**Sin**

Archisha Moudgil

I want to taste sin today.

The kind that meets you on the stairs of a holy place,

right next to an out of shape,

*Rain Tree*.

Cornucopia of sensations hanging from its branches,

lush leaves floating dreamily alongside a writ

the world issued for my penance.

But I am not ready to repent.

Desire chokes my throat, a thirst blooms on the tip

of my tongue like a legion of daffodils in spring.

Can you taste it?

The smooth velvet of my lips cling to your name, like

a sinner clinging to prayer beads.

And yet, I am no sinner.

A woman borne of ambrosia, kohl-lined eyes

brimming with promises.

As I sit in prayer, knees tucked under, I watch

the wild animal caged in your ribs yearn for surrender.

Why do you fight this naked need? It

lines your eyes, I see your hands itching

to hold me, teeth grinding, wanting to mark me.

I smile as the mask of morality slips past your lips.

You are a man starving. Is patience

really your virtue? Truth or dare.

Standing on the brink of a vortex, the need

to drown is calling.

It is time to heed.

Give in.

Get on your knees.

Worship.

My love, for you, I am the sin.