

Journey

by Alba Brunetti

my pilgrim tongue
on the map of
your body
seeks sanctuary

on this long road
I am weary with
longing
and hungry
for you

let me rest beside you
and feel the sweet shelter
of your skin

I have traveled
many deserts
and my heart is
faltering

the day is almost
gone
take me in
let me rest

and in this holy night,
unexpected yet longed for
I taste your

salted divinty

