

HEART OF SAND

Your body is a desert.
Dunes forever changing.
Stirring up a sandstorm,
in my heart.

Hip bones the pillars
of your sacred temple
At which I take shelter,
from the dust and await
To be summoned inside.

Still the doors remain shut,
blazing sun melts my skin
Yet I maintain my stance,
and beg to be let in.

Uncounted moons fly away,
and the sand blinds my eyes.
Nameless travelers walk in,
while I'm still left outside.

Yet I maintain my stance,
and beg to be let in.
Even though that by now,
I can barely see.

Blithe sounds of passion,
come from inside.
Blood on my fingers,
as the sand clogs my heart.

Yet I maintain my stance,
and beg to be let in.
The moon hears my cries.
Calls out to my Goddess,
to let me inside.

Your temple doors open
The Goddess seems so sublime
But the sand turns my body
into a stone shrine.

Your body a desert,
forever changing
While my heart, a stone
waiting for the sun
to turn it into sand.

THE LONELINESS INSIDE OUR BODIES WILL HURT OUR BONES

I am left alone,
and
scratch my toe.
to
look for you,
inside my bone.
Where you stand tall
yet
feel so small.
Inside my bone
You are left alone.