

the blood on my teeth begins to taste like bad poetry,
like religion through the eyes of a child,
like your eyes scanning every inch of me.

black coffee, scalding hot as it
strikes the roof of my mouth like a viper,
will blister, peel, and curdle.
it will feel of third degree burns and fire,
heat everlasting.
it reminds me of how you show passion.

maybe it's for the best we don't kiss.
there are jagged edges in your soul and
soft curves in my tender heart.
you might cut me and i might not even mind.

i was born under the stars of gemini, so this
distance between us is astrological,
this distance is between two vessels of stardust.
it shows we are meaningless, but sweet.

i start to suckle on old wounds again like nectar,
desperately trying to comprehend my emotions like
a tough game of mahjong,

wind own,

wind prevailing,

wind seat.