

Bedtime Stories

Oh baby, beloved, the world is so small and I am so big. Even our heads collide when we kiss, cosmic, planetary balls bump big bangs—CLASH! Jar, darling, is air. And we are just going through a neverending stream of consciousness, you say, we float in this dissonance game together, don't be afraid. Please, let me please be planetary in your love; because bangs bring big bliss in the erasure, new lodestars, new obelisks, new—you see, slow-motion-wing-faltering angel descent from the high crown of the pine, to you, asleep, in long field grass, is just, and not just just but Just and in that Just Just entire, another grind of the spindly, floating, ivory mindmills.

I love you for not giving me what I believe to need.

Secret bathroom whispers to self: Scary, yes, but his microscopic ways of seeing could be canopies ripping into a landscape in which solely I stand in rags of light linen dress which lifts away from my ankles blowing over the knees, a breeze like wind on the moon. Then here I stand basaltic on one rock in the centre, gently circle three glass cranes above me, ominous featherwhite with the smooth of sealskin, filigrane their beaks of black marble. And, yes, they do sparkle toward my pupil in a promising kind. Crystalline, don't you think? A place where all wave is still to hit the lens at the angle of light. So then you go, of course you go, and I am I without you, cradlefallen, but now looking, looking up, discovering the cranes still circle. Despite my prior mistrust, the you I see now is the you I saw never—never in fact see I you lie about the linger. It's a starless night where you are not, but I am here, in my own part of the night where you can't be because upon your entering all cranes crack, splinter, slip away from the sky icily, slide never having formed a flight in the triangular vector. Let's admit it is in your eclipse in which I'm rising. As you are in mine, and you know, and it just feels feels feels like this is real because everything opens and clicks in this perfectly calibrated distance between us in which we are completely perfectly separated. How calm it is when we are so wild; from this gap I'm falling for all your paradoxes, for the gentleness in your force, the vigour of you.

I can see your precision, your chisel, your tool
of love, as you carve away always
sharp and rigorous
the selfless sculpture.
The absence of me is full
pristine water of an
abandoned submarine bunker, chalky, sapphire-still. The absence of me
is one more time, and it is through you that I was made to perish.
Once we died
and in it must have died
each other so as to
be again
together
in this,
born.