I see the same scene over and over again. It will be playing on repeat as long as my memory allows it. Inevitably all these images are dissolved into my dreams. Then, when they are nothing else than smoke my eyes don't correspond to the holes in the face and mouth has no fixed address. This is when eyes closed I forgot time and space. There is no land or sky floating sometimes even with them open... It has been such a long time since mouth and eyes are the first ones to stray in front of the peachy texture of someone else's skin, sensing the touch of this other surface that

It gets into your cranium and echoes...
of serpentine
a

energy through stream of sugar
m m m m e l t i n g what keeps your body from mine /
you close your

eyes eyes eyes eyes yes eyes eyes eyes yes eyes eyes eyes eyes

and when you open them your mouth
again blade-like
your body decides stand up
no time to think
as your torso
moves below
the waves
my skin blazes
matches struck
fire creeps in
licking
the
a
i
r
the surface unexpectedly tongues in which sounds gallop and v i b r a t e
breathing

coloured movements happen

 EXPAND
contract

mmmmmm

blblblblbl

mmmm

blblblblbl

mamama

mamama

blblblblbl

mmmm

blblblblbl

mmmmmm

upward hot flashes banging against the outer walls
downward energic lightenings shake stagnated air

mmmmmm

blblblblbl
to liquefy
  to turn the constant consistency of flesh and bone
    into a belly button shaped black hole
    blue lagoon
hairs grow
  strong as grass
    we have no eyes
    yes
      yet
        we stare with our bare hands
        in motion
          early dwellings
all the others you crossed
  I escape
  you run
    bonded by
      a leaping movement upward
        pressure felt and absorbed
          or
bursting at the seams
  the nectar
    pours out of us
      joyful hands
        in the dark
          sparks sliver
            in circles
              hold their breath
despair strikes
  enthralled
    ticklish fever
      we've crossed
        now
          before we got lost
            you whisper: tender flames
              eat
smooth flavours
  slippery digestive tube
    softened
      by the sound of words
        uttered for the first time
          we gurgle
this is the other side
  of us
    where it begins below
      somewhere between tendons
        affects shoulders
          and strings
that emotions make us shelter
  while feet make half-moon shaped movements
sliding is easy
legs
knees move apart
join and rejoice in gentle waves
but the sweetness soon burns on the back
that bows gently
ripples under the neck
in the liquid in which I have soaked myself

all receptors
in a whirlpool
get over the spinal cord
and torso
floating
they hit
a thorny resistance
spyking
pleasure
pain
inserting chaos in between connections
stealing messages
to cast into oblivion
all notions and
conceptualizations
movement is translated
watery mouth
casses our breath
heavily
we coalesce
emerge
experience is not even a memory
not belonging
not knowing
out of the mud
we drift
frail
oscillate
softly
hearts flicker quickly
bombing intentions
sprinting
opening up high cliffs
swallowing caution in a

on a floor that gets wet
intermittently
energies stop being fueled
eclipses slice earth
fingertips hurt because of this
flammable air that is touched
burning
they contract
to expand and evaporate
consume them
no superabundant forces will pass by

streams!
on an
mutic
la
on
vo
storms

foam
wind
lava

the palm of your body glides
all ready for a never-ending
nerve-ending contact surface

pressure
against
waves in voltages
bury your claws in my flesh contract
unfold the sheaths expand
you can't see with eyes
made of obsidian contract
burn expand