

## First Fall or Hellbound

*“What's the difference between flirting and falling?”*

*“The difference is in what we feel,  
is it the heat of an electric blanket or a lightning bolt?  
Is it heaven or hell?”*

I flirt with you, with just my eyes  
from across the crowded room,  
with just my smile, sly behind a sip of beer  
I listen just long enough to lean in  
to your words, which are inadequate  
I touch the corner of your elbow,  
to toy with you, I step on the toe of your shoe  
to hear the hiss of your inhale  
This is the version of myself best fit for theater,  
me but just far enough removed to  
ask for a kiss, knowing I won't call  
I touch myself remembering  
the power inherent in our interaction,  
the precision of my control,  
everything I could've given but held back  
in glorious suspension  
Your face and lips could be anybody's and  
I ascend.

I fall with you, my entire body drunk and running  
across the parking lot, with no one to impress  
I listen without concurrently calculating a reply,  
your words touching places your body never could  
yet still we crash into bed together devolving  
into the beasts we usually only become in dreaming,  
forgetting that we own our bodies, that we are islands  
We fall on the way together toward  
the discovery of each other's souls on similar continents  
We are together and we are somewhere else and  
everything is changed. Falling in love with you is  
the entire bottle of amphetamines and we have to hold back  
or we might die of each other  
How deep is the rabbit hole, how hot  
are the flames? Can I take it? Am I enough?  
I descend.