

passion rampant in small secret rooms

your big loud laugh
revives my starving ghosts
coaxes the peripheral slow slow into graceful centre
my flesh rising to your occasion

adrenaline memory insinuates
knuckles me awake
i am cartilage to your bone
hungry teeth to your tongue

sweet curds of temptation fragile with promise
might evaporate if i stare too directly

but already your presence shifts planets
refracts me countless angles
toward my circling stars

disrupts the architecture of inheritance
blasts open the attic windows
you prove
a woman is her own house
dangerous & whole

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