Gentle Words Say Something Unbeautiful

Chana Dukes
Nova Southeastern University

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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.