

Sunburn

SYDNEY TAN

Aiya, you look like a peasant!
she smiled, guilty behind a brazen face
intricate creases invading leather cheeks
like those breaking backs on paddy fields
her padded back curved on white sands
delicately refined
delivered by waves that crashed before

Aiya, laying out there like a crazy *bairén*
shades of pigment
shaded ridges
interweaving on tapered limbs
insatiable, as they watched
ivory teeth bearing out from parched lips
showing your skin
deep pores dripped
saltiness into lusting waters
patches of weaker pallor
burn

Aiya, have you heard
fiery rays silently beat
drums of bronze
into complexion
into resonant caverns that ignite her
drowning out resistance
skin cancer can kill you
melanin seeping out in fervent rivers
gilded toxins coursing

they smiled, unsuspecting
lethal dye
this time
it will not fade

aiyaaa