milk and honey

rupi kaur

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for
the arms
that hold me

my heart woke me crying last night
how can i help i begged
my heart said
write the book

contents

the hurting

the loving

the breaking

the healing

a letter
about the writer
about the book

the hurting

how is it so easy for you
to be kind to people he asked

milk and honey dripped
from my lips as i answered

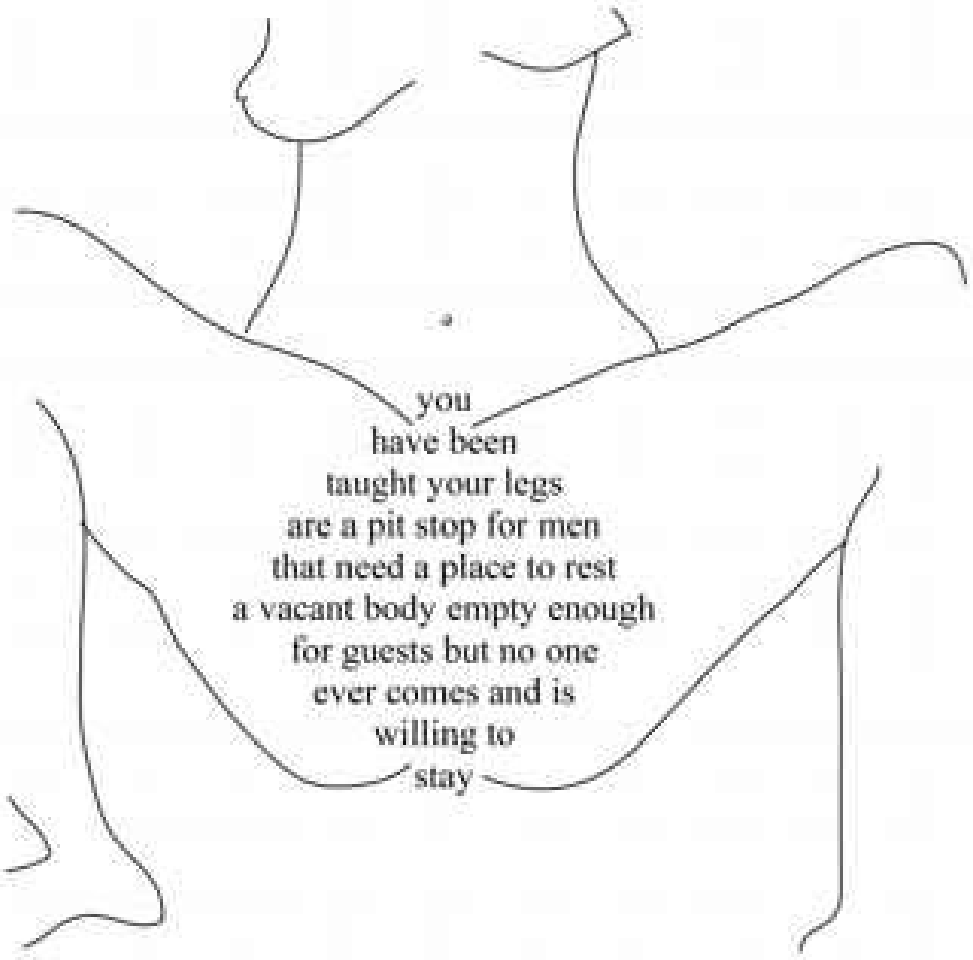
cause people have not
been kind to me

the first boy that kissed me
held my shoulders down
like the handlebars of
the first bicycle
he ever rode
i was five

he had the smell of
starvation on his lips
which he picked up from
his father feasting on his mother at 4 a.m.

he was the first boy
to teach me my body was
for giving to those that wanted
that i should feel anything
less than whole

and my god
did i feel as empty
as his mother at 4:25 a.m.


you
have been
taught your legs
are a pit stop for men
that need a place to rest
a vacant body empty enough
for guests but no one
ever comes and is
willing to
stay

it is your blood
in my veins
tell me how i’m
supposed to forget