

invitation to a magical darkness



top: kadir's tree houses, olympos, turkey  
bottom: new york city

this wetness is not water.  
my hunger disappears  
when i smell your skin.  
i learn a lot more  
as i close my eyes.  
my thirst turns blue  
and blends into the night.  
all that is left  
is a sip of guilt.  
i reach for the glass.  
but god beats me to it  
and gulps it down.

i willfully suffer  
in the darkness of your eyes.  
if i had ears  
—for you,  
i would cut them both.