

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
WordsUncaged Submission
(Poem)

“Lust” (2018)

you breathe – light
 fingers of sun stirring the rich soil of silken hair
 playing softly against your tender face;
 fields of midnight heather swaying in an invisible exhale
wavering echoes of flickering autumn;

so, while you take my picture,
 I’ll paint your portrait a vital gray and white and black;
 standing quiet in pale ghostly spirit fog
 with moonlight awakening rainbows of fire
across your naked shoulders — auburn embers kindling;

when will our lives end?
 let’s not wait past tonight to celebrate our affinities;
 our microbial abilities to pretend the sediments
 of loss don’t rip us to grieving pieces of wailing lament
vestiges of lingering liquid regret;

you breathe – silver
 lunar affection cascades, dripping crystals from your ivory breasts,
 cataracts of luminous symmetry, begging touch,
 beseeching desirous mouth to lick them clean of neglect;
to dispel sorrow with gasping bliss;