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An intimacy coordinator should know

what it's like to never touch

until you're touched,

tremble

until you're trembling without spill,

lapping from the wound of Sensation

until you've realized satiation is a Myth.

The sweet-gloss. The rose-tint. The shiver-scorch.

How do you fill the word in?

What's absurd and what's etymology? Did observing the bland sheen prescribe our own

tenderness, a scrabble shuffle on an overcast Sunday afternoon; *hellfire, desire, vampire... ?*

Guess again.

of teeth to
hitch.

Try: *The hilt of a sword and a dragon's breath. The fastening*

pearl buttons before the slowest

The means to unravel is the same means that arches

Rage into fluorescent royalty – the flesh of plums

and heliotropes. Here, whisper is the soft invention of breakage; tear

after tear after tear, that's what makes

gaze,

limbs,

lips

irresistible

as they fall between the seize and the quake, the dive and

the struggle, the wander and the

Trace whatever fairytale you tell yourself: how

The night wrapped around us,

so warped and unrelenting,

its embrace becomes an oyster shell,

closing around

to create this fractured

Iridescence.