

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A woman dances
in a shady motel
Somewhere in-land of San Francisco
Playing at Botelon
with no one else.
She exudes sex
touching herself
while watching in mirrors
that cover the walls.
Sharing memories with space
she grasps lovers that are air.
The freedom in solitary confinement
heightens inherent madness
more than the bottle she presses to her lips

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Of publications, she has had a relative many. Regarding performances, they come and go. Travel, death, piracy. She's lived the makings of a best selling erotic period novella. She has been compared to an iceberg - something about surfaces and depth. Words that she would like to end on; behemoth, effervescence, and maculate.

