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Untitled

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If It's Not Too Much to Ask by Sarah Goldberg

May I lie in the forest that is your eyes? And may I retreat there while the world is cruel? May I swirl in the creme that is your skin? And may I leave it upon my body And never wash it off? May I dip into the honey that is your hair? And then may I store the honey clinging to me still? May I drip it into a jar labeled "home"? May I keep that jar till I die? May I seal it with my closed lips? The lips I command to never tell anyone, Especially you, Just how you stir me, As though I were mere black coffee Until fusing with your rich creme and your honey, And how you move me As though I were the moon That moves to cling to your forest, to you-its home. Sometimes moving closer, sometimes further. Some nights showing only a sliver, While on sacred nights bearing all, Even craters and scars. And when I die May my ashes reside in that jar, in my home? May I have only a blade of your grass And a sprinkle of your creme to accompany me As my remains float upon that honey? If none of the above, May I at least pretend your answer is yes?

Photography by: Amanda Lowitz