



Pause for poetry: Tamara Nazywalskyj

## Description

## Three short poems

By Tamara Nazywalskyj

### Night, when you visit me

This is how we'll fall  
asleep.  
I like this,  
you like  
that.  
Your tongue on my  
pillow –  
I'll kiss you in both languages.  
This soifness you  
feel,  
like sugary tart.

### Dear

, salmon pink boy,  
chase me up the river.  
Line stuck on rock.  
Mine stuck on you.  
Hypermobility, I bend  
you back and forth until I  
eat you.



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## down and blue so long

My kite is red and  
string fastened to my wrist.  
Other hand, I left  
over there, holding your pumping peach.

The wind died down a long time ago but I want for you to run.  
Run yourself deep and long in the opposite direction,  
throw your arms up long on n' into the air, release!  
Scream my name so long, you're winded.  
Make sure the day feels so long for me: I want you to touch my feet keeping knees straight.

Surgically  
put my peach back into peach

or leave me

– so long.

Feature image: Pixabay

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**Tamara Nazywalskyj** is a Verdun, Montréal woman who works summers in construction, and winters in childcare in intercity schools. She holds a BA in Creative Writing from Concordia University, where she is also earning her MA. Tamara's anglo-franco writing has been featured in not [one](#), but [two](#) issues of Montreal Serai, and in James Lyng's, [Lives of The South-West](#) gallery. Catch more of her on Instagram [@tammram](#).

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