

Apoptosis

I breathe you in. Hundreds of pieces of you. Skin and hair and spit and sweat. Your cells, they mingle with mine. They tumble in the hollows of my nose. And then down, deep, where my lungs unfold. It's a dance of DNA. You linger when we part, I take you with me. On my lips, under my nails. Where I go, you go.

What is it that singles you out? Is it that face, that frown, that frequency in your laugh that reminds me of an intimate past? They say we strive for the familiar. I walk blindly along the furrows of your skin. I don't trip, I know my way. Eyes closed, never ask what keeps them shut.

Or is it that mix, that one unique combination of C and G and T and A, some sugar in between? We, combined, the greatest genetic weapon. Survival of the fittest, Baby. Who cares if you even want it. Who will believe you if you don't. It's natural, it's within you, you'll see. It's out of our hands, decision made.

Or else, who knows, mere chemistry. Love at first sniff. Oxytocin when you stroke my knee, dopamine when you grip my arm. I want more. Heart beats fast. Brainstem on fire. Give me more, yes, make me happy. We're feral. How long can we get each other high?

We're reduced. Skin and hair and spit and sweat. No more thoughts in our pretty little heads.

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