

The Riches You Bear
by Danae Younge

Last night, I found myself
at the border of a dream.
The cool air teetering,
vacillating my balance as a gust
blew your confession through
a fragmentary consciousness.

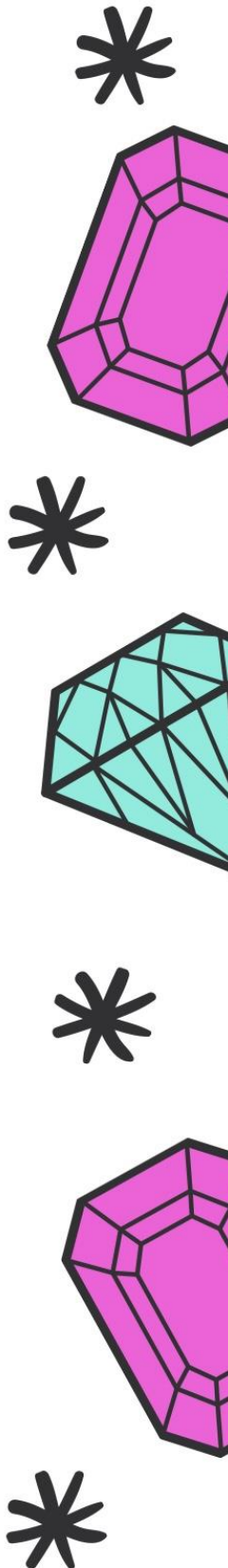
Though the direction was unknown.

Your voice was
three pebbles placed faintly,
tentatively lined on the inside flesh
of my dormant arm.
& I could feel you watching,
your stare condensed the colors
in my misting mind to pulp
as you awaited the fate of wet river rocks...
adapting to be gemstones on my skin?
You wondered how they'd look on me.

I dreamed I was bejeweled
& that you were naked before me.

In elementary school I adorned my brown
in immutable gray gravel from the driveway.
But that was before I loved myself.

It is peculiar that I can



still feel the spots of warmth,
gentle indentations on my forearm
real as morning when I wake
into your evaporated sleep.

I know you see it too,
how the imperial topaz stones
dragged an inculpatory trail —
inched up my shoulder blade,
danced on my jawline,

before settling into russet irises,
acting as oriel windows —
swelling the aperture & filling my caverns,

exposing us in your light.

