

KIMI

Her bird rests
in the folds of my skirt.
It has called her here.
It has led me back,

She reaches near,
reminds me how Alawa,
entranced with a lizard,
longed to grasp
his glistening blue tail.

She presses a finger to my arm,
pulls her hand back quickly.
Her eyes rush to mine.

I begin to laugh.

Alis

I inch my hand forward,
let it hover over
the inky band about her arm,

I touch the lacy pattern.

Did I expect her skin
to feel like wood or stone?
It is as any person's would be.

Suddenly, I smile.