

## **Engine of Desire**

I thought someone would save her  
(salvá-la) do engenho, máquina  
of desire, the erotic exchange of gazes.

Between war and words,  
ela balança seus cabelos loiros,  
and holds me in her pupil's image.

I want to water my garden  
with her tears.

Roses, rosas, romântica.  
The color is in the petal.  
I give her flowers, but forgiveness doesn't come.