

Odysea

Alvik

There's your bloody
handprint upon the wall above my bed
you climbed on
and I'm screaming out all the precious un-words
like I've never said
Your long waist stretched above me
like a tangle white geometry

Seeing through twisted words
of the things that I promised not to do with you
if I ever wanted to be through

Don't you touch me
with your dull fingers pressing holes into my skin
I found out
that all your sorts of pleasure aren't the kind of things from
you I could ever win
I want you
to get something from me
but there's nothing that I could ever give to you.