

Of The Flesh & Earth

Table of contents

Frog - Mud

Songbird - Rooster

Oak/mushroom - Soul rot

Summer peach - Skin meld

Death & Life

How to read

If you wish to cut sadness out
and love tenderly with no doubt,
read the left & play your role

If you are a sunny storm,
and full of worry metaphor,
read the right & see the whole

If I were a tender frog,
I'd leap into your mouth
A warm safe bog
to hibernate from cold
Pressed into your tight bound hold
I'll close my eyes & croak

I sink into the mud
No one see me
The Cold has come
Tender frog, far from teeth
I fear your jaws
So I'll sleep

Between your love I nestled in
& made my nest from twine and things
A comfort place to fluff my feathers
Hope settled on my wings
The gaps between your finger tips
was my place to croon
The joyous song an ode to both of you
and well, me too

Oh rooster, how loud your cry
To make a hen turn her eye
Is it love she feels
for your possession,
Or does she twist her fear?

Nestled under mother wing
I grow in a tender den
Yet - I cannot bear you there
I vow to never be your hen

I'll become proud in stead,
Don a red comb crown,
yell to yell,
Only to look around
at empty nests from flighted hens

Reach your roots to me sweet one
Oak trunk stead fast yet needing
I will be your mycelium
Tiny friendly mushroom spore
Spread into your center
I will share my nutrients

I kiss your gnarls
& I'll fruit
Tenderly, upon your roots

Soul rot
breaking log
Wood splinters
in my love for you
I ache with dread
"you should be here"
echoing echoing

A quiet voice, subtle thing
Creak of wood boards
before body crashes earth
nothing there, nothing there
Can't feel anything
without here

We touch
your fingers trace me
Pleasantness
like a memory
deep within my skin

Sweetness of a peach
Juices flow from chin
Content in the summer sun
Basking warmth upon me
All I think is skin-skin-skin

I want my touch to meld
two as one as us
Not inside your skin, but one with
Mesmerized, enthralled
My heart rhythms yours
My breath is what I hear
from you, from me
Where do I begin?

Where do I begin?
Our body melded
Skin contorting,
as I stretch,
arm reaching,
before skin snaps back

I breathe for air
Only to find yours
and I wonder,
Where do we end?
All I see is skin-skin-skin

I wish for sunlight
like a distant memory
Of a sweet peach
I wanted badly
I eat one in the winter
Flavorless & full of flesh
Fingers hold it, us,
close and sticky

My love is the sweetest kiss
the breath of life
the fullest lip
all the colors of the earth
will give your skin its tint

Oh, I rot in wanting
aching flesh for feast
Please don't turn away
Grow full on decaying beast

I'm death, your devoted
Ask of me & I'll give
The ash from my rose veins
will make a hearty loam
and when you reap your harvest,
My blood love shall find its home

Inspired by:

Alok Vmenon -

["CONFESSIONAL"](#)

Emily Dickinson -

["Hope" is a thing with feathers](#)

[Her breast is fit for pearls](#)

[Because I could not stop for Death](#)

Chinaka Hodge -

Jordan Davis' *broken ghazal*

notes for Smoke before he meets father

Dedicated to my muse, my editor, & my illustrator

Dylan.

As well as Austin, Emma, & Jules.

