

When Morning Comes

Quiet the talking, lover, give me my say.
You enter through my mouth and scoop out thoughts.
Your tongue already killed me once today.

I'll tell our story in my own simple way:
the bunched-up sheets, the epic battles fought.
Quiet the talking, lover, give me my say.

Too tough to digest, thick as hollandaise,
your words stick to me like beans burnt to a pot.
Your tongue already killed me once today.

My belly exposed, simmer hot like braised
tenderloins; what's left to say, caught in your knots.
Quiet the talking, lover, give me my say.

Firm hands on hips, we wrestle night ablaze;
when morning comes you'll tell me all I'm not.
Your tongue already killed me once today.

If only nighttime stories could last till day—
without warning you change, rewriting plots.
Quiet the talking, lover, give me my say.
Your tongue already killed me once today.

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