

Night groans with the weight of bodies, bodies of lies the shadows support. Our names sound heavier on other tongues.

The day bleeds into night between my sheets, light twisting over the world of your body; a prayer of flesh, shadowstitched.

Hold the words between tongue and teeth, heavy as a pebble; "I love you, I love you," a promise that must be made and remade each day to be true.

Tide foams up over our feet, jumbling the lies we spelled out in stones, pulling our names out to sea. Breakers exhaust themselves against rock.

What is land but an answer to the waters? What is dusk but a ruddy-edged promise? What is a body but shadow drowning in light?

We are bound by promise, tonguing the structure of two into light. Between the waters and the waters, we are making a world, and it is this one.