

## I AM THE DESERT FLOWER

Violence on the screen  
in sharp contrast  
to the sharpened senses,  
every sensual nerve opened  
and seeking

The succulence of my body  
entombed  
within the hard shell of a withering summer,  
And then  
then there was the taste of you,  
the wetness of your tongue,  
the softness of your lips.  
Resuscitated  
I am all plumped up.

I am the desert flower in spring  
You are the water  
I am the bloom

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The harshness of the screen  
discordant  
to the soft slippery of my body.  
The liquid of you still  
warm in my center.  
I am  
dripping in desire.

I am the selkie underwater.  
I am the  
Being Undulated.

I am the freed seal in open ocean  
You are the current  
I am the flow

I am the oscillating selkie in open ocean  
You are current  
I am the flow

The aggression on the screen  
a dissonance  
to the lovingness that centers my cells.  
Labia swelling  
Nipples engorging  
Desire surges in waves I  
keep contained.  
The outside form masking the  
inner storm.  
I am waiting on your lead.

My desire is a desert flower seeking water  
the seed seeking soil.  
My body is a selkie seeking open ocean  
and the seed seeking soil.

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