

Much Us

Nahemah

Much as you close your ears and your pores
my breath waves will pierce you
which humid will be soaked by your skin
even though you try to close it

And you will hear the whistle of the arrows
that are aimed at you from my mouth
and you will absorb the blood my tongue
will inject inside your veins

And you will feel my words
turning around your neck
asphyxiating you with this
beautiful torture of sweet flavoured
strangulation

Much as you close your ears and your pores
you will smoke, from my lips
this smoke transfigured in silhouettes
from my lungs to your lungs