

## after-dinner skin

you take a ticket to examine floor tiles and pink paintings,  
impressions of insides encased in fingerprints blu lip kist opaque by lunchtime,  
and grey paper running rings around red heartstring quintets,  
serenading thru traffic and teflon and smalltalk,  
streaking crimson across premolar skies:

*how haemoglobin caught the early bus to come diving into what i would come to be*

which was you, wrapped around me like a 100 layers of clothing challenge,  
like 100 layers of love turning me indigo inside your insides,  
sending my life running from itself like people from an ocean running from them,  
and in the space between my pigments go into growing into you,  
from the centre of a cotton sun to your smouldering after-dinner skin,  
our polished eyes fall on rosy cheeks,  
and the tide comes rushing.