



your lips build you,
with a mouth brave enough to death-kiss a bengal tiger

The electrostatic discharge
the arching friction
when we go to pieces we bring them back

this space is where they get us--
i wake you on our first night and tell you
i've been stung by a wasp once in my life-but a million
times in my dreams

the first glimpse of stakeout brown eyes crippled me
with the last
a swimming pool of candied shards minces what
you've got on me

when fractured fingers trace tectonics instead of bogus
Pangean geography
we know, love is the destruction of everything between