

## Holy

I want you to know  
that to me you are holy

The way you catch  
your bottom lip  
with your teeth

How your eyes turn silver  
when they're full of tears

(I felt bad for noticing it  
and loving it too)

(for falling *in love* with it  
And with you, then,  
In your tears)

It's that cliché  
*There are worlds within you*  
But it's true

Because when I touch  
Your skin I feel selkies  
Beneath the wash of the waves

When I look into your eyes  
Rain falls on the *sídhe* from  
A pearl grey old world sky

On to the green, green grasses.

A year and a day they say  
You've given me a year

And on the day I shall, willfully,  
(and fully knowing, fully wanting)  
Eat those fruits and  
*Linger*

With you.