

canvas body

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

tight black lace; kissing the curvature of her body.

flowing into her tiny waist.

delicate fabric; accentuating her soft and youthful skin.

extending onto a smooth canvas.

bright blonde curls; draping past her shoulders.

shimmering under the light.

pink full lips piercing into a smile.

the type you fall in love with.

she dances with the sheets. enclosing the warmth of her aura.

oh how she radiates. deep red energy. vibrations of seduction.

yet she's sweet. fragile. simple. predictable even.

vulnerability is her spiritual power.

you wonder if she's capable; capable of love inducement.

and she is. in every form. she is.

why? why does manipulation fuel this woman's excellence?

why is she craving satisfaction from *me*?

the curvature of her body; interrupted by erosions of flesh.

sinking into the river of her waist.

her soft and youthful skin; tainted with tiny canyons of decay.

crumpling the canvas of consistency.

her bright blonde curls; rendered from the rays of the sun.

extinguishing the light of glisten.

her smile. oh, her smile. never changed. not for anyone. not even herself.

yet why does she paint a landscape of destruction?

