**Naked**

when i am naked

my skin is not a border

the clothes, they were a border

a fence that keeps me in

as much as it keeps me out

but here i sit

skin belonging

pores like portals

where stars creep in

to nest, happy

in the house of the liver

in the house of the brain.

when i am naked

my skin is interface

and you:

no amount of cloth or plastic

can hide the curve of your

invitation

from the touch of my

acceptance