I. Throw me on like clean laundry and I will drink you until we both can't breathe. A deal between Rahu and Ketu. Between your hips and my tongue. Fucking spit me out. Stitch my name into the fraying seams of the prayers you fumble to speak, as purple cuts this mourning sky. Use me before God. Tell him I was dreadfully happy to undress you like dessert after dinner.

I want you to come to me. Find me. Don't kiss me.

Possess me. Take my ringing heart in your tired hands

and let's work something out.

But first, we fuck.



II. You.

You came and went in the way a dream will spasm before eclipsing consciousness. Holy fuck, I can still feel it. The knots of your hair pulling through my fingers. Your back arcing to my demand your body seething at my command, breath leaving our lips the way honey brims at the edge of the spoon before it spills over into a single slow golden rope.



I will admit this much:
A petal on water, she.
And what of that petal, then
when the river begins to course?

Stop.

Please.

Don't come

any closer.

You will hold my gaze with patience and I will betray your love by running.

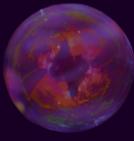
Here, I am.

A woman at times; a child always.

The moon: almost full.

You came and then

you went.





III.

When the dust settles in this sepulcher, I see it.
I am just a kid in need of cradling. And the truth of my joy is written in my own blood.

I may die alone, but I will die brilliant.

I will die having tried

to keep up with the moment.

Then I see Love.

And when she holds my gaze, my teeth melt and I can no longer articulate what my tongue wants to say.

She speaks to me
and I can see her lipstick
has smeared onto her front tooth
and I am regretfully reminded
that she is not god, but human.
And I am less than even that.

