

Skin

Marika Hackman

I'm jealous of your neck
That narrow porcelain plinth of flesh
It gets to hold your head
And I'd rather perform the task instead
I'll use my hands

You told me of your heart
A cold tile cavern bathed in dark
And earthy roots hanging from within
To shed some light the fire must get in

A searing pulse
I'm a fever in your chest
The burning sun I'm west

I, I am too naïve (You, you are too naïve)
Your lunar strands were lit in red and green
A captivating scene
A portion of myself was lost to me (A portion of yourself was lost to-)
But I'm not dead (But you're not dead)
Just a harbour no one's in
An empty salt filled skin