

*Impulse*

I need an accelerant to light up        but not ignite        our  
snapshot negative        afloat on a rip tide under the bridge  
your demon brother has just left        his chrysalis        hanging  
in a tree        that fog bank over your heart        that hedgehog  
in mine        remember that appetite for insects        or appetite  
in sex        prickly I know        the crow's face a blank page  
no touch on the phone        feel the wind picking up in the  
crevices        a contrition all around        *ground down*  
*worn away*        *rubbed together*        polished stone for  
what remains        if we must        let's come apart