

swim deep by Nika Elmi

These honey eyes crave creamy
london fog skies do not kiss them
shut my eyelids are not a home for
your lonely such a blue sadness
you trace the clouds, see nothing
never danced on crescent moons
that your shackled heart cries
leaves scars then paints them in
gold pulled my ankles to stay afloat
but I am not the love you coast on
your lust smells of cheap leather,
whiskey and I am suffocating
drowning in the bitters of this
old-fashioned you filled the hollows
of my eyes with dust raced salt
water droplets down the contours of
my face watch me float away in its
currents carve a raft from gold linen
and paddle tired of chasing your
empty watch me as I turn this tired
into beautiful a foreign tongue you
will never understand a mind with
waters too deep it's dark at the
bottom of the sea, don't wait for this
treasure at the shore

a dandelion puff in your
forest fires while you bathe
in a nicotine sort-of love
turn your head to the
flickering sun and watch
my resilient drift far, far
away for your barren,
empty wasteland this body
is done settling for dust
when it deserves the sun