

my fanning candled the wind

for Fanyann Eddy

your kiss is an open-court
i am late to the hearing
too early; the movement of our bodies
outshaping borders into thighs

the lines on our lips are britished
you bite the cracks of governments open
lobbying rights from skinned teeth

late to the hearings of my arms, you are
gone too soon
wrestling legacies again with
condoms in your bag
unwrapping our bed
for streetlights &
clasped hands blanketing secret faces
of men tucked under men tucked under
our sierra sun

you refuse to forget
me in this late evening
hug me a little while longer,
show me how
you melt the holy wax
ministering ministers to root
the roots of us
burning flowers
petals darkly flamed

the stems of candles against this wind

your hands fan the earth
you say 7, 8, 9
you'll be home by whatever
time it takes to get us there

the location is a secret home
of scattered lesbians too afraid to
burn in the day, for each other
you are fighting
the reign of money & the callous
hands of banks, the men
they love how soft you are with
them and when they
kiss you i realise you are not mine

you are gone from yesterday
to Johannesburg, to Amnesty
my lesbian delegate lover and her
endless strategies sparking open the sky

and for your blood, and the
the violent gravity of murder
that they follow into
the crack of your neck in the dark
& never bring to light

i whisper that spirits make
love, our bed is not empty
in your success, i am waiting,
still amidst the gardens of us
each offering a communal cheek to kiss
for your mouth forever
in no other language but freedom.