

## STILL O

a flung square, wood-  
my eyes reposition and move upwards  
the logic of a horizontal  
sleep, cast cravings for  
slip emphatic  
ardor's chained event  
for to tug apart air, let's map  
of bodies as some irrational  
entire, trade our pink grotesque for a dear  
space, meaning  
sick of making  
again and  
safe  
two with our private  
will to reason, rein in  
watch love

framed, along which  
they would rout  
would manhandle  
the sake of fervor, would  
if only to put a spin on  
to let these hands out  
the might  
shape, as impulse  
or hyperbolic  
these three aloe plants I am  
anchors, meaning  
again distraction makes this window  
its girth and restless scene, while we  
duvets tender  
our limbs  
lurch here and there