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## 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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