

It's all love

Warped tapestries, tines prick at my fingers and I can't help but miss having someone else to suck the blood and kiss it better, intimate beyond any certain belief. I say I can build a loom with copper pipe, just like I thought I could build a nest. Terrified of continuation, the same doom I feel before running any code. Automated computer speech, automated computer vision, automated Touch, in and out, in and out, in and out, and it *aches*.

[it's all] too big. (it hurts) (I keep coming back) (Yeowch!)

The word 'selvedge' rests like a hiccup. I feel its shape on my tongue and if I touch it with my fingers it'll splinter and unravel and unfortunately I'll fumble.

It'll shrink! and wrap! and *pull*. *Pull in*.

Pull me in. In, in, in, in, stay. I hold my love flush at our hips, I'll trace and kiss the raised streaks after. I'll whisper into your joints, "joy cometh".

My fingers find the unruly thread and your fingers reach down (or up) my throat and *I'm Sorry* but maybe we should just get something to eat and sit in silence and think about how often I get scared. How is all my work at the precipice of personal threat?

I imagine myself living to a recitation of ancient Greek poetry. Archaic words that punch at your gut, with each drop of pitch I glance over my shoulder.

I return to my empty tapestry but stay distracted by the dappled light on the rotting swingset lingering outside my window.

I'm writing to a dream. Rumbling, sputtering, enigmatic engine of love(?). Let's go for a drive into wine country, into the desert, let's watch the stars and introduce them to each other. We can pass the time and pretend this is all life is for the time whose sum is less than its parts.

I'll lift you up above my crown in a moment of pathetic and worldly worship. In one particular breath, where you sit too close and I stare too long, we might splinter under an all inclusive sky, either a flea bitten velvet night or a blue hue that watched me take my first steps. It might be broken by the gentle hand of God (?). *The breeze is nice*.

Soon enough, our travels will stall in front of a *still* empty tapestry. Together in a whining car, sticky with sweat and grime. I'd keep dollars in my stretched waistband and you'd keep our combined time on a keychain.

The Sierras are where I go to molt, everyone I've ever held is invited to witness the threading of the loop, the weft of it all. It's all just a dream I fear is too delicate to wrap around my finger in full. It merrily drags behind me by my pinky.