

# 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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