

Soothing Sensations

All these years, and I have been talking to you as if I
wasn't here. Touching my body last realizing it has edges
borders were underknown by me. Just like a mirror, I
expecting your hand to show me what is skin.

Seduced by all the mothers who fell in love
with the child I did not become. So simple to have
lightening, soothing sensations, when underwater.

Or no longer afraid other people will see my desire
on the ground, readjusting to what feels like a slap.

We are not alike; I tell the sun hit by the rush of cement.

I'm more like an empty pool holding vigil in a nameless
city, praying for jumps in midair.