

# Blind

*by* Roberta

Under cover of darkness  
we let go of our  
day-time selves.

    In this coaly no-time  
strewn with fallen stars,  
you are a roaming panther  
and I am a tangle of snakes.

    You are teeth -- arms --  
ragged whispers. You are  
everything you'd never say  
    too far from here. For which  
I wait -- with teeth and tongue.  
For which I wait with half-  
closed eyes, though the  
    sounds of my voice catch in  
my throat. Though I bite  
down your name  
over, over.

    Your nails draw  
scarlet hieroglyphs over  
my skin. The beauty is  
    we can't see yet.

