

THE SWEET WILD

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Against the Grain

2019

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Melt

Alone together naked for days—
Pollen, honey, nectar; submissive pure light;
Field or meadow and a little dirt. Light a fire
For us; our names disappear. Start gentle,
Unravel me slowly, touch what I touch,
Naked in the night, feel your cock together,
Deep fever full of soul bloom. Hit the edge
Repeatedly together curled up against you
As you pull, letting me press my mouth, grab—
Ride and be ridden—vibrant prismatic magical.
Shower with you early in the morning,
Protect you any time you want. Show me
How hard you work; beneath your skin, blue—
A man I should have known sooner.

Indulgence

Feel warm inside; attracted—
Layers and layers of yellow leaves,
Bunched-up dark roses with gold specks;
Orange halos light the way.
Strongest words touch if given the chance—
Four horses graze on wildflowers,
Yellow leaves from a branch,
Making a mess.

The Animal Moment

Give me a taste of me.
Put me to good use as the sun sets.
Contemplate nothing. Handle nature—
Yellow against purple against the red-blue.
Kiss my nipples for the first time—
Curled blossoms, pure scent.
Fuck me into brilliance and love;
Stop to let me taste you—the deepest blue.
So much color in this garden,
So much harmony—explore it
As if it were new, your hard cock
Wild and perfect, your vibrant mouth
Sucking on me. Heaven is us in sex,
Communing stronger now.

The Sublime Moment

This place is quiet but it speaks
Like the soul when it outgrows the body,
Like prayer threaded with smoke—
It surrounds, unpracticed.
Every day, hearing birds,
We walk where we need to go,
Talk about small things,
Like how that one house got built,
And then I will start to kiss your neck,
Spring yellow path between the trees.

The Cosmic Moment

You built the rainbow's piers
Triangles filled with stars
Stars filled with yellow roses
Perfection melting into perfection
Your eyes are blue miracles
Complex light, harmonic light
You are ribbons of music
The magic meadow green
You are braided purple flowers
Streaming from an endless vine
In the morning sun

Paradise

Where birds commune, black wings on green,
Stars grow, turn yellow, outlined in black;
Tigers float through water, move with nature,
Butter leaves thicken green yellow violet-red.
Center of all directions—flying stars with red tails,
Pure black with puffs of orange yellow green—
Smooth black spills through the blackness
From pool to pool of blue and purple,
Filthy mystical. One bird, wings open,
Flies through black space—you are here,
Blowing your horn the richness of honeydew,
Filling up a stillness to solid yellow-green;
It ripples the sky, pushes water from river to river,
Brings me a herd of horses with wise black eyes.

Magnetism

Sweet blackness
From top to bottom
Breathes me in

Bright Wild

I nurture your body with my mouth
Body of light and dark spaces
Make my way through tangles
Rainwater falling in sunlight
Double arch of flowers
The gentle biting
The terrain of your chest
The cracked edges sweet to lick
Your hands want to go everywhere
My soft red buds fire yellow

Lovesong

Black heat, fuzz of the leaf,
Square pond, numerous buds,
Sweet orange, red-tipped—
I want to be subsumed.
Your mouth is hot
All over creation,
Following the trail,
The body of the river,
The immaculate roads,
Your sense of timing—
Radical, endless,
Clarified.

Bask

Raised beak
His blue wings
Flame gold

The Sweet Wild

Birds in warm colors, purple roses,
Mornings we spend in the quiet together,
Feeling everything. Completeness
After storms, leaves hold still,
Leaves hold nature,
Rivers of intricate systems—
Flowing, flourishing.
When we fuck—wildgreen.
The smell of wood and earth.
Your love released
Like wild horses running
Across a stream, the power
Of hooves and splashing water.

Three Songs

1. Hyperreal

Hard black rocks
Looping vines
In the air
Soft green light
Clear moving stream
Hands that know

2. Lyric

The meadow bee
Floating in the garden
Outside the window
The path curves
Into green shadows
Vines grow thick
Into bright rushing
I want you for myself

3. Passion

Grow from me
The way I grow
From you
The parts of us
That want to fight
And want to love

Overflow

1.

Flooded meadow

Slanted trees

Muddy hillsides

Old houses

Thick with mud and leaves

Build yourself into me

2.

Old leaves under new leaves
The pulse of the highway
In the morning melting yellows
Overgrown grass new flowers
Holding possibility
In the corners of my heart
Wild grass crackle ecstatic
The nature of living things
 Feeding off each other
Flashes of yellow-green
Soft light brightening your skin
The taste of fresh water
Red flowers sewn together by their vines
The long trail evening fire
Your body filling up my inner visions
Distant howls engines black roads
 Nature set loose
Heavy layers of green in darkness
Run your fingers through it
 Fearless

Heartsong

Above vines, white sky,
Rainbow yellow—my mind
Heats up and cools.
Warm rain
In the woods, kissing you
Under trees—leaves dirt branches
Vibrate. We touch, inhale
Our naked filth,
Our naked wetness
 As black shadows move
Along the flooded green—
My eyes meet yours.

Sweet Clash

1.

Wild decadent abundant
All day birds visit this branch
Your songs fill my body
Deep vivid blazing
We make a sanctuary
Small houses dandelions
Still waters across the field
We explore each other
How we fit together
Plants stems soil petals
Holding rhythm
Full volume

2.

Shaded clearing
Birds fly in and out
Settle on branches
Along paths
Among blossoms
A rabbit lifts its ears
The wind softens
A bird learns to sing
For the first time

3.

The way we kiss
In a vacant parking lot
In the backseat of a car
In the dark of a room
Into morning
Into night
The way trees sprout
And branches grow
Green at the tips
Leaves and opening buds
Your mouth is a lush garden
Stone walls flowers
Massive buds
Butterflies hover
Full yellow

4.

The trees fade
The roses brighten
The fruit ripens
The ground is dirty
I stroke your hair
Gritty and beautiful
Other worlds pass

5.

Rippled shade
At the edge of the meadow
The way you notice
Tall blue flowers
The way you look
From knowing

The way you notice
The woods overgrown
The way you look
Letting it be too much
Rare sweet floating gold
Everywhere we turn

The way you notice
Birds in shades of green
The way you look
A garden overrun
By leaves and ruffled petals
We could drink the air

The way you notice
Rippled shade
The way you look
At the edge of the meadow
Letting it be too much
Instead of not enough

6.

Immense green
Heavy with flowers
We could fuck in it
As golden flaming
Heavenly bodies
Lick the sky clean

7.

Freedom with you
Is the greatest freedom
We take a walk
Where birds gather
In a field behind
A farmhouse old tree
Branches above the roof
More alone than alone
Kissing slow fucking
All the delicate parts
Suddenly flower
Warm green

Fruition

Listening for the future
I learn myself
An emerging song
Threaded with wildness
Thick as honey
Surrounded by the grit
Springing from rocks
I learn you
The way you feel
Kissing me everywhere
A garden recreating itself
You mature me

About the Author

Andrea Syzdek received her MFA in Poetry from the University of Houston in 2017. She writes independently for her website *Against the Grain* (andreasyzdek.com) which focuses on book reviews and critical writing. She lives in Hockley, Texas.