

I found a place to put down all the love I conceived within me. They're all in specimen jars now. Perfectly preserved. The different stages of our development. Of my shadow melded with another's. The fluids traded. All the lengths I went. I charted them here. I created an entire medical practice. I got a degree in the shutter shock of his eyelids. I studied how they conspired against me in dreams and various nightmares of our own. When the delivery guy dropped off my labcoat I realized it wasn't a lab at all, but a room of pretending. Much like the one I built in myself in his arms. The costume pieces will grow tired and worn. All that will be left is the truth of skin. I can shed all, but that. I spread our plunder out to dry. The aches I've caused within me ripple into the great unknown. I try to call out his name but can't seem to remember how to make the shapes of vowels in my mouth. I cry out instead. Occasionally, I hear his voice echo in the caverns. The caves are drenched in salt that taste ~~like him~~. The memory of him. I rest my tongue as a reminder. We wring out the heart only to get it wet in our own sog again. Setting. Repairing. Washing. Drying. The river makes almost a complete circle.