

## CONSTELLATION: MICROSCOPIUM

*To twist the inner eye*

I imagined if he could see inside my blood he'd understand its beating. Divining in the twists of his wrists. Pores splitting capillaries. A cellular universe corroding skin into bones. My body is a river is a river is a river. Spreading pink tributaries. Tries mapping itself but the compass keeps spinning. I rock on my knees in the corner. Over and over. Veins tripping the metronomic cogs of organs stuck in circulatory hum. Hum. Eyes turned down from the sun. Dodging shards of stars falling as they fall. Lullaby dreams captured in a tube in a lens. Breath swimming the glass. Universe in a spin in your palm. Origami tendrils crawling up life line head line heart. Gentle splitting male female. Fractal fantasies drawing themselves again and again. Hidden in numerical strands. Counting secrets between us. Diluting. Dissipating. Tree descends to seed to space in hidden galaxies. Quasar pulsar nebula reduced to pricks of light. Solar systems birthing beneath surfaces. Pores sinking beneath fingerprints. Always a beneath even if it feels no dimension. A sometimes god illuminating the artificial garden he keeps on his desk. Names them pretty for you one for me. Shining in an ocean of words embalmed in equations. Connects lines in the sky. To show how his body moves in me. I want to pin you. But where does the pinning begin. I want everything when it was all I wanted. How can I love from where it's not broken. Sensing the pull on skin on pores. Paused. Love with no dimension no words. No more. Time to confess I chase words and forms of words and words changing the way we see. He changed the way to see the world until it became something small made large. Soft made hard. As glass layered glass penetrates vision. Truth holds no distortion he says. I watch him in the distance. Sinking back into his shape. Memory winds him down until all I grasp is a plastic rose some silver balls and glass twisting. To know my heart and its beating. Try mimicking the idea of keys. Keyholes tumbling on the inside. Imagined he could see my beating feel my dreaming. Enter in. And all ideas of him caked in skin.





