

**Self**

It is my dream to live  
in a grocery store without groceries  
a beach without a sea  
a city without people  
or a country with no borders.

It is my dream to be  
a wife without a husband  
a willow with no forest  
a sailor with no boat  
or a woman with no corset.

I want to feel  
pain without injury  
joy without reward  
love with no lover  
and peace in the midst of chaos.

I want to be  
a woman with no obligation  
but to the blood in her veins  
and the clothes that cling  
to her freckled back.

**Where I'm From**

I am from the Dead Sea,  
risen from the depths of the Earth,  
letting humans only touch the surface,  
unable to sink beneath.

I am from the salt spray on your face,  
and the cool breeze through your hair,  
caressing your flesh,  
filling your chest with tranquility.

From the land of healing,  
and the home of martyrs,  
giving me my wind,  
bringing me to life.

I am from Death,  
recycled from the Earth,  
for Life cannot exist,  
without Life being lost.

## Oranges

They tell me “there will be a day  
the empty feeling in the pit  
of your stomach will no longer  
be of mortal concern small fox,  
the only sensation to be  
felt is the sand between your toes,  
the Florida sunshine warming  
your face, and a full belly filled  
with the breakfast you’ve never had.  
Don’t cry now, my little fox,  
this is love, this feeling filling  
your empty stomach is simply  
the feeling of coming back to  
life.”

“It sounds awfully martyr-ish  
of me, I know,” the rescuer says,  
“but please don’t be mistaken small fox,  
saving you, my intention is  
not, despite you there, saving me,  
completely oblivious to your  
angelic presence, like my own  
Deus ex Machina, you can be  
my living, sweet Annabel Lee,  
except I will allow no one,  
no seraph, to steal you away  
from me.”

“So, allow me to let you live  
a life away from the nothing  
of a suburb of a murder  
town, allow me to baptize you  
in the salt bath of a warm sea,

allow me to wipe the tangy  
remnants of orange away from  
your cheeks, and allow me to love  
you, it is okay to be loved,  
it is okay to be alive,  
and it is okay to be free.“