

A Rose for Mother

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We compare beautiful women to roses
while we plunder mother earth's skin,
the soil where her children suckle
at an ichor invisible to our eyes.

Is it because of us?

Patience must run deep
to her molten core. It must
feel nice to cover our footprints
with her own chronic making.

She is the salt of herself;
when we devour her too quickly,
bitterness bites at our seams.
So we dilute her passion.

She is palatable when partial. But
walled up inside, we can't convince
ourselves to read for the beggar after
we've grown used to center stage.

Her body comes to life:
a play dramatized by her avatars,
the stage quaking with growing pains,
harmony performing her daily functions.

Why is your heart melting?

Trees poke out of the ground like fingers.
Clouds swirl above like long locks of hair.
Bottomless oceans gurgle with stomach acid
and a rapidly melting core.

We now feel her pain, fathom
her godlike power, steal glimpses of
her splendor through an eclipsing
peephole, nudging us into a polar night.

*We forgot the privilege
of counting on a quenched thirst.*

When she cries, overcast gloom diffuses into
seams she once playfully nibbled at,
seams from which we once swatted
her away as if she were a rodent.

*We don't realize how hollow we are
till your emptiness fills us to nothing.*

You can emerge
and transform your body to a playground
for the grateful children
who frolic and eat hand-to-mouth.

We're happy for you.
Our tears wash away the plaster
of taut smiles stretched thin.

We begged her for more, more, more.
More flavor. More favors. We held out
our hands, begged for blessings
only to receive salt in return.

Is it because of us?

We can gnaw on the sour grains.
We can cry salty tears.
We can open our red eyes,
scorched but fallow for a rose.