

## CONSTELLATION: VULCEPULA

### *Mending holes*

Between feasting and dishes you sink teeth into nipples. Test shapes with tongue flicking. Teasing the pull. Feels like you're right here on the inside. Loving the heavenly in you. Chasing me around the tiles for one last lick. Check black check white sinking those squares those lines. Feathers blooming giggles flying. Feathers and I thought I saw fur. Feathers stranded in clouds of dreaming. I breathe you enclosed in you I closed in you. Wish I knew the distance from your heart. I would stalk that distance in shadows attached to your wrists. Love becomes the death of me in you. Falling into keyboard drifting across screen. Whisper in hush soft commands. Enter enter enter. Desire whips past letters. Honey sweet in skin. Sinking in. Outline suspended in pores. Needle binding us ink refining us. Each small bite tears lyrics from pitch. Sweet love's a bitch. Your teeth dissolve my watery bones. Feels like you're right there in my hollows my curls. Sifting spaces between thighs. Amber aglow. My death my resurrection my bubbly sink. Thoughts clinging to the moment the mind snaps. Word traps snap back. Love me to the sky running. On all fours. Together we shake grapes from vines. Squeeze alphabets into shot glasses. Skull tomorrow's dreams with reality chasers. Alone with you feathers and fur blend with the quill. Love the way you ate me before breakfast. Devoured me at lunch. Lingered at dinner. Left paper bones for me to cling to. Napkins wiping lips from poems. Folded in my pocket. Lick the remainder clean the remainder from margins. Long for you to read over my shoulder. Cramp my words. Shake meaning from line. You make meals of me. I do the dishes. One by one. Shattering against the wall. These pages are mosaics from those pieces. In this and that we are delicious.



poems — paper

