

LOTUS

by Linda Simoni-Wastila

Drape me with silk

lustrous as the line of my thigh,

feed me oysters

champagne lapped, finger napped,

cream whipped

to fill my hollows.

Make cartography with your mouth,

move mountains with your fingers,

tongue highways down my belly

moan your prayers

hush in my ear you are done

with her,

hope these offerings will

unfurl my heart.

