

# first there's nothing, then comes the blooming

**Lis Demiri**

I can feel safe in this box,  
I can plunge into my heart,  
I can \*blub\*blub\* into my heart  
and you can stop pretending that you feel comfortable in your skin.

the pomeranian is tired  
from pulling you by the leash  
bellflowers can bristle  
onto that endless tether

to hang pictures from leaves  
to send them through venous systems  
and to rearrange our faces

then, a magnificent explosion:

„Ich  
alleine unter meiner Decke.  
Du  
hast ein kleines Gesicht.“

look at that

I can rest my head now on your blubber-belly, because it's that perfect time once a day when  
the light reflects on the window glass and hits you right in the eye.