

More broke than I

Now that you release me
And my hair mats in the sand,
I feel you shudder like ash
When rain pours on the burning bloodwood.

Now you believe I am yours,
You case me in your mind –

But from here my winds have changed
And no more they whisper
Through my sleep and in my hair;
They listen to my voice and wince at my strides.

I watch you walk away, you are lighter than before
The shape of your back, it is shallow like a child.

And now my legs begin to tremble,
My heart starts skips and my fingers dig.
This was not how I dreamed of a beginning when you groaned it was my end.

My back lies on the rock
Rooted to the tree.