

j/j hastain

LET

our caresses admit like crushing

velocity and visage

into vista

it's about what we can
create amidst

standards of darning and secretion

this is confessional non-linearity

the itinerant sounds in our bodies

as a quixotic experiment in sentence

as how to prolong the sensation of the moment of crux

each time we bring our instances into inter

I identify more and more

as torque

as your
contour

as in need of being covered and claimed

only this type of love could do this to me

therefore the lists in sibilance and intimacy

that while stroked and aroused

solidify

this that is a greater ethics

this that is making me real to me

to enact and provoke crafting locations
more pristine through our might

through alternate midnights

in order to replace what of structure

ever limited or injured

vitality

you entangle in my hair push my head back
dense

to expose me

express

you mark

etch my

curve-allure

and stir

the melding and jades that are our pixel

wherein we are complex

eases and grope sheets

wherein we are beloved

mechanics

learning to collage both

the barrage and the rhythms

as drink lily

dripping and divulging

the lisps