

Sun Stilled

Clara Burghelea

The way you tame me, from hair splits to sloppy grief,
dissolving boundaries, teaching my body to peel off
worries, harvest into good cells that know the cushioned
give of your touch, a handful of sweetness in every
metaphor that carves the air, then cascading laughter
that hurts my jaws, ripples through my sternum, cuddles
below my breasts like a living creature before we loop
ourselves like ouroboros, our bodies strung with desire,
the day's hungry mouth churning, tumble-drying, sucking
the marrow of us, until bones, soft and rubbery, start to sing
this tune of submission your hands have long been humming.

Clara Burghelea is a Romanian-born poet with an MFA in Poetry from Adelphi University. Recipient of the Robert Muroff Poetry Award, her poems and translations appeared in *Ambit*, *Waxwing*, *The Cortland Review* and elsewhere. Her collection *The Flavor of The Other* was published in 2020 with Dos Madres Press. She is the Translation/International Poetry Editor of *The Blue Nib*.