

bodily threads

you unstring me	until the cords	pry away my	twist my arteries	
deft fingers weaving	are too curved	ribcage until you	into promise rings	
around tight threads	and need to	can see the	and no need	
and poking pointer	be straightened with	whites of my	to dye them,	
fingers through the	the heat from	marrow, matching my	red is the	
knots, untangle me	flashes of friction	dim, glum eyes	color of love	
twist until my	squeeze until i	clip me tight	i will wait	the sponge of
dna is interloped	can be hung	with tan pins	until the rain	my body so
with yours	on the clothesline	my own shade	falls and soaks	you can start
				over.