

life and a lover

Cadence

How can you blame me to love, when the sea tastes as thick and salty as tears, as hot and fleshy and filled with living things as a body swimming with cells? How can I be blamed for grabbing onto each sunset and clinging to its star-filled sheath? I am one woman alone beneath the sky and I ask no penance and seek no answers. An old man once told me that it is impossible to be angry at the sea, and I laughed at him, but I understand what he means now — what point is it to rage against something that remains ever moving and old and unanswering? Oh, I am a simple woman, and though I fight against it I cannot deny my heart in my bosom nor the freckles on my lips. The girl down at the market who grows lemons tells me that to be a woman is to be blessed to feel every desire and cursed to feel ashamed of each one of them. Though she grows lemons, her lips taste like butter and when we go berry-picking in the summer I have never felt so weighed down with sugar my pockets full my back aching with the load of it, heaped onto me until I have to drink saltwater to be rid of the toothache. The common-folk shame me for the way we go along but I've never given a damn for them, all clogging the paths and cloying for her lemon honey. I don't blame myself for love, and neither should they. Neither should the world, when I scream at it, neither should my body, when I maim it, neither should the grass when I lie face down in it and profess myself to be a bride of Nature, and her alone.