

I close the door,
shouldn't burn yet,
the wires get hotter
palms are glowing
this is hot meat
metallic blood
this is open sweat.

show you with my fingers
draw with the eye
with your own breath
i tear your lungs

out this side of the blackest meadows
i make my winterdwelling
and crash my bones.

i'll sail out the window
i'll walk down the hedge
i will not finish
'till i'm fully satisfied.