

The point has long since past, of experimenting with
better selves, and all that's left
is a slipping barter with the worst.

Look back for the goddess of dogs and boundaries,
long forgotten she has showered you in signs which
you are blind too. She has been left for dead too long
and you live the resurrection of loyalty and forgiveness.
She leaves you gifts in stone and flesh that you receive in
yet undiscovered orifices.

Collectively broken, we fight for the process of survival,
even if we won't ever fathom to consense the term.
Survival lives only in recognizable fragmentations,
when different lives play together side by side
less in resignation than in peace.

Genuine insecurity is such a refreshing form of charm,
just slightly unsure or seeking reassurance from the other.
It's an undeniably true act of communication,
a betrayal of faith or of trust. The performative
wait staging reality together instead of as one.
It may be the only play which really matters but
can it be written.

Why don't I know what scares him,
why can't I predict the next words to tumble from
his lips, it besuches me not. Every moment,
apart or together, it's own form of
cat scratch torture, shivering hot and cold
between the sheets, at the kitchen table and
in the park. I know what scares me
and that he will never touch me.