

Kali Kneading

by: Samantha Lê

You are the artist of the naked eye,
the architect of love denied.
Hands cupping yours, you give nothing for free.
One small bite costs a fist of sanity.

Fragile, you fight for what you need;
digging for clues; sticking your head in me.
Curling up inside a pot, you cook me.
Boiling over the rim is my dignity.

In your sculptor's grip, I liquefy.
On your writer's page, I am oversimplified.
You fly like kites on gusty nights,
no string can stop a wingless bird from flight.

You wear faces that I cannot see—
my red dragon princess of the South China Sea,
my jasmine night lies,
my painted-face concubine.

You do not love me. You are not mine.
You do not need me. I am not alive.
Loving you is falling, diving blind.
You come and go with the salty ties.

The sapphire world—urgent—closes in on me.
People drown like this, can't you see?
Under the velvet sky, you are the northern light.
I swallow up your lies.

People drown like this, can't you see?
A wicked hold on me, you pass like a breeze.
I am brittle with bones of black coral reef;
my body returns itself to the sea.

The truth comes and goes with the salty ties.
Under the velvet sky, with cold, water eyes,
hoping that the sun won't rise...
I swallow up your lies.

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