

love is a series of short prayer

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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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