

AUNT CHLOE

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2 poems

by Nia Mora

composite

too open

too naked

I was

a bouquet of beauty

chrysanthemum skin

you are

words the color

of morning glories

escaped your

trumpet throat

stuck to me

because

too open

too naked

I was

hiding

didn't want you to leave

tied my tongue with reeds

& let my love for you

sink down deep

until it became

weights on my feet

ate insolence

& breadcrumbs

because I didn't want

you to reject me

Nia Mora, who has an MA in Creative Writing from City College of New York, says “I write what is, what was, and what I hope to be (not necessarily in that order). My goal is always to elicit a feeling—everything else is secondary.”