

Corn Mother

Lie down with me
here where the heavy loam
smells like rainwater.
Your long creamy
hair falls golden
under the round moon,
soothes my shoulder,
fire in your eyes,
your musk on my tongue.
We've known thunder,
you and I, and we've known
cold—when love stings
like a wasp—comes
and goes like desire.
Many yearn for your
sweet milk, for arepas fried
warm and brown stuffed
with cheese and black beans,
your intoxicating chicha.
Dance with me,
my hot fingers need your
translucent skin.

Nan Lundeen

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