

*what you're writing about seems better than writing:
an elegy*

what's a wet dream anyways ?

laying
on top of her
beads of sweat a
bath
too hot for this kind of heat
wondering how hard
bodies can be pressed together
how hard one
can be fucked
to induce a migraine
to induce
i love you
you tender creature
i want to live inside your mouth
when your lips
part
as
you
speak

.

waiting patiently
patients waiting
in a room
fit for the very means
of anticipation
i want to touch her
hold her hand
kiss her tender
to the sound of a too-loud-terrible-franchise-movie
a sign tells me they care about pronouns
(i do too)
she is reading next to me
our toes almost touching
and i could die of bliss
just being in proximity
no words between us
only breathe
and hands
and chair arms
as if to keep us separate
we're not afraid
to admit
we know
the
difference

a pre-dawn wake up call
which calls nothing
(really)
when excitement wakes you
every hour
on the hour
regardless

even with a bruised eye
you could be anybody's breakfast
somehow you chose to be mine
i smoke you like trout
you're over-easy
i'm over-easily in love
throwing nothing in the wind
but caution
which hits the hot air
the same way you press into me
on a hot black car
on a ninety degree day
(somewhere between bakersfield and hell)
this kind of elevation hurts my ears
then again what did i expect
of a heaven like this
?
bathing in a river
darling i needed fresh water
needed you
needed the trees
letting in sunlight
after all the years they've been here
some speckled way
of pressing into us
whispering over
our wet mouths
(welcome home)
.

bright pink beet bagel
crush arises first thing
starting the day with it
kinda thing
wondering the difference between
moving through things
and what's moving you
i want to hold her
every
damn
second,
ieva.
i have no further subjects
to explore
melting like her cheese
on a bagel
too hot for
this unimpressive heat
i want to
feel it
grinding down
my bones
are rattled
running across the street
trying to get far
to get closer
to her
.

dog in a jester costume
i'm waking up in love
the kind
where
you look at them in the morning
and say wow hi i really missed you
even only while we slept
"good morning
i'm writing my 20 lines"
she replies with
"let me help you"
and she's right
i can't stop writing about her
any part of her,
of it all,
truly
how i want to live inside her mouth
how i wake at night with thoughts of her
thinking she's touching me
and
and
how the moon is now our moon
or
each day
could possibly
be
ours
is ours
cause we want to build this
world
for us
and everyone else
in
it

here lies
a
total
sap,
adored
.

a bloody fist
it's heating up
september is a boiling point
we think it as relief
but baby—
hot turning like
"9"

—

t h i s
is the before
the what-is-about-to-be
i am only concerned
with having as
many hands
inside of me
as possible
i am only ever waiting
for more
every moment
not doing it

is
the moment before
hot
steamy
like the
"9"
these days are now
the era of
not being able to tell our hairs apart
(something to bring us closer)
this is the season of
wanting to melt into
press into
surround her
surrender,
this is the season of
this is how you piet`a

.

h,
i cried
on her
bed
this evening
after looking at her photos
the books
she made with
them
the
things
she held
so
tightly

i cried
during
and
after
i cried
through
the videos
her hands made
to
accompany
"
to
a s s s u m e

makes an
ass
out
of
u
+
me
"

but
the thickest tears
were the
i cried
i

love

you,

un

forgivably

tears

(to which

my body responded:

truly, lydon.

)