

*"If I had a flower for every time I thought of you... I could walk through my garden forever."*

- Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Like berry picking

Fruit bursting /viscous/

On my tongue

The air seems to press upon

Flowers — tulips — strewn on my skin

Hands and feet going numb

Midriff stretched slowly across the arc of the sky

Hungry

full with shivering arrows of frailty

As the darkness swaddles

Your Grecian frame upon the marble sheets

I skim the fragility of your tu

/ lips

And taste the berries on your tongue