**Sunglasses**

your life is on my table

it could not always be so.

there was a time

when we were invisible

a tribe of wraiths

we could change names

homes, lovers and fates

should one life wear out

a new one could grow in its place

now we are particles:

frozen in light

encoded in magnets.

tiny rivers of electrons

boiling with the essence of us.

Your face is my property

there is nowhere you can go

that i cannot follow.

I wear sunglasses even when i sleep

and i swear to you

i love you