

Kalia Dimitrova

Neruda's Roselets

In your palms
I dissolve,
you want me tender,
I am seawater
disappearing in your warmth.

You want me sweet and light
I am torta caprese,
you go back to
in that corner café
in Capri
where you write me
in hot evenings
when I wait
to be born
over and over.

I am clay
curved
by your grip
accordingly,
I am laughter
sung
by your throat,
I am a rose
stripped by you.

can I be something more?

Neruda's Roselets

I die in every line
you give life to
I sleep in this
nameless house
anonymous
as a southern wind,
a secret you keep
away from the streets
that greet you.

I am the sweat
on your face
when she asks
if you love another.
I am the bittersweet
espresso staining
your lying mouth.
you wash me away
when needed.

but what do I know of this world?

my soul,
my brain,
my words,
no one knows.
I am a rose,
roselet,
tiny and naked,
for you.