

bang *by Riana Simonyan*

speed and
air, a lot of it

the wind plays with my curls, it lifts the floral velvet on her thighs
we lose the space, the time, we lose everything existing in space and time as we
keep going crashing the thick blocks of air in front of us

the wind plays with us it keeps my eyelashes down, i can't see but i
smell her, i smell desert the road the sun happiness and freedom and
her again

i hear her, the sweetest voice, i hear her smile the rocks, the tiny tiny rocks i
am squashing, i was feeling the sun and then warmth a fright a man a bullet.

the rocks hushed, i could see,
and the wind and her smile too

