

## Cattail

I wanted you from afar for so long.

Now that I revolve daringly around you  
it's for your fleshy stem that I do.

I burn to bite into its (tender) raw core  
even knowing that at the last moment  
the stagnant water from which your broad leaves rise  
will hold me back.

My sweet, my stiff and supple at once  
it's only a matter of time:

I will yield to your goodness—

the most delicious sentence there is.