

# BLOG POETICS

*EILEEN TABIOS*

I blog for you  
roses

but I am no flower  
child

I write you  
e-letters

but I am not  
(t)here

I just wish to share  
something--

something that won't  
wound

*I have gathered all  
thorns  
into my cupped palms  
for gentling psalms for  
you*

Hands fist into  
silence

She bleeds without  
pain

You see her blood  
through roses

lushly-petalled  
generous perfume