

## **I want to write but English makes me feel like a baby**

I have so many questions for life  
But there's this emptiness in my mind  
Everytime I try to formulate a thought  
It drifts away, away  
Is it the sun on my skin, why?  
The sugar of a berry, sundown on the brink  
A hand through your hair and mine  
The dew on a leaf, why?  
You hand on my mouth,  
And flowers in my lap?  
It's difficult to understand  
That I'm not the person you see,  
My body is mine  
My mind is me  
My art a portal, a poem, your eyes  
The smoke from you lips,  
Whipped dust blown from my thighs  
Into the wind  
These words without meaning  
But beauty they bring  
Fill my head with grapes from  
Dionysius blood  
Aphrodite, you're flowy like her hair  
There thoughts of my dreams  
A single layer  
Dissonant, distorted, senseless  
Maybe crude  
In my inner iris  
I stand before you, nude