

Masthead Logo

Volume 27
Issue 1 *Blue Apocalypse* (2018-2019 Issue)

Article 49

5-1-2019

Onyx

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CU Commons Citation

Donald, Dominique (2019) "Onyx," *The Promethean*: Vol. 27 : Iss. 1 , Article 49.
Available at: <https://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol27/iss1/49>

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Onyx

Dominique Donald

I dream of nothing but onyx,
Pressing your lips on my body
I slowly put my hands in my pools
Pulsing and falling—I tighten
I tighten
Gripping the work, your work
I'm flushed.

Waking in dawn I see your eyes so deep
Of green emeralds.
Glazing over at my sweet flush skin
Your tongue meets my infinities—
Holding unto my pillars I try to run
But where your mouth meets my lips I

Come just by gazing. Your wicked games
Make me ponder. Feeling all your weight
We stretch and feel. You feel yourself in new skin.
My skin.
As I encircle with growth
You quake, I shake, we remake

Now we both dream of onyx.
Dreaming of others to love while we spread
Our springs—coiling back together.
Touching the white waves in my pool again,
You feed—I feed on your nectar, because we are gods.
Once again the onyx comes but this time
We see red