

## **CONSTELLATION: DORADO**

*Decorate corners before the dust gets in*

I'll only know when I touch you. How deep it goes. Fingers sinking in. Surface reflection inner reality. Your interior is my skin. Our body within. My skin is your interior. You touch pores and gasp the difference. Peel to reveal a new face. Catch yourself looking in reflections a million times a day. I decorate walls with photos of you. A worthless showpiece tripping on the shelf. Mirror on the ceiling and a camera hidden under clothes. Wined and dined with a plastic rose. You are a gilded frame. Carry yourself like dewy canvas. I unhinge my eyes to absorb the visual salivation of you. Falling like onion tears. The scent of your sex tastes like me in your mouth. A gilded frame flaking at the edges. A still life bowl of plastic fruit. Made soft by oils. A still life thigh. Made firm by your thumb twirling a brush. A gilded frame next to the goldfish bowl. Blowing bubbles. Goldfish spinning in its orbit. An invisible centre driving it to the glassy exterior of its galaxy. Universe in a spin. In the lounge. You lie on the ground. Plastic rose in your mouth. Gold key twisting skin painted. Plays gold scales. A gilded frame surrounding a picture of a goldfish blowing bubbles from the wall. The interior of your mouth tastes like me. Your mouth is a gilded frame. Words spill like still life carved in a sentence. Your tongue stuck on wax grapes. Blown like bubbles from your mouth. Your mouth circles the room. Driven by an invisible centre. Plastic thorns stuck on the carpet. Fake fruit rolling across the floor. Bubbles free from bowl. My tongue is your interior. Tastes a plastic rose. Seduced by a feather duster. Our skin moves in circles. Driven by invisible senses. And now that I've touched you. I know how deep it goes.

reality Your skin body Fingers inking  
in reflection  
I decorate A  
Mirror hidden under clothes Wined and dined a  
rose a gilded canvas I unhinge to  
absorb the visual scent of your sex  
A gilded still life  
twirling A gilded frame  
spinning in its  
glassy exterior You lie  
rose in your mouth Gold key twisting A  
gilded frame surrounding The interior  
of your Words like life carved  
in tongue Blown like  
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