

## **CONSTELLATION: PYXIS**

*To find any direction in waves*

Navigate by pause and memory in fingertips blushing. Fighting capillaries. As though freckle by freckle reveals a constellation of self. I wanted the names of those unsaid things. Buried in my throat. Driven by an invisible centre I wear around my neck. In cupboards in jars. Those undead things. Gathered into pills. Loosening my love my edges. Ajar. As if they could cushion any fall from here. Any word sounded like every word from here. Tears to match my madness. Tears to match my fears. Rolling around the gutter. These shards of glass in my belly. Surrender. My loneliness glues the grail together. Distant stars hum and the sadness comes. Pinned to life line head line heart. We explore the terrain of clumsy stitch one thread one. Maps we trace from curls to piercings. Scars and smudges. The curve of your mouth injures my direction in you. These marks driven by an invisible centre. Swamped by the gentle folding of your skin into mine. The edge of your shores defined by histories eroding lines. We fixed a point above our heads. Divided it into hemispheres into hips and lips. Lost in an ocean splayed across page. We spin in magnetic collisions. Hairs raised like iron filings. Equator sits on my hips. Needles flip in your irises. Where am I in your sky. An arbitrary division of clouds. Of sand and letters shifted around with a stick. The waves pull push. We are pretty excerpts that fit into neat pages. Margins adjusting the shape of words. We are words. Spilling out of pills out of jars. Writing ourselves across globes. Bursting out of rows. Sliding across needles from needles. The distance by degrees slipping the prick. I can give you a direction with my finger. Askew in your cheeks. Tethered to your compass palm. An origami heart folding unfolding. It caresses me and I'm lost in magnetic attraction. An origami mouth kindling for an origami tongue. My anatomical fate. Done.

Navigate by

fingertips

Fighting capillaries As though  
the names of those unsaid things

Buried in

Any word

every word

Roll around

the terrain of

Scars smudges

your mouth

marks

the gentle folding of skin

The edge of your

histories eroding

hips lips Lost in

magnetic

irises

letters shifted around

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shape of words

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Writing

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word

compass



