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Untitled

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If It's Not Too Much to Ask

by Sarah Goldberg

May I lie in the forest that is your eyes?
And may I retreat there while the world is cruel?
May I swirl in the creme that is your skin?
And may I leave it upon my body
And never wash it off?
May I dip into the honey that is your hair?
And then may I store the honey clinging to me still?
May I drip it into a jar labeled "home"?
May I keep that jar till I die?
May I seal it with my closed lips?
The lips I command to never tell anyone,
Especially you,
Just how you stir me,
As though I were mere black coffee
Until fusing with your rich creme and your honey,
And how you move me
As though I were the moon
That moves to cling to your forest, to you-its home.
Sometimes moving closer, sometimes further.
Some nights showing only a sliver,
While on sacred nights bearing all,
Even craters and scars.
And when I die
May my ashes reside in that jar, in my home?
May I have only a blade of your grass
And a sprinkle of your creme to accompany me
As my remains float upon that honey?
If none of the above,
May I at least pretend your answer is yes?

Photography by:
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