

She is my Mother's Mother, thick.

Prancing around, she used to tower over me, tall.

Lying in bed in her bed now, I bend over her.

Flat on her back, she looks fat.

She laughs.

Her long hair wraps 'round her neck in a sweaty bunch,
she weeps.

She is tiny, very thin.

Blended with the pillow, blanket, the pallet, she is an attraction from hell.

I'm a grown woman, her daughter's daughter,
shy, but a kind of a seen-it-all.

I sit at the foot of her bed.

Her foot, I grab.

Her toes, I lick kiss caress.

She sighs ...*aaai*

I let my hands on the cushion-soft of her thighs,

Bitch,
you're beautiful!

I get my hands to her hips,
she sighs ...*aaai*

I want you to say *Aaa....hh*, Grandma!

Now she is looking up to size me up.

I smile at her.

Then,
I lower my face on to her other face.

She lifts her leg to rest it on my shoulder,
extends a hand to cup my breast;
I want you Grandma

I follow the frown on her face,
as I trace in her vulva the swallowing heat
of comprehension.

Teasing her delicious mouth,
I draw back.

Those tits of yours, grandma! sucked-on, fresh, pomegranates;
silky little sacks with a bead weighing them down.

Remember the time you Poured The bottle Of milk On me?

When I looked startled, you looked startled.

You laughed your shrill, piercing laugh.

You kissed my milky lips, Mother entered, I stopped.

I love your neck,
when you turn towards light,
when shadowy light titters on your chest, dragging
the eye to the slit of your breast.

I want you Grandma!

I love your other neck
when I press
to stress
on my fingers' findings.

I love your knees, to sit and rock.

Damn you, grandma!

Don't let Mother out of your womb, don't let Grandpa in;
I beg you Grandma.

No lights in this room, no candles.

Only the pale rays of the rising-setting sun.

There aren't any white veils fading,
on the other side of casements;
Mother's maids' aren't spying on us.

On the ways of the inner house, I am smart.
My way, I know in and out.

You know your way in, and out.

You lift your other leg too, to my shoulder;

You face the wall at your side

You lower your legs round my waist

You tense

You flex

You fold;

Suddenly, you pull on my hair, pull hard, you drop.

I hold your legs gently

Gently, I roll you over

I put my teeth on those fat rumps,

You let me.

I suck on the sore spot, I coo;
that's what you like most.

When they take you to wash you to put you in that tomb,
you are bruised all over,
some, the hikkies I gave you, beside each bruise.

You're a woman of many colors,
all over your body,

You wear a see-through night gown,
to show it all

You don't care for his panting his pumping; you love my love!

I'm only hands an' fingers an' lips an' mouths
The all-familiar soft soft cheeks; I cum when you cum.

You drop your arm 'round my neck, you say you want to sit up.

I say let's not right now.
You say, That'd be easier if I wanted to find the spot; I say, *oh, grandma!*

I want to fuck you so bitterly
'till
your eyes
are
full of tears
of orange blossoms.

I feed you my hand
finger by finger
bunched into one.

What else could a Daughter's daughter give
more than a serene,
spasmodic,
orgasm!

I'm all yours Grandma.

You look sideways at mother

She is the walking memory
of a night fucked up

At me, you look smooth, sleek;

I am her daughter;
Yours but not yours.

She does not like me.
I do not like her;
she likes a fatherly touch.

You taught me things, things I never knew.

When I was to meet *The Groom* the first night,

You told me of my teeth, which I'd try
on him,
if he ever tried to try my mouth.

You liked him, didn't you? I always knew.

Why else would you imagine him
from all the angles.

You like me too, Grandma, this, I always knew.

You told me I'd be *your girl* when I bleed.

I've been bleeding for years.

I am bleeding now.

You say *aaa...i*

You say *aaa...hhh*

You say. *ooo...fff*

I know.
Your eyes, in the chamber, ears-dropped

The new maid in his bed

He gave away way too much

Guys do not have the head
To keep a household taut

You sent for the girl the next day

Had the servant slice her cunt

Well, Who Am I to Say to You to Do What When and Otherwise

A window banged open!

A door opened bang!

Curtains Keshshsh to the ground!

Ears
dropped

Eyes
dropped

He dropped lots,

Lots he dropped

You remained quiet,

Vicious,
were you?

You were fine,
on your bed,
all the while.

Strings remained in your hands to pull

You pulled.

They pulled.

These MotherFathers are a curious bunch, Grandma

We,
know the path to the spring,
We bend and drink.

They,
pump, and they pump, and they pump, oh, Grandma.

Confined to your bed, you enjoyed uncles,
and the wives.

To me,
you said,
there was a jewel inside.

Told me to spread your legs,
look for it hard.

Still I like to do the looking

The looking, I do. I do the licking.
That's how we are.

We use on the menfolk heaps of words.
Among us, we talk a non-talk.

We're shaashaashaashaa

We're sooss

Noch noch noch

We are VaaaVeila

لاللا
لاللا گل زیره
چرا خوابت نمی گیره
لا
لا لاللا لاللا

I dig the damn lullaby Will sing it if I must

I'll wake you up
with a touch,
a pinch,
a kiss,
a pull of the hair,
a bite on the neck

You'll sit up

I teas your tears,

I'll teach you things.

I love you bitch
I am all yours Grandma

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Saghi Ghahraman
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