

## CONSTELLATION: GEMINI

*Love is the illusion sewn in twin hearts*

Feathers on sheets collapse the mind like tiny love letters. Belly in flight as I blush them aside. She never taught me how to build nests. Forgot what she was doing halfway through getting me dressed. I guessed the rest. Collect things remember things clean things. Got rid of my things so I could write things. Balanced words precariously in odd corners. A plastic rose. Two blue shells. A ballerina dancing. Dust their shapes to remind me. Sweep tiles with pizzazz. Sinking into black check white check. Bleaching grout between lines. Connected by the other's edges. Heart remembers its tracing. Erasing. Scratching at my egg. Rolling it around the kitchen. Find me perched on the sink squawking lullabies down the phone. Heart remembers picking at those edges. Pulling threads through holes. An illusion of familiarity I could fly to. Twin hearts pecking tapestry clouds. An umbilical jolt torn from womb. Stitches flailing. Severing the orbit of binary suns. A dry birth I rock I tear. A tear for you a tear for me. And there are no more suns tomorrow. No more alphabets tilting the page. Collapsing in my mouth. Galaxies caught in the other's spin. He plucks feathers from prose. Plants them in his brother's eyes. Flight to the other side. Bridged by verse. Together they rise. Dioscuri illuminating. Each wings the other. I mourn down the sink. Ply the huff of feathers from breeze. Open the window pinch the gap. Shove it into minutes. Scratching the clock. Second by second. He has feathers on his tongue feathers in his pores. Both slipping from the nest. Disconnected at the hips. Lips. Slips. Flickering on sheets. Scrawled into piles I keep to remind me. Pills I take to remind me. Tiny love letters I swallow.

love letters  
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