

## Sappho to Erinna in Technicolor

all my days are laced by burnished waves  
your hair the earliest echo of sunlight your gaze

honey burnt and eaten by algae every curious  
touch makes me relive the color blue

the deepest kind they will claim we did not see  
but trust me every dance of tongue weaves

a cover of midnight every gasp is an aching lagoon  
out of one mouth my name becomes a tether

with one body I build an island of what is  
indigo and melody of what is a homegrown

kind of harmony orchids singing to the ankles  
water itching to trace the edges of what we have

made my love how it that I have forsaken  
even the moon in favor of your shoulder

a sliver of alabaster against a sky of lazuli  
begging to know the mercy of my teeth