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**My Lover Is Made of Dust**

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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.

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“We were 2 o’clock mornings drowned in alcohol. We were slurred vibrations. We were lips that articulated the words I love you. But our vocal chords wouldn’t dare project the sound.

We weren’t love. We were eyes that exchanged smoky glances across the room saying baby I can’t wait to get you all alone. We were sweat soaked bed sheets. We were that was so good I can’t even speak.

But we weren’t love. We were screams of I hate you, look what you’ve done to me; Look at what you have done to me. We were echoes of get your hands off of me. We were nights spent alone while in each other’s company. We were repeated mistakes and apologies. We were I’m sorry baby please don’t leave me because tomorrow I know you’re going to leave me and I am tired of waiting.

We weren’t love. We were missed communications. We are speaking in two different languages. Do you understand me? No. We weren’t love. Nothing is that easy.”

We Weren’t Love

Destiny Everett

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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.

My lover is made of dust

Faren Rajkumar

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