# My bed

my home is in you

but the home of my home is here

the edges are a border

a fence between me and there

where none lives but me

and sometimes you

i would have you here

but in your absence is imagination

my hands your proxy

my eyes shut against the sight of not you

otherwise:

i am here immune

untouchable

the news does not affect me

the light cannot harm me

that your side of this place is empty

unconcaved by your weight

is the longing and loneliness of my life