



Night is a lared stocking
Revealing lumescent pearls
Rolling on the skin
of my emotions.
Picturing myself alone
In the dark
I imagine
Cracks in the sidewalks,
Little escape routes
Where I invite myself in.

Hands on me.
Fingers like bluebells
Working on my hips
With the precision
Of a surgeon
Who works on an open body
And
Velvety tongues bloom
On the branches
Of that mouth.
Lips are accumulating
On me
And I'd love
To see those kisses
Exploding in a million stars.



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VOYAGE

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I let my being
Slowly
Vaporize
Diving into the desire
To relish
The pleasure
That awaits me.

Traces and halos
Measure time
Like drops do.

If I were a drop
I'd roll down my neck
Forever.



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