

pressed lavender

this is my body.

a mural of soft disconnected lines, dips
and a mouth full of sharpened glass
the body speaks in ways only it can.
the first time I heard her voice was at the age of five in a darkened room
the second time I heard her voice was on a humid afternoon in 2003 listening to crazy in
love
that time...she told me to dance
to find an opening

I am twenty-five
feeling estranged from this voice
muffled by patriarchy and the religiosity of my teens
fearing my own pleasure like the back of a father's hand

fearing the largeness God gave me

fearing God.

I am twenty-six
and it is the first time a man has kissed me in public.
he kisses me, like it is the most natural thing in the world.
like fat black girls are the default. for a moment – I almost believe him

I am frozen in alarm and bliss as I start to recognize the rhythm of my pleasure
frozen because this is sinful
frozen because this feels holy

I am next to him foreheads pressed together
breath mingling desire hovering
his touch is a free roam of my being and all of my insecurities
curious this one
I am afraid of what he will find
he doesn't stop touching
and I don't want him to

my entire existence has been an attempt to make myself seem less

I was doing everyone a favour
to seem less means you don't have to explain yourself

I am contemplating the cost I will be summoned to pay
here,
not even disappointments are free
love can feel humiliating in the most erotic sense

I am waiting for someone to be gentle with my heart
because gentleness teaches that more of her is needed in the world
with one another

to describe this experience:
it is like being so awake
not merely observing
orgasm as in surrender to the present
no longer with holding from your own self

but alive from the inside

I am standing at the corner of my street
with him
he leans down to kiss me goodbye
humans walking past
isolation heavy
there is tender need in this kiss
I remember what it is like to make space for him in my pussy
I am being witnessed

