivation

*in a dream, my brother told me he is the love that fills my soul when I cannot breathe*

a lyrical overlay that reminds me of adaptation  
this uninvited heartbreak beckons envy to failure  
like a bomb that set fire to my heart  
and rose to it's vicious power

*in a dream, my brother told me he is the soft hum of the keyboard that plays in the back of my mind*

it has taken over  
like a wave that crashes as loud and as bold as thunder that rocks the earth's floor  
the wings you have grown stretch beyond physical boundaries  
and the night sky welcomes you as you prepare to take flight

*in a dream, my brother told me he is free*