

i can be gentle

Kaoutar El Ouadi

i want to be held,
but my body does not.

who is there to cradle my soul?

she is ugly, i mean—
a wild horse,
too fierce for ill-fitting reins.
even i, her rider, dismount
before i can hold her down,
letting her slip entirely through my fingers.

do not fret about her ruggedness.

i can be gentle — i *am* gentle.