

Untitled Written by Unknown

I am a quick footed
girl, running with my feet bare in the grass.
My heart wild, my head tilted up to the sun.
They will write shoes and stillness

You are a soft smiled,
soft handed, soft hearted
woman who lives in town.
Your wife turned into a roommate.

I am the history of a queen,
who slept with a soft skinned
countess in her bed.
Unknown, unwritten, untaught

You are the art of lovers
dancing in the moonlight.
Long hair and swollen lips,
that was fed to the flame

I am Sappho, lost in time,
the soft curve of my shes
turned into hes in the
poetry I left behind

You are *Unknown*,
who wrote of naked woman
and lips on flesh.
They know who you are, they do

Does it matter, I wonder,
if our story is not our own.
We will know.
We will remember.

But when we are gone and all that
exists of us is the memory
how will they know
how much I worshiped you.