

Intimacy

Nothing fits but my skin. This room is haunted. A quiet calm but altered. I feel my syncopated breathing and stomach moving. Eyes closed and dark dim pupils take over the room

And vocals.

The chair sits alone, the floor holds me crisscrossed
and me in my arms, head down. Limp hands murk over the surface of me

and closer to the sun they rest on my atmosphere.

Why keep things formal ? I've been walking around with one sock off
for days and my limbs fall when I let them
covered in the heavy sunlight of my own hand that can't get through my mesosphere.

— Kendall Gould

Bedsheets & Pillow Thoughts

And your bare chest rises and falls, a steady snore, calming beat of heavy breath
I play rhythm on this abdomen, running along smooth muscle hills with my fingers
Between bedsheets & pillow thoughts are the warm acres of you / me / skin I could kiss

In this hazy meadow of flesh and nail is the mouth of the river and tender lover's kiss
Your scent ascends from your skin to reach my lips, my tongue, my longing breath
Stroked by touch of rough fingertips along my scalp, tangled hair in your fingers

I pray to never see the day / you run out of body to trace with those battered fingers
For Oh, the song that plays when you hold my lips in your kiss
With notes of orange juice and birthday cake leftovers on your breath

Hot breath and fingers on skin / conducting a symphony kiss

— Eden Leavey