

# The Violet Hour

Siavash Amini

Your lips are nettles  
Your tongue is wine  
Your laughter's liquid  
But your body's pine  
You love all sailors  
But hate the beach  
You say "Come touch me"  
But you're always out of reach

In the dark you tell me of a flower  
that only blooms in the violet hour  
Your arms are lovely  
Yellow and rose  
Your back's a meadow  
Covered in snow  
Your thighs are thistles  
and hot-house grapes  
You breathe your sweet breath  
And have me wait

In the dark you tell me of a flower  
that only blooms in the violet hour  
I turn the lights out  
I clean the sheets  
You change the station  
Turn up the heat  
And now you're sitting  
Upon your chair  
You've got me tangled up  
Inside your beautiful black hair  
In the dark you tell me of a flower  
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