

along the rims
carefully treading
in my coat of skin
not to be left hanging
shielding but not impairing
flakes
falling
i dissolve
or
i become
partly
anchored
then free flowing
a mesh of seeds

suspended in air
not quite floating
rather in a vacuum
gaping for air
bloodless creature
following necessities
we believe in

riotous noise
deafening all sounds
sleek silver hand
feels across
I want to shake it
desperately
not quite there
mirroring
my gaping mouth
dark
moist
wanting
no the hand
an eager move
place my flesh on its cool surface
suck its cool and beauty
sucklings we are
living on
juices in abundance
dripping
sugary advices
cautious
sticky pleasure
held across
exchanged despite
liquid seeps in
I'm slowly melting
loosing my shape
dissolving
invisible to others
but yet
becoming
other

under your skin
i imagine
my temporary

refuge
held by
invisible hands
passing me around

together
illusion
or
last resort of hope
understanding parity of all things
and respect
my boundaries dissolved
willfully
what a relief

i don't want to eat
i don't want to talk
it's spilling
even though i feel calm the spilling is violent
erratic
nothing i have planned for
or have been prepared for
i feel cut off
amputated
it's not how it should be
no life line
no hands to carry me

what exactly happens
do i touch you?
what touches you
a piece of me
a me?
or do we both reach out
meet somewhere
but what reaches?
how do i know?
or you?
do we decide
we have?
am i a melting bun
filled with strawberry sauce
leaking everywhere
sticky
afterthought