

Blind

by Roberta

Under cover of darkness
we let go of our
day-time selves.

In this coaly no-time
strewn with fallen stars,
you are a roaming panther
and I am a tangle of snakes.

You are teeth -- arms --
ragged whispers. You are
everything you'd never say
too far from here. For which
I wait -- with teeth and tongue.
For which I wait with half-
closed eyes, though the
sounds of my voice catch in
my throat. Though I bite
down your name
over, over.

Your nails draw
scarlet hieroglyphs over
my skin. The beauty is
we can't see yet.

