Darling boy, let off my chest!
I've already yielded to you heart, liver--fingers.
They surrender themselves gladly to your molars,
All the while your knees push bruises into my chest.

O, oceanic mouth!
Healing and wounding and giving back what you take.
I'm dizzied and elated and drunk off of the salt water that pours from your lips.

I see you, the spores that spread and choke out your baby breath laugh.
I see you, hands shaking and cold and ready to catch afterbirth origins unknown.
I see you, violence caged behind a trembling frame.

I pull back my ribs searching for something to assuage your grief and anger- holy as it may be.
A femur? Artery? Anything for you, darling-- tissue or bone.
If destroying myself means rebuilding you, take whatever you want.
I have no need for angelic flesh.

The dull boredom that aches behind my stomach is only quelled with your smile meets mine,
When the pointed edge of your canine draws a perfectly rubied drop of blood from my lips.
When your hands, soft and shy and unsure, cold and angry,
Roughly tear at the hem of my sweater.

We will tear each other apart limb by limb and cell by cell,
But darling, how sweet it is.
Never have I been happier than when your teeth are sunk a half mile deep into my pulmonary trunk.

Nails scrape, skin is roughed and chafed,
Heads butt and clash,
Your elbow roots itself in my ribs, sprouts something beautiful and quiet.
We are each other, a mass of matted and bleeding nerves that twitch when exposed to the cool November air.