

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Conney Williams: Four Poems

Conney Williams · Thursday, August 19th, 2021

the last flame

I

first breath like last flame
she formless like smoke
gristle & guilt are her altar

she the hard timber
sacrifice lives here
she lap my bark underbelly
incinerate me like god

indigo woman so weather-worn
her aftertaste is ginger sunrise
upon a tongue so bona fide
a clever open faced furnace
she glow incandescent 10,000 years

eyes dilate like lebanon summer
her words are truth and flint
when she conjure forest fires
all my prayers combust

she don't leave me ember
or charred residue
ash abandoned like memory
she consume me spontaneous
like I am a desert bush

II

satisfaction require that I smolder
blaze bluer than a comet's trail
sacrifice all that lumber
be engulfed by god

*

waking to love in a garden near babylon

had i expected all this
 i would be a younger man
 full of hard muscle
 wise like resistance
 my vocabulary would be
 laden with back-talk
 had i expected you
 i would be more confident
 you would see the hazel
 of my daughter's eyes in mine
 all of you is more than
 this rigid bone and reluctance
 unimagined song you are
 so much more woman
 than adam or i expected

*

broken apology

you rather give head
 than to say you're sorry
 save your spit
 i have forgiveness
 for the both of us

*

sometimes it's not a choice

both eyes full of ambush
 soft fang of your appetite
 venus fly trap smile
 accessible and eager
 you use both hands
 like any super predator
 you want the sum of me
 incarcerate length of me
 my consent burn conclusive
 like wildfire inside your kiln

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