

# I ZORA

Suffocating silver entity  
staring through my soul  
like a beady-eyed child,  
I imagine bubbles forming  
on ice, huffs of trapped air,  
dazed eyes spying through  
frozen glass, wells of argent tears.

### Priscilla, You Only Get a Page

A grey shadow of a figure sits near titanium thickets,  
bodiless and scant in movement, it sits begrudgingly.

An image enters Zora's mind invasively,  
she frowns towards the Earth,  
noticing her body newly covered,  
modest.

The transformation regresses her to anxiety,  
without a set of eyes, the glare remains sour and scathing  
and wildly powerful as Zora falls to her knees,  
protected by the cotton that drapes her,  
and she wonders if that is the whole point,

If mothers had their daughters bundled in that two-fingers-below-the-knees crap so as to avoid blood on their  
hands, because they will fall like empires at the hands of tyranny, women versus women who seek to destroy

the notion that sacred spaces need not be closed;  
sanctity is not reliant on how we obtain pleasure,  
it is maintained by morale that does not chastise.

The figure is like a viper, and she manifests into being, into name,

"I am Priscilla, and you will be punished for what you have done."

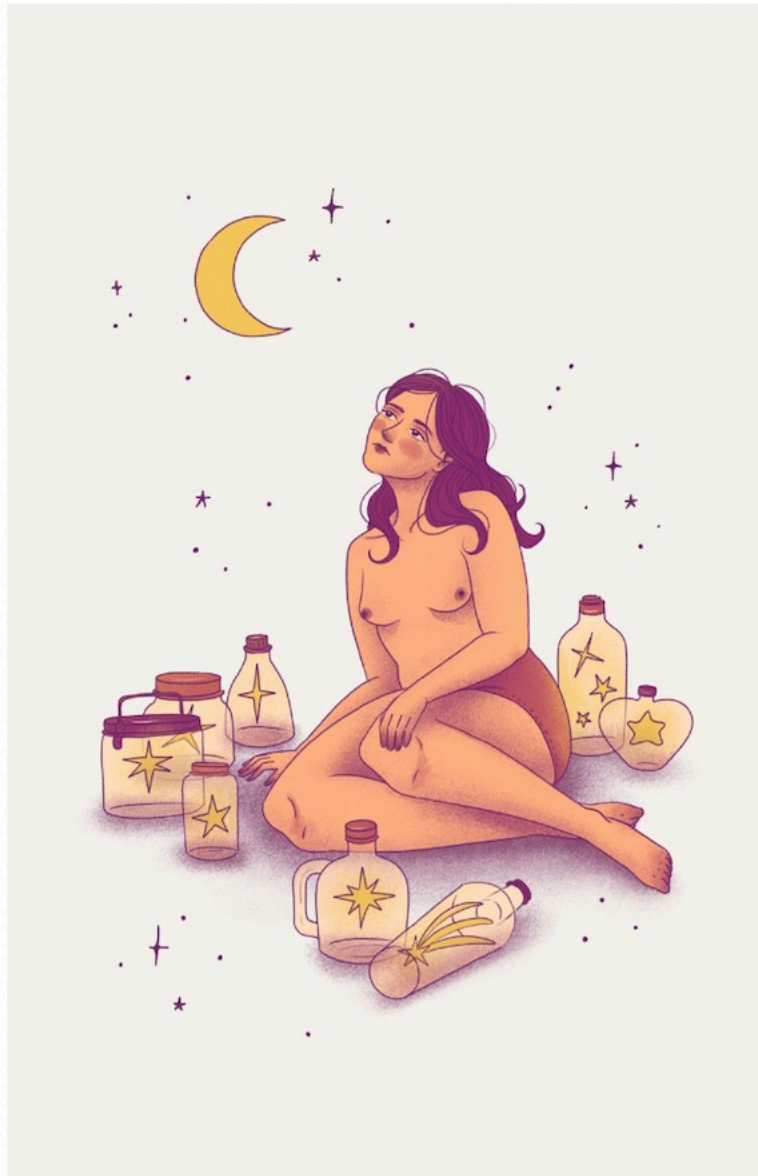
Tears swell in Zora's eyes, and the river froths;  
she must not lose her progress.  
She returns to the boat and the after,  
to joy and adrenaline and to friends who hug you  
after it is done and you are unharmed and you feel good  
and congratulate you for stepping into another version of yourself  
not better than or easier to talk to or easier to befriend.

Priscilla still has value,  
Priscilla is proof of transformation  
Priscilla's disgust is society's grime  
which exists to warn us,  
to motivate us for better,

for sex education and pro-sex attitudes  
for sex is pleasurable and normal  
for sex independent of love or matrimony  
for sex is genderless and light  
for sex is only consequential if we do not study it  
like Chemistry or Literature.  
If it is not annotated or engaged with,  
then Priscilla will continue to belittle sex  
even with all of its goodness,

even with all of Zora's goodness,

because it is there and exists  
and wants to swim freely in this silver river.



### Virginity in Love

I think of it like Heaven,  
unentered and exaggerated.  
Sex in love must be the eighth wonder,  
etched in a stone map that is given  
to us in dreams when we practice  
patience and independence;  
are these the conditions to  
a readiness for love?

Thrusting hearts,  
moaning under skin,  
a silent secretion of dopamine  
coating sheets in a special scent  
that you'll seek in gusts of wind,  
or in rich lavender which you will hope  
surrenders to pine and the hint of lemon cake,

I speak from senses and wishes,  
from the imagination that can concoct love fiction seamlessly.  
If my role is investigator and learner, here is all I know:

kisses like teabags over the eyes—it is a quiet remedy.  
It stretches you sweetly, every cramped tendon is given release  
and you can take my word for it, because I have seen it.

You might think, she'll never truly know until it  
hits her like a towering truck, immense and Herculean, defining each second  
of her life when she brushes her teeth or puts her socks on  
before any other piece of clothing, and love will be placeholder  
for rationale and confidence and passion and self-sufficiency.

When she realizes that in love  
there will be multiple periods, cycles, phases, trials without it,  
unbearable and blue, each day will be breathless,  
she will fight for her life.

I have seen this too,  
but it does not deter my interest;  
love is a novelty, a collector's item.  
If you have one you must have all,  
you will crave it like me.

I want limited edition  
love never before seen  
love not love on 'TV  
love that did not exist  
before I decided it did.

I want to be God of a certain love,  
I want love to choose me,



I want a world of love,  
I want sex and love,  
to who do I speak to,  
put me on the phone with the CEO of love,  
does love break hundreds,  
does love know I am here?