

From Limbo, 23:17

I hold my own hand in bed,
and she douses my ears with
songs of honey and lust.

Our fingers interlock—
if I were to let go, if she
were to forfeit, I'd be nothing.
I'd have five fingers but nothing more.

I'm jealous of her dreams.
Sometimes, if I get close enough,
I can see them:
Dreams of success, sleeping
with another, yearning for
things that are not me.

How selfish of me to want
Me all to myself.