

POEMS 6-8.

1.
nakedness is
cool
light curving along skin
sunk in warming shadows,
hands
are prowling
thorns tender in tips
soothe a slight wanting

2.
to lie naked with you
was gentle
to skin touch was pleasing.
I had expected 'passion'
I had expected a storm
of hands and kisses
a blue fire thin as rice paper
entangled skin;
yet there was none
only a long tremor
slow between thick seconds.

3.
when you stifle me
with your body and soul
pierce unbidden into my mind,
I close like ancient shells
who have no reason
for their solitude
yet survive because of it.

TO —.

today
I stopped watching you
to see how
you were prettier than I,
but looked instead and
saw what you were,
feeling with newness what I was.

MARIA FRESTA