

*love is a series of short prayer*

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*Short prayer*

I pray not the days away,  
                    the days away from you,  
                    nor the days  
I prayed                    away from you,  
I pray  
                    that you will forever know  
                                    how  
I pray                            for you,  
                    and me                    and you,  
                    in love.

*White candle*

In the light  
of a candle,  
I look a  
certain way.

In the light  
of your presence,  
I feel a-  
nother way.

*Currents*

I can't sleep  
because when  
I close my eyes,  
I feel these currents  
slowly rocking  
me to you.

My inhales  
suddenly match yours  
as we ripple in unison like  
waves in a calm sea, what feels so  
natural with the dunes of  
bed sheets under like  
formation of sand  
under waves.

Your breaths  
are my currents  
that push me  
to shore.

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*Alignment*

Is it my hand  
or yours

that touches  
my  
body  
completing its daily tasks  
of mess  
of life  
of love?

Or is it  
our  
bodies  
dissolving into  
one,  
one body, one  
soul

that beats  
as whole,  
and holds  
life  
in one palm?

*Departure*

There only are  
so many ways to  
touch a body.

You touch  
more than  
my body.

*FALLING*

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*Red candle*  
How careless  
we can be to  
utter one confession  
in the dark and light  
fires enough to burn  
all darkness away:  
this fire won't stop.

*Expansion*

This love is of  
a trombone playing its only note,  
of a boat crossing its last channel,  
a red that has found its final resting spot,  
of a carrying away of blood and tears,  
from velvet sheets sewn for hearts attached,  
of a world that keeps spinning for  
blushing sunrises and bleeding sunsets.  
This love is of the sweetest poison  
that dipped can take you beneath the  
earth, far beyond where we need to be,  
yet we still go.

*LOVING*

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Is there Reason  
but your prints to my feet  
your kiss kneeling becoming  
dust for the pleasure  
of being nothing,  
being nowhere, but heart  
kissing its lover;

Is there Purpose  
but knowing that days pass  
where the buildings purr  
and cars roll  
and children cry,  
is there no law to say  
where you should be and I,  
to lay by your side,  
no postman to deliver  
destined poems for our vows,  
no posted warnings  
on buildings breaking our ground,  
no escape from my thoughts of you  
of Beauty, Reason, or Purpose:

Post me the letter declaring  
your hand does not belong in mine,  
and until then,  
I shall live every reason  
believing it was meant to be.

*Proclamation*

Is there Beauty  
but the light that passes  
or the eyes that wander  
over your face, your arms  
extending to me,  
birds mid-flight;

*Eternity*

Where do clocks turn,  
to face what face,  
where do I turn to run,  
if I have you here,

Tell me, where do we go from here  
if I have no place to run,  
if home is here with you;  
Tell me, where does the time go  
when I'm here with you,  
where is there to go?

Stop the clocks, turn the hands  
back, my legs tied under yours.  
I do not rush to raise my eyes;  
the church bells are ringing outside.  
I kneel before the parting clouds,  
your parting eyes I pray to forever see.

Tell me, what is there more to want,  
to rush, to seek what could be found:  
I have found love in my own hand.  
I point no longer at time passing by.  
The bells are singing, can you hear?  
My heart is ticking, do you feel?  
I turn only to you.

*Black candle*

If I had taken the time,  
I would have noticed  
how I had left you  
alone  
in your deepest misery  
with false warmth  
and faded light.

*Cursed*

There is not much  
to speak of,  
in me there is  
not much to speak of.

There is change,  
and the eyes stop  
finding themselves  
as reflections of the other.

There is forgetting  
of the way to move,  
to move the hand a  
bit too rigid for instinct.

And the mind, the  
mind that brings  
all but what time  
must bring on its own.

To think that I might  
have cursed myself,  
to loving and hurting  
as I forget that I am speaking.

How can I say  
it, how must I admit  
that I am no one, no  
thing to be loved

without getting you hurt?

This action of  
self-confession;  
I write to myself  
of her to punish,

I do not know how  
I have escaped  
without shards,  
without scars,

how I have left  
blood estranged,  
veins entangled,  
pain encountered.

I have forgotten  
(all these days  
of the sun's shining  
of my shadow hiding)

how I have hurt,  
killed, and hung  
hearts too weak to  
beat no trace to find.

And how, on the  
morning I rise  
(alone) I still call  
for names I have

cursed with my love.

But then, I see  
I am no one,  
nothing really  
to speak of.

That I, myself  
forget that I am  
speaking, breathing  
being some lover

to a man who  
finds his insanity  
in my eyes' reflection;  
to a man who

has found my be-  
coming, far from  
where I have been  
estranged. This

man who had given me  
his trenches and words,  
his fire and smoke,  
to the man who

has found me change  
towards him, as I  
returned my heart  
to him who cursed

my loving as a sin from now on.



*Lost*

Poetry is  
pulling ties of every tongue that tried  
to tell tales of fortune and treasure  
of you and love together;

Loving you is  
pulling pain up from within and  
holding hands with what remains  
of lost sands that fell with time  
to rest at the hour of glass it became.

*Request*

If I should make  
my only lasting request  
in our quest of love  
(a conquest so great, I know),  
I should ask  
for just your embrace  
on the balcony overlooking  
the garden that grew with us,  
and I should ask you  
to trust me when I should say  
that before, my heart  
what was so young  
now, bleeds petals  
it knew only to  
grow, with you.

*Renewal*

The fountain in the park,  
that has heard us well  
in love and laughter,

is where I sit to pray  
if my heart will still pour  
after loving one like you.

At once, the fountain heard  
and poured all the same:  
This love will remain as a prayer in return.

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