

Caedere

The pattern of the carpet is a surface and also a place to float above surfaces.
Our bodies take on the float as we inhabit vulnerability as generous citizens of loss.
I'm not duty bound, I am boundless, I shake myself out into your closed places—
for all that imagined friction, endless rocking bodies—how graceful could be my breath?

rough and ragged and sometimes crying out—

See, our tongues could be braided to make a new rope—the dream hole holds loss
yet I want to take you apart, undo you, use my limbs as links to forge myself to your dark
stitching, pulling me back from closed places, I shake myself out of breath.
We find rough hand holds in stages, symmetry in entrances, I know we will climb—

hand by hand up the rough walls—

this doesn't need to be a monologue: despite your disappearances, you share yourself
against your own better judgment and mine I guess, joy's uncertain geometry claims you.
You continue to move upward on this shared ascendance, up to me you might climb.
I don't want to be an image, but I want to be seen and felt and I can't stop wanting—

and why should I?

I've got no plans, just want to feel the nap of the carpet on my back from below you,
hold your hair in my hands and pull you toward me so we can go beyond surfaces.
Is there more to all of this floating and grinding beyond the smallness of mere wanting—
my want feels voluminous, I am both levitating and on the ground—both unreal places

in which we don't even exist.

We can't possibly surpass the small moments we've allotted ourselves—I think
it works. We may have all we need in collaboration with something like happiness.