

sunburn

by maria rumasuglia

I used to compare her to a sunburn
the first of the summer
it is always the worst one

exposed skin
almost hot to the touch
turning warm and pink
then raw and red

it is a transition that is effortless
but still you can feel it happening
a lot like love
you can feel it all around you
but you are never aware until it is too late how deep you are already
in

a kind of burn that feels good
but you know its going to hurt afterwards

I used to compare her to cigarettes
an addiction you cannot quit

a need for the nicotine to invade your lungs
the smoke to dance like a whisper out of your lips

a false fix
to ease the tension
an inhale of white transparency
of poison
of burn

an enslavement

only getting worse with each brush
getting deeper
swayed by the pure goodness of the evil

the burn
your skin turned tender
only when pressed upon can you see the true color that was
the true essence of what used to be before the scorch
before stupidity and vulnerability got the best of you
before giving in to blessedness

before the burn
 want
 wonder
 writhing
 fantasy
and then
 confusion
 question
 need
 anticipating

without it you're dull
you're clean
you're comfortable
but you will always miss the burn
the ache
you want to feel like you're fighting
like you're not going down easy
rebellious
you will miss the warmth
the scratchy, raw, roughness
the interruption

the burn that you can feel all around you

scarring your delicate skin
into the depths of your lungs
ruining you every single breath

the burn
the burn
she was the burn

and now

she is the sun

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