

Seconds from Second Nature

How your shoulder was so near
I bit it & spindled contours curving to beige & cyan
smoke rings of raspberry and the absent way
the pipe clicked your teeth.

This makes the wall panels palpitate.

This numbs the fissures that dash/line,
scrolling, the floor.

You drape me.

You drape me over white folds over
edges.

You drape me from habit,
gentle my faults,
blameless bare from other arms.

Me a swathe,
someone slung
by fingertip presses scrolling flavor
and inhalation of motion as it moves
us palpable inward
to where we've been before.

The seams unseal and test
the loomed patterns, the fingers plaited through.

The overcast room rises
down the walls.

We gather and level and layer.
We raspberry, we ring.