

A Soil-water Romance

Let your lips sink into my skin like pebbles in wet sand,
let me become a vessel current;
bind together the lyrics of your soliloquies
along the border of our silhouette.

I might have rough edges, dark corners
and when struck against the ground I break a dull black,
But you.

So nourishing,

I no longer ponder. Dripping in droplets—one by one

till you flooded me.

I fell in love with how light split seven ways through you—

we would make the perfect soil.

Set out like microbes,

settle in between saplings,

and spark a certain sort of energy—

stem two trees in a cross-bred maple-oak;

we could carve ourselves into the roots of blossomed cherry blossoms,

spiral in the knots of *once-saplings*

that reach up, take kisses to their skin;

branch out, bend as we wipe away their tears

and when withering in our arms, hold up by our interlocking bodies.

Instead of concrete slabs,
instead of bleeding through the drains of the M7 motorway
or the gutters of a rusted housing block,
spilt from unfinished glasses,
mixed in alcohol concentrate,
or carbonated soft-drink;
you don't sting the tongue.

Yet by the skies that raise the forests
will return to your safe-haven

For now, we will stay
keeping together the pieces of cracked pots;
linger in scent and feel
wishing we were pieces of each other.

You run, flower the blood roses,
fountain tulips by your smooth caress—
we won't be like that.

Rather, a veil curls over you.

Thick metals fence across as we no longer interweave like silken fabric strings.

We are the could-be bearers,
that laid the land for could-be once-saplings;
your ocean touch and I.