# Submission

touch me

a soft that I barely feel

and you will make me yours

I beg to surrender

to hide beneath your skirts

to turn over the office

of my uncaptained life

it’s a gross calculation

a plan without pity

I will hold my breath until I turn blue

you will take me by the hair

hold me to your breast

and I will know you

this is not negotiable,

general of my heart

touch me here, and here

and I will close myself inside you

there are so many ways

not to be me