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# Damask

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## **Damask**

*Heather Bechtler*

In under three days  
You'll peel my skin away  
My flesh seeps menthol and freezes in your pores.  
Beneath this embrace we'll sojourn  
Between threaded calves and ankle-bones we breathe faint  
snores  
Clenching our eyes against the rising yellow of morn'.  
Within three weeks  
I'll have forgotten to eat  
Your caress rattles my bones and sparks a flame in my spine  
Curving against your slender torso in transit  
Your clockwise caress on my scalp bowering your fingers in  
vines  
Planting a firm kiss on my neck as if you're sowing a gambit.  
Entwined with the grey dawn we became aboriginal  
Beguiled in our hypnagogic state, candid and inexplicable.

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