

all that glitters

By: Reyan Kassam

twisting my neck
won't make me love you.

you call me your rose
as i am bound to the floor
mad about this gravity,
your jaw unhinges to shut the door
my chest forces open. you bind me.

please baby. let me fall. let me
fall from your grasp, to scatter in the
sobs of the poppies.

your cloak slaps my naked thighs;
i plea "let it fall" to expose your
legs rooting around my groin.

you call me your rose.
and my thorns prick into your shoulder
stab into your fingers cradling my chin.

if only i could fall blood,
might my feet grow daisies.

-on The Kiss by Gustav Klimt (1908)