

ELIZABETH SYMONS
TATTOO

Your skin a canvas
Wife of Osiris

In the broader scheme of things
It is as if you breathe the image
Your skin a canvas

Where simple rhymes crease
The pigment of your skin
I love you etched on the rush of waves
Dragon fire and rock cliffs
Carve the wind
The goal transcendence
For the red plumes of desire
Time encodes alone a love
Away