

Dreaming of Breathing



I felt forbidden.
Here I lie, with lazy lies coating the inside of my mouth.
Warm. Comfortable. Comfortable warmth.
Limbs tangled beneath a swirl of melting Umber and Walnut.
I dreamt of breathing.
Erratically.
Patterns, both hasty and lazy, irregular and symphony rivaled.
Full moon, so it's a sacred night, though my dreams borderlined carnality.

I envied the Earth.
She was explored beyond her depths, though she remained revered and
Utterly besotted over by many a man.
Men eager despite the troubles that await. *Stupid Earth.*
Why must you reward them with your impassioned treasures?
Stupid Men.
Why might you think of me differently? Aren't Lady Earth and I any alike?
Stupid Me.
Why do you desire their thieving hands? Haven't you seen their plunderous habits?

Crucify me, I beg.
At least then my body will feel something, pain oughta' do.

Plead. Bright on Sunday morning, on my hands and knees,
Confessing to the Sweet Son of God about how thankful I am for his grace.
Holy he is, guiding me, though I frequently dream of breathing. A lust-lady, Jezebel.
Songs of Solomon, my inspiration, man berating me with wholesome venom.
Sweet like the Land of Milk and Honey. Steamy like a white woman's sauna.
For *Christ's* love, I'd march around the walls of Jericho.
With *His* love, I torment my walls of Jericho.
When night falls, streets are desolate, and breathing is on my mind.

Suddenly, I feel forbidden. Why must I dirty the Holy Book?

Please. Late on Monday's evening, maybe on my hands or my knees.
Ridges of the most magnificent walnut, color me amatory.
Maybe lewd.

Eyes stalking, kin to the most villainous panther stalking its prey, Or
A deprived man, starved of a burlesque woman's touch, Or

Me.

He moved, purring in heat. Earth's core was second to his.
I thought dreaming of breathing was a form of Worship, maybe I'm wrong.
But that's why my knees bruise on Sunday Morning.
I plead.

Forget dreaming, I adored
Geography.
Loved locating historic landmarks, pinpointing them.
Learning them till I couldn't no more.
I had no idea skin could be like it.
Lights low and warm, spirit-stirring rhythm lugged like whiffs of smoke.
Encasing *he* and I with an atmosphere of abrasive desire,
I mapped him out, pinning a look to it.
He was my map & I was his.
How incorrigible.

Clay and Clap.
Palms, rough and smooth, mold-like
Clay.
Sticky without water. Church teaches lessons.
Sometimes, ones they refuse are taught in the casting of
The moonlight. When evil lurks, and the Lord watches.
Clapping, a universal expression of cheer. I look
Forward to being molded like clay,
To clapping together, overjoyed.

To breathing.

I feel forbidden, though,
I reckon eroticism can be just as holy.
You, black woman, your eroticism is mystic too.

— & Rihya

Fin at February 22, 2026 @ 4:55 p.m.