

If I Was Passed

Indira Buerklin

If I was passed

Naked through a crowd

If I was passed

Hands along my waist

To be carried

Engulfed in angel fire

& loved...

To be loved.

Naked hands engulfed

Through my angel hair

Cheeks of fluster

If I was passed,

Wasted on a crowd's breath,

I would burn alive.