

This is My Poem (Nooks and Crannies)

Think of a canyon; think of a mountain range.
There are many nooks and crannies,
hidden curves and deep crevices.
The highest highs with the lowest lows.
The pinnacle of unending beauty and power
and strength and creation.

Now, think of Me.

I know tenderness without bounds, without boundaries.
When the diamond gates of my compassion open to you,
they will never close,
And you will be engulfed by what feels like a warm wave
and smells like soft honey or white lilies.
I will grow wings and learn to fly thousands of miles
simply to cup your cheek.
I will give you gifts of tranquil touches,
deep thoughts, and honest words.
This is my Beauty. This is my Love.

I know fury like no wild beast ever has.
Pluck the wrong nerve or push me down without due cause
And I can guiltlessly crack your skull and devour your heart ...
Raw ...
You deserved it.
I have a glare that can turn your pathetic soul to dust.
I can spoon your socket dry but leave the other full
so you can watch me eat your salty manzanilla eyeball.
I can break your fucking knees.
This is my Strength. This is my Anger.

I know fire better than Moses and his burning bush.
I can make your personal terrain tingle
with a twist of my hips and a lick of my lips.
You will be wrapped in velvet and silk
when I wrap around you,
and you will feel Holy.
I will comply to any of your fantasies
as long as they do not require the use of my hands
if you know what I mean.
This is my Power. This is my Sex.

I know magic better than any wand.
Inside my soft belly,
I can Nourish an Image of myself.
And this Miracle will have my eyes,
 my smile, and my crooked pinky toe.
My Miracle will bump its head and pour out tears,
 but I will be there forever
 to kiss the pain away and wipe each drop
With my bare hands.
This is my Creation. This is my Divinity.

I Always know when someone is Lying.
I have no Problem saying that I Want a Man.
I can make you Lean into Me
 by the Manipulation of a Whisper.
I would Die for Good.

I am a lot like a canyon, a mountain range.
Nooks and Crannies.
Hidden Curves and Deep Crevices.

I am a Woman.
I like it.

Veronica Kott