

## **The End**

# **"Organelle (In She We Lust)"**

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The foundation of our upbringing was her heart  
beating. Within vessels lies  
The fluid. I know it tastes like mine does. Epidermal  
layer, porcelain.  
Paper thin, but it holds her in the inside light. The  
length of her lungs  
Could be measured by a breath. By a breathless moan,  
her whisper. Her marrow  
Matter means everything. We sipped her sweat through  
the floorboards, every  
Drop. Down there. The warmest den. The pinkest lips on  
the hair thin slit of  
A hollow shell that held it all. She's a miracle.

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