how does the love you grow up with change who you are?

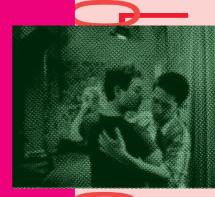
lie to me,
lie with me.
hold fragments of water,
in shaky palms-hands cupped and desperate
((you are so fucking desperate)) -and pretend you own the whole river.

this body feels like 17 years of parts fighting to figure Control-- here, a leg a leg, there, an arm. A neck.

give me something/one/ (a destroyer.) who is both home and the unknown.

with the fiery lovers who made laurels of shed violence, water evaporates.





LOVE LOVE LOVE

