

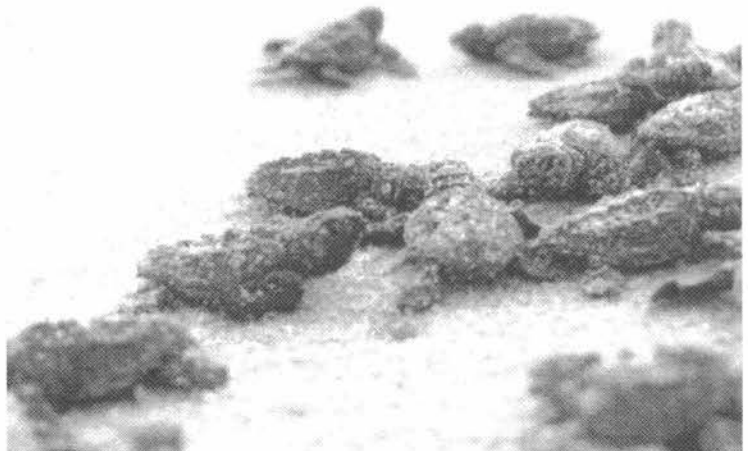
Love Me With Your Own Hands
~ in Brasil ~
by Anuja Mendiratta

Under the sky blue
green wide with banana leaf
papaya fruit dangles
a voluptuous jewel.

You laugh and tease when you catch me
scooping up bits of pineapple
salty fish
rice and beans
coconut cakes
into this hungry mouth
with my agile fingers.
Thinking perhaps
that I do not properly know
how to use my knife with my fork.
Thinking
how easily I disregard
the social conventions by which you choose to live.
Throwing fork and knife
spoon too
out the window
giving in to a child-like impulse
I touch the food as I eat.

Ah...I say
licking a brown finger clean of sauce
can it be so difficult for you to understand
that this *tropical* hot place
does not require such order?
And my *pimenta* hot blood pulses a *samba* ?

Take off your shoes.
Walk barefoot and tai chi-like
over sea-washed rocks
slippery and sharp with barnacles.
Love me like the salty and surprising caress of the wind
blown in by the ocean at dusk.
Wander with me into deep green tangles of vine and ancient fern.
Eat chili hot food with your own able hands.
Let mango yellow drip sticky down
your sun-browned face
for me to lick clean with a passion.
Com paxiã.
Live in your beautiful body
and be blessed by these earthy pleasures.
And then
maybe
with the grace of the sun
we could really get it on...



Photograph by Anuja Mendiratta