

Poem to My New Lover, All for Free

by Heather Fowler

Come, bring your sadness
to the precipice of my body;
bury it within me like a tool
my sadness lacks. Carve with this.

Flush, with the presence of skin
on skin, there is no unworthy,
only a deeper pressure, more,
harder, the involuntary release

with rhythm of come to core.
When you look in my eyes that way
you will know no sorrow, live
no fear, reside in my face

as your eyes do, invisible--
And my hands upon your back,
raking nails, will be your own,
embracing you to home.

