

Sara Elkamel

Half Brides

Francesco Merlini, *Eight nails on one hand*, Verona, 2018

It is no secret
that broken things
break first,

that sometimes, to make
light intelligible, you've got
to turn your back on it.

They say
a lover's blow tastes
like raisins,

but my hands
are full of beads
in all their creases

I don't
dare bring them
to my lips.

Sometimes, I think
you might be the skin
on my back.

It is no secret I want
to flatten into you
or break. Stare

into the Nile's pinked
ruffles. Let
the spilling coral of the

sky push against me.
Stuff my eyes
with seeds