

haze

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Why should I rub my eyes with the bridge of my palms,
repeatedly and nervously,
to recognize your facial features?

Why should I blink,
so disturbed,
that my pupils go dry just to recognize your
smile?

Why should I force my body to ache
and scream and
let tears run down my kindled cheeks just so I could
feel your gaze?

Why should I prepare my own torment so that you can feast on your
lust for me?

I see you in a blur, and this time,
I didn't blink to get a closer
look.

