

# Savage

by Amantine B

Along the dim of your room, a memory  
crept    amassing moths to the  
tenderness.

    Stray fingertips undid your name and wept.  
Laughter    fell to vocal trees from the  
savage  
    of air to the soft wrist of her dance, into the weeping  
  of glamour and rich hatreds.

    Sorrow time slept in the small of a sun hidden in  
lust    and blue evenings; buried in your  
name.

    Moved to trash. Parody undressed into silence.  
Soak    my heart in wine, drink its beat  
    to pulse the drawl of nine lives, abandoning all the  
loves    of mine. Your arrow marks my  
canvas,  
    scathed and bled red; stark and harsh, whispered soft  
  and handfed. Pinned to your art,  
    where did we start: In the shallows or the deep,  
aligned    or perpendicular, of a curve or  
slid  
    of the slant, gathered in or abandoned, of  
weeping    or of laughter. Is this an  
apocalypse  
    or an 'ever after'... or a falling short in the half-  
light    of its deep, beguiling careless  
lips,  
    in praise of human hearts and submissive hips; - of  
skin    into prayers of myrrh.

