

Do you, my darling?

Ashley Dunn

Do you know what it is like
to fall in love with dirt?

The way it collects over the
crevices of the body,
bringing the attention of the eye over all
the marvelous places where the skin folds
and wrinkles and withers—
maybe from wear, maybe from time.
In a mere whisper of a breeze,
it dances over open air and brushes
delicately past the lips, until the chest
expands and it is dragged down over
the inside of blushed lungs.
And when it storms and clings to
water droplets, it becomes dark
and unforgiving and lashes up
over the bare legs of marching boots
and over naked feet of the dancing.
It devours bodies and flesh laid to rest
and pumps life into the givings of the earth.

No? You still don't know?
I suppose you fell in love with flowers

In your eyes:
nothing more than a slender creature
to be plucked for its beauty
And by the time its sweet scent creeps
into the nose, its roots are
curling in rejection and crying
for salvation.
To be remembered only for the thorns
that pierced your supple skin.