

The journey is walked in shoes  
the ones with laces never tied and the tongue always hanging out.  
They're chosen because they're the easiest to slip on.

My form of narcoleptic love  
    is loving to cup your breasts, cross-armed from behind and otherwise completely  
    motionless.  
It's no longer a motion for commotion but merely feeling your blood wind its way  
    through these unconscious tendrils.

The belt buckle hits cold tiles with the clink of dish in sink. It used to hold you  
    together.  
Nudity is the stage, the world's a play and the goal is to become the raging hero,  
    the protagonist in nudist glory, naked raw.

It's a fear that is freeing, then consuming the mind after all laces are lost and bottled  
    inhibitions come crashing into one another with the slightest brush of flesh, with  
    the slightest slip of skin and roll of bones.  
My guilt is forever retained in my formaldehyde memory of release.

From brush to touch to tongue  
abrasive and fabricated  
recedes to smooth, sacrificial,  
    surrendered skin.  
Everything comes rushing into your head  
It's exactly what you think,  
A joined wonderland of shared heightened adulteries, unfaltering, unholy, diligent  
    expression. This is the pathway of emotions reduced to tangles.

A suspended, constricted vertigo-voice is alive in shiver, in quivers down arms, trembling  
    pillars underneath a tornado of troubles.  
My sound won't steady and my eyes won't focus until my head is in bed alone,  
secure with myself, away from the standard illusion of love

my masterpiece finding new medium.