

01-03 POEM: Reveries of Intimacy

By Dayniah Manderson

I don't dream of you; they're more like fantasies
Nasty little reveries of intimacy
Not intimate in the way that you'll meet my mom
Or be a stepdad to my kid,
But you're more tucked away
In the shadows is where we'd play
I don't dream of holding your hand as we stroll down a sidewalk;
I fantasize about deep strokes against tight walls.
I don't dream of playing in your hair after eating your favorite dish;
I fantasize about hair being pulled and hearing words like, "you're my little bitch".
I don't dream of kissing you softly;
I fantasize about biting and scratching and other kinds of brutality.
I don't dream of marriage or babies or carriages; I fantasize about us acting like fucking savages.
I dream of Zion; my fantasies are more like a journey into perdition.
I don't dream of you; I only think of you when I fantasize about you.