

Rahan Nazeer

'Tis pity he's a bore

I imagine he'd wear my armour well,
And send sandal'd feet scuffling back on the dirt they earlier trod.
His eyes are deep dark centre stones,
Buried in squinting distance,
And his skin demarcates the Sun's furthest edge.
His hair is a lustrous shadow cast by earthly forms of that abyssal goddess.

'Tis pity he's a bore.

How he strides,
Warm air turbulent
expanding billowing fabrics,
Exquisite timpani of sole on pavement.
How he glitches and slides,
How slowly my mind renders his form.
He exists illuminated in slow motion

And I am drunk on vertigo
when I picture him as St. Sebastian,
Nailed to pine in ecstatic agony.

'Tis pity.

Some ancestral memory is unseated
From its place on our shared bookshelf
When I see desire distilled in the juice that runs
From tongue to lip to lip's corner and streams
Into a bead collecting at his chin's peak.
Orange dew drop,
Promising and frightening and
Does anyone notice that I'm staring?

Pity.

Now his sumptuous form is reduced to two lines,
They mark the seat of disappointment,
Deep in my lungs.
Now in his immanent radiance,
With his flesh that resonates with echoes
of the sublime,
He is reduced to an X.
The divine condensed to a mere bromide.

'Tis pity he's a bore.