

A Bouquet of Whispers

by
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Mirage

Maybe my masticated messiness
is just a map of moments measured by memories
and me,
missing my mom's meals.

13th Floor

When you opened your mouth and let me in
You fed me back my life
In perfectly shaped bubbles

On
the
ledge
of
a
mythical floor.

Your lips tasted like the nothing
I've always yearned for
And the everything I never knew.

Clasping unto you under the sheets
Felt as free as reading an Anaïs Nin book
Naked in the wind

Air never tasted this good
We gulped it like new born children
And exhaled like dying adults.

There are days I miss you
Days where I yearn for nothing and everything
Days where I climb into an elevator

And search for the 13th floor

And remember it is

Only
a
mythical
place
in
my mind.

the violin soundtrack to violation

Crunching sawdust numbs the apathy,
Thumbtacks on tongues bleed gradually.

Trust is given in shards,
And taken away with blades.

Such nights where I am your tongue,
Your beast,
Your little slut.

Those nights where I shut out what is human
To survive what is not.

Such mornings where I swallow two more nails
With a shot of your indifference.

Love is given in tastes,
And taken away by bulimics.

I binge on adrenaline,
And wake up to a deafening emptiness,

Hungover from the dreaded masochism
That courses through my veins.

And just like a broken record,
We do it again.

In a desert

In a desert of dry thoughts
Under rays of what is sought
Your mirage I have caught
So my thirst for you is fought.

combating a whirlpool of cliches

(a.k.a Sculpting The Everlasting Honeymoon)

We once bathed on the moon
Me and you in a crater
The lukewarm water filled with gems and musk salt
The color of your eyes.

The crisp sound of your fingers
Plunging into the water
Kept us alive
On the stone planet we worshiped.

I painted the shadow your right shoulder blade
Left behind,
With frosted love that I kept
For those special moments.

You turned around to love me
And your gaze
Like freshness
Baptized me.

You looked so beautiful
Wrapped in that blue vapor blanket
With the stars' shadows painting your skin
With silver white silhouettes.

And once you unwrapped yourself
You sat naked on the crater edge,
Legs dangling,
As though you were five.

My eyes devoured
The outlines I knew so well
And fell in love again,

In love with the child playing in your mind
In love with the emaciated man that haunts your saddened eyes
In love with the lover that stands
In announcement of his manhood.

After we dried off each other's bodies,
You sucked out my spirit
And made love to it
On a sea of marbles,

Each defiantly containing
The words I could never find,
Words for each time I wanted to say "I love you"
Without the cliché.

scented surrender

He stood tall with his dictator whip
Lashing out with subtle sadism.

Never had someone tied me up so sweetly
And scarred me so softly.

I lay patiently
Holding upright a candle fed to me
By my lover,

Wrapped up in plastic passion
A river of excitement trickled down my legs
As warm wax trickled down my chest.

With leftover wax chips in my mouth
And the scent of vanilla in every pour,

Blind-folded
And paralyzed
(with him in my mouth),

I never saw freedom
So clearly,

(And it never tasted this good)

He came,
Having quietly discovered
that which made my subservience possible.

Letter to my Beloved

Dear Beloved,

I feel you closer.
You seem to be able to collapse time
like
an
accordion
and get close enough
to make me giggle and blush.

I wonder what adventures we've already been on.

Have we danced through the cosmos as stardust?
Have we swam through the oceans of another planet?
Have we shared jokes in another language
Laughing so hard we cry?

Have we smelled flowers with scents beyond our wildest dreams?
Have we giggled through sonic vibrations across the universe?
Have we traveled to each others heart and back
A million times already?

The vanquished beginnings

The vanquished beginnings
That never ended
Sit in the closet
Not breathing
Trying to be unheard

And she sits in the middle
Of the white room
Gasping for the breath
That beginnings cannot find

Trying to erase
The ends that
Cannot exist

Trying to reclaim
The final reprint of hope.

the ravens daughter

she let me kiss her eyes today
and
the charcoal that outlines the sordid owl in her.

in them I saw
traces of a naked body
underneath a sheet of lavender dust
underneath black fishnet stockings.

I knew her eyes were
adopted by the raven
flying overhead,

in circles
it flew,


invisible to the others.

I saw
the pale white that powders her exhaustion
the persistent gaze of one who pains
for the shelter of hidden crevices.

she did not hide.

her hair blackened by the candle's mark
jasmine blossoms trailing down the strands.
her lips shone red
swollen,
by the consistent biting of Human Presence.

she smelled of olive oil and eucalyptus
her eyes
her mouth
her hair.



the warm moss of forest beds
is where she lay
beside the wild lilacs
that fed off her skin's tranquility.

in circles,
she walked.

I felt like a child
struck by the raven's secret
as she undressed me slowly.

only her eyes and me
Naked
With the Raven as our only witness.

delightful snacking

I pick up a fig
And think of you.

As my fingernails dig into its pale green skin
I remember my hands clutching your hair
while our tongues danced and our breathing stopped.

The roundness bursts open
Exposing the hundreds of seeds inside
to my hot breath.

I squeeze it
And my mouth takes it in.

It feels cold and moist
And I remember the warm feeling of you in me.

As the seeds delightfully pop under my teeth
I think of you
And your delicious mind.

I swallow
And feel satisfied.

As I deliberate this intense fulfillment,
I smile
And realize that I eat a fig
The same way I want to devour you.