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Damask

Heather Bechtler

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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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