

1-1-2015

My Lover Is Made of Dust

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Recommended Citation

Rajkumar, Faren (2015) "My Lover Is Made of Dust," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 12 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol12/iss1/9>

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My Lover Is Made of Dust

Author Bio

Words are my drug - I read everything and all the time, so naturally, I love to write. There is no greater thrill than arriving at the end of a perfect sentence and sitting back to read what I've created, only to be surprised when the words start to blink and breathe and exist without dependence on me.

My lover is made of dust
Faren Rajkumar



Mysterious lover, hold me close.

Let me stare at that nameless something hanging in the air after your
laugh, ringing, echoes (echoes) and slips down my throat if I dare open
my mouth.

Turn your face as you settle into your nest of sheets, across this universe
of a bed so far away from my sleepy grasp, and stir the air.

Let yourself loosen like mist and float over and rest on my shoulders, my
arms, my chest. Awaken my skin, cloak me in a shiver.

Watch me as I try to touch it with my fingers, hold in my hands, hands
trembling with vibrations of your passion like a moving river of wine
under the moon.

Sleep while I wait until the morning light arrives, sneaking through the
seductive slit in the blinds.

*The sunlight will meet the wall in a line of such focus, poised to reveal the little
flecks rising and falling over the shadow-and-light side of the bed where you
lay, rising and falling from your body as it breathes in and out. The mysterious
magic coming off your skin in the light, sifted like fine flour through the sun,
your sweet dust speckling the air and falling through the room and into the
carpet and all over this bed and onto my reveling body that worships your
softly powdered shrine.*

Let me breathe you in, deep, forever.