

CONSTELLATION: AQUILA

This time I will fall behind I will bind

Wings fluoresce crystalline shards. Glide. That great v swerving towards me. Gathering edges of clouds. Dragged across sky. A tapestry face spirit knitting. Deserts scrape their sands across my hips. I am this big so big in this. Didn't notice claws until they bit in. My shoulders my skin. Begin. Traded a ring on your finger for a cup of gold. Cupped me to your lips. Sucking the gentle sip. Pulling the push in me. I play in the mirror pray. Miming pretty. Strumming your springs in me. Spell ways to love me on the fridge in magnetic poetry. Wings in my eyes but I can't fly. Found a feather floating in milk. Captured in morning espresso. Those dawn feathers those memories of flight. Wings dancing across sheets. Hands feet moving through me. Kicking my bones off one by one. From here I can see you. I can almost. Pick off letters one by one. Your shape gliding tongue. In the sky rise sky rise. Ransack the house my head. Gather feathers in vases. Eyes all the way to midnight. You upon me a wish. All the way tonight. We spin. Watch it spin. Wing to wing caught in clouds. We could have made the distance. But I'm fragile in your mouth. Dainty and delicious. Mourn the tides spilling stars in me. Poured into mouths of gods. Nectar trickles down my cheeks. Catch phrases again and again. Worthless showpieces. A key-ring. A cherubim statue pissing endlessly. And you are gone am I gone. Falling to fly. When does a word end. And where to put these. Flesh dissolving clouds. Mouth sensing strings. Pulls down the drain. My minds my bodies my mouths. Spill at the edge of stars. Across hips so much glass. Shattering. I'd throw it all in for you. Ply your thinking to miniature. Small pricks of light sucking in the ages of your eyes your galaxies and winter smiles. Glide across page and where you are. Morning coffee and warm sun. I never know how to finish the ways you fly away.

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Desert

skin

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Miming pretty

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