

When I don't hear from you

I still shrink to a shrew. A rodent, teathy agony that wants  
a huge mouth to wail, whose nose smells landscape only in reflex  
and flight, sees always grassblade, never field. The tone in which you said  
goodbye is as cold as a barren mountain on which I stand and scream  
echo-questionable incantations to your scared ears. How to say what one means?  
A question I keep forging in my paradise hell.

I want to be with you and drink tulips. Tipsy on the nectar and the veined bee  
wings still stuck on our lips we crunch the stings in our mouths, pollen on the  
palate, a pair of antennae piercing the tongue before the crack, the hooked combed  
teeth on the back of the wings interlock as we kiss, bartering the yellow fluffy  
thoraxes of the bee. The sting is entirely optional, and therefore extremely  
tempting. Totally tender alone perverts tenderness and oneself at one's fringes  
when the fringes are everything.

In my dreams you are a blazingly corrupted knight, not kitschy, but classy, raw  
power and sword. You come with all that range which forces me to rearrange my own  
distances and scale. Every time we fuck I feel your cock recalibrating me.  
Penetrate sounds like it feels and how it looks when pronounced. Like a sister to  
Penelope, worth every wait.

When I cum there is an angel in my clit who sings

the real reeks of inevitability