

hips

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blood red fingertips of cold hands outstretched
cradling like the Virgin Mary with limp wrists
firm grasp
this is where I find myself
arcane strength to give and keep at once

aching persistent pain across my
lower back, just above my hips, deep-rooted
fear manifest. in the front I house my loveliest
(loneliness) confusion:
 in these abdominals lust lingers
 unexamined, unknown,
 unreturned

hands now stretched to give life
force from strong wrists –
immaculate, decolonized, fucking flawless

virginal
as in self-fulfilling: self-sufficient