

Tempus Edax Rerum

She had been beautiful. Not the kind of beautiful that only mothers commented on, nor the kind that only men saw. She was the kind of beautiful that everyone saw. She felt it when she walked, the sharpening of the air before her, around her. She felt it in the pause when she spoke and the silence was a moment too long. She felt it in the irony of her empty bedroom.

Time is cruel. She drags you down. Eyelids, cheeks, chin, tits, arse, hopes. She takes away everything you have. Except, of course, your empty bedroom.

Shut That Window

The wind kisses my skin,

a longed for breeze

in the stifled season.

Instead of soothed

I am jangled.

The wind kisses my skin

and reminds me of you,

of your treacherously soft tongue

and too frequent touch.

The wind kisses my skin

and whips away the salt

of summer and regret.

It was the longest summer of my life, waiting for rain

I waited for you.

I laid on top of my sheets

craving your touch,

listening for the tell-tale noise of you getting near.

My body drooled anticipatory sweat

at the thought of you coming.
It arched and ached and begged for you.
I felt your absence in my lungs.
I was barren without you.

You arrived, as always, suddenly.
I ran to meet you,
stood naked in my garden
as your promise swept over me.
You drenched me with love
and I felt your force
carve sweat and sin from my pores,
felt you sink into the baked hardness of my heart.
My skin tingled with wetness.
You drove me to my knees.



F. R. Kesby is a poet and storyteller from Leeds. She writes about feminism, politics, relationships and mental health and has headlined gigs including Stirred, Word Club, Outspoken and NeurodiVERSE and her work has appeared in magazines and journals such as Wanton Fuckery, Laldy, Picaroon and Strix. She is also the sole writer of the blog Spoons and Toons and a regular contributor for Women's Republic.

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