

Getting to Know You

Holding hands. Distinct off-white chain link
mesh. I used to think this was you. Us between our fingers;
agents under our control. Two countries in trade
for peace and reason.

Strayed, strung out, a thousand excuses.
The visiting neighbor
of your house. We dress each other in dreams.
(calmly... slowly...) I find the urge and tide
of your affections. I know when to breathe...
(... you in. Did I just say that!?)

oh no.)
and the rhythm of our two ambassadors makes me rich.

Soon I am spying: Pushing my great weight on
your intelligence. Deep breaths. Your chest is beautiful
when it rises. Perfect breasts.
Harder, largely because of my weight, your life increases.

You spread yourself
over me; a flavoring rich with secrets and caves.
Ambitious youth; everytime conquering the
Whole

Wide
World in a day
when he has every
other
second of his life.

I'm searching for a title. Earning my keep as a sage.

Down river to the nape of your neck.