

Toward Tenderness

Exquisite, the winter lemons
flushed with sun—rather tethered

with it—by it. Luxe holy grails,
or: little blooms on the counter.

Little blooms holy in promise
their light spritzed

in water. When told
to not, instinct wants:

Do not worry, my lover whispers this day
into night into next. My instinct luxed

with worry, my bed a large grave
for mind to rest. Or: my mind empties

in the grave of his body (his ridden
body, his body so full of breath). Atonement

his body, my pasture to ride: pasture green
bills, pink pills for a baby to not

breathe—not now. Burgundy clot on my thigh.
Blue light of the screen. Another month

to next: a Sunday. My desire
flushed with sun.