

Mira

She shed her clothes
flowing red hair
touching satin black.
She glowed with every hot breath
pulsing with rhythm of the cosmos.
I knew her
before she gave up her crown.

I call her name, Mira.
Mira, a Turkish ruby, jewel
among harem of stars,
her long wedding train let down
in chambers of the south
laying down the seeds of suns
dying, to give them life.