

Lizard (Valentine's Day Massacre)

by Nora Nadjarian

I enter your room
late at night through the window,
like a lizard —

nestle in the warmest crevices
of your body, totally still,
kiss the rich, strange smell of your sweat.

Midsummer, midnight.
The world has no corners tonight.
I travel over your body with small feet,
reach your heart. It beats beneath me,
drums against my pulse.

I shed tiny tears onto your skin.
You sigh in your sleep.
You whisper a name.

That was all I wanted to know.

I leave as quietly as I entered,
from your body onto the wall;
reach the window sill —

and freefall
into the suspended night.

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