Eluned Lloyd

a little death

i ask him infiltrate my being
seep into my skinfleshbone
but i feel on my dry tongue
the ashes of my father

we scare ourselves out of our
illusion my hands within his
poundingredgutprobemanipulate
and beg

but his fingers gently turn
a page
his shirt hangs out over the
covering of his flesh

this labelled man with a name
i know no way for he
is different from
my knowingness
experience forgets no place
is found inappropriate
perhaps

i am powerless i cover my face
for we are taught to strike
beneath the breastbone