

Here I am with Wings Tucked Inside my Body

you crush the bloom to inhale its scent    only to scrape it up  
save its velvet shreds    staining the cement    keep them in your pocket for later

early in the morning    I hide my want from the cold    here I am  
sniffing the remnant of your shirt I use    to practice my stitching    here I am  
pressing

remains of self-bought flowers    the need to measure something  
a little more    slick on my skin    at night I crawl

under covers that smell    of muscle rub & lavender oil  
I digest myself    dissolve    slow as a heavy frost    the weight of its tread

on the small of my back    I dream before I fall asleep    clouds  
thick as the wave of your hair    accumulate at the base of my neck

Aglossa Cuprina    the grease moth    attracted to light  
& sugar    feeds on the grease    of decomposing bodies

& butter    forensic scientists find it useful in their work  
what if I lose myself flying farther into the wind    here I am

clinging to the underside of a branch