

Natalie Jones

This is not my brain
this is bruise-colored
silk cobwebs
on clouded windows
your forearms flexed
time thick
This is breathing the sweat of sound

This is not your heart
not a body
This is wind's warm skin
our shimmering blood mixed
that small crescent near your throat
a swan's neck bent
into new snow

This is the slippery language
I wrap my fingers around
the enjambment of your ribcage and mine
this is the (w)ringing of desire

The mouth that is not yours alone
our palms pressed together
not in prayer,
to compare our hands

This is light leaking
the word drifting
your cursive and mine

All FRAGILE

That dew of the ocean
between experience and memory
waiting weighting