

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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