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Gentle Words Say Something Unbeautiful

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Gentle Words Say Something Unbeautiful

Chana Dukes

I was gazing at the clearest stars over water
when you found me, slipped me to my knees
carried me into the singing trees
as all your shushing whispers filled my silence.

Your skin is the darkest of midnights
your eyes summer skies turned to cloud
if you asked me to caress this moment
I'd reply that you are fearsome proud.

Smooth, your tightened touch, and strong
your catlike prowl, the darkening of desire
all I would otherwise admire
if your coming was welcome at all.

The drifting night laps around our ankles
as you lay me down on softest moss
muffle my cries with a piece of summer
tie my surprise with creeping vines in knots.

I would lie and tell you I've a man
who has stepped inside to soften up the bed
but gentle tears refuse to stop their tread
through attempts to speak around the glove.

I beg to God for you to find merciful relief
and release me, stumbling, to my darkened night
but your melting blade has creased among my grief
and you are many things but kind.