

CONSTELLATION: ARIES

Threads that bind us release us relieve us we leave us we weave us

I lose where I am. Slipping over skipping over. If this is the point of departure I may never trace my finger down this page again. All my imaginings of you over the counter. Falling in this space. And all imaginings of you I encounter. Folded into. Flipping in. Crawling to begin. My infant breath inhales yours. Passing coins waver. Spinning threads of blue and pink web behind my irises. Plait braids in womb curled. My desperation alluring. Push out stomach. Hand on hip. Hold it like a secret between us. Try the fit. Entwine body and mind. Divine divine. If this is the point of departure I'll scrawl it in tapestry clouds I stitch behind eyelids. Shadows that linger in a blink. Each word knits one pearls one casts off. Spinning fleece in thighs astride. Severing moments from threads dangling. He says I'd love you. Even with a child. Even with singed edges. Scorched from torn from one cast off. Child cries in my eyes. Child lies. Pink is for oceans blue for sand yellow is. Trapped by my sight. Slipping threads free falling. Miming confusion. Patient for change over the counter. Me. Floating on those tapestry clouds. Dangling feet over moon craters at midnight. Threads splitting eyes curling. The perfect you I illusion erupts and shifts. I sip daydream bliss sip my way into this. If this is the point of departure I imagine we're suns caught in orbital fluttering. Our circling ecliptic unfurling. Believe you can fly then fly. You in the distance holding on. Clinging through crimson stings the umbilical slice. Binding secrets between us. Holding on I can't hold on. Silent shadows drag the water. Stalks the pull. Hard. And I untangle and untie and I. Will it fly for you will it fly. Gravity loses grip. Pushes my head below the counter. Rippling surfaces between us. Ends waltzing. The start of something new moves down the page. Golden fleece spins. Slips between coins threads ties lies. And I. Lose my place. You can't look away and we're falling.

I lose

the point of departure

this

thread of

Shadows that linger in

Each word

Float on those tapestry

craters

curling

daydream bliss

this

the point of

ecliptic unfurling

in the distance

umbilical

secrets between us

Silent

drag the

pull And I

and I

fly

surfaces

waltzing

something new

down the page

spin

And I

look away

Shadow

tapestry

unfurling

Silent



