

Make Love Like There Is No War

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A background noise of cars. A strange impression
of solitude as you submerge within me.

My mind, so full of rooms, unlit, nestled
inside each other like matryoshkas. Corridors of books,

collages and stanzas, and then all that Sky News coverage
dumped there like luggage after a long-haul journey,

demanding to be unpacked. Your fingers discard my bra, beige
as if it's fainting, you move to spark me, my body

obeys. You ask to see my eyes. You want me
present. After all these years, it's still the affair

between me and me that stirs you. *Make love to me
like there is no war*, you roar, pressing my neck

against the mattress the way I like it. I come,
surrendering myself to you, longing

to return to my littlest of rooms
where I am alone, nesting.

