

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mela Blust: Two Poems

Mela Blust · Wednesday, February 19th, 2020

offering

when i pressed the blade to my thigh
he took the reigns
when i came up spitting blood
forget me nots, and pavement...
he still sang my name.

i've come to him with flaws
he is calm and dutiful
i let him use his claws.
he is humming moon and midnight breeze
he is forceful parting of innocent knees
and my lips are a rose
thrumming with bees.

i am an imperfect creature;
i've left very little for god
i am broken wings of dove
there is not much to take
but what he takes,
he loves.

*

flammable

everything was hot to the touch but i didn't know that i was flammable. no one had ever told me. i barely remember a grown man throwing a match into the tinder of my thighs when i was just a girl.

so i went through life burning. i took big drags, i liked it big. i liked the slow burn. i let it drag out, let the tension twirl in the air like smoke from the fire in my loins. tension thrumming, burning a pleasurable hole in me, digging a grave in him.
and him.
and him.

kind of like the way you find a weapon lying around somewhere and pick it up and suddenly

you're a god. only the weapon was inside me, and i wasn't even aware of the trail of ash i left in my wake.

and when the weapon had a name, i put it away, deep inside. where it lies now — dark, and horny, and waiting. sometimes, i can't help myself, sometimes i take it out and polish it to a sheen. i'm sorry.

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