

Sol dreaming

Tracey Rolfe

These are the things you didn't tell me

that without your warmth the world would choke on its own darkness
that vines would straggle

and wither

and die

and the world would spin into oblivion, oblivious in its Antarctic freeze

that without your silken touch, legs would bow until they formed a perfect O

that without you no amount of milk could save the rickety child

that too much of your love could bring out the watermelon red

the prickly rashes and furnace heat hidden under cotton

that too much love could make my skin fissure

and blister

and peel

that the healthy glow you gave me would age me, wrinkle me, crow my eyes

that today I would feel your loving touch growing on my face

that today the surgeon would take his blade to me to cut away evidence of you

that tomorrow it might be my children's faces, younger, ever younger

that when you give you life, you also take it away.