

# Nina

Sage Justice

Burning Earth, its punishing flames  
pink and orange in our devastated youth

lick our ankles up to the scars on our knees,  
engulfing us in Sappho's feverish grasp.

We paint dogs with their teeth bared  
all canines and frothing spit.

Growl at passing men on sidewalks  
off our oppressive leashes, uncaged

unwilling to paint ourselves pure  
and be blank canvases in a jeweler's display.

Inside on Aphrodite's couch, though  
we purr like lions, stroking each other's cheek

and melt, all curly hair and dimples,  
floral dresses with deep pockets.

Deep enough to carry all our love letters,  
like this one. Sealed with *besitos*

and all the blood we can drink.