

Clara Foisie

her / cento

i was put to bed last night with your kiss.  
a woman lies nude, her legs spread, in a state of undress,  
and turns her head.  
her hair spreads across  
her black velvet pillow, like grass  
floating in the night sky.  
the rose of sex, a pond of lotuses.  
our breath, the small of my back,  
the nape of my neck,  
the feel of skin...  
my heart beats like a hammer...  
this skin, that hair, that smell in my nose.  
i am yours.  
truly, truly yours.

All lines taken from:

“Allowing That,” Karl Kirchwey  
“Dear Art,” Cynthia Atkins  
“Eclogue,” Dan Beachy-Quick  
“Like a Polaroid / Faded,” Erika T. Wurth  
“Lines at Tongdosa Temple,” Christopher Merrill  
“Mother (of Poetry),” Allison Seay  
“Shirt Noise,” Christina Pugh