**A Portrait of Rooh-afza at Noon**

Sarah Aziz

craters are the moon’s acne pits,

you said. you would go.

any length to make me

feel like rain, watching as

glass licked me into plumes

of wax-glue, a forest

fire of my own

undoing.

so what if you did not cradle

me like a disjointed goblet?

did your palms not slash like

orchids on my amber-cut

ankles, eyelids soaking

the exhales of my mossed

hips, head tilted like in a bath

drinking

my breath like fizzy light?