

Like a plum, soft
 you don't believe in things like sparkles being in things like eyes
 but there is a little click when the two silver rings touch
 it sounds the same way that it might have looked
 before, there was some material to address with
 structural consequences.

It has been taken or hidden.
 you can't bear to look now
 because of the hand grazing the shoulder, disorder
 oh, but just a glance
 in moments of contact you hear nothing outside ourselves
 If I could I would place just one real stone.
 blood clouds the eyes like plum juice
 cheeks rosy red who says that
 If we move too fast it will become violent. Please slow down

Do words mean things to you? Which ones?
 little crystals held between gazes, sparkle in the corner
 her eye
 four times? everyone's counting
 three days later it's keeping you warm pressing back against
 I promise I wasn't thinking about her.
 the specific bend in your neck just so when you look
 a line towards the edge of her vision
 she can't hear you right now
 "it's getting faster" cloth saturated with red it's wet
 Do you want these to mean something?
 the soft pink rose petal cheek pressed firm against your
 chest do you think she can hear it
 Even if you asked she wouldn't sing for you
 and it's even softer than you wanted

it follows the pressure is too great
 little spits and bubbles out the side
 again against the taught cover
 pulling away from, you find it is completely (re)attached
 now red and wet like some fresh fruit
 the spots which emptied first linger as holes to fill later
 with someone else
 Right now () I am 5 miles away from the subject
 do you see there how it is related
 When you get down to it, is the center the same?
 She is becoming one person, but it's really a matter of labels
 and so the stem is creased you make a move towards
 the sound of metal against metal
 pane between you and her and I
 rings imposed and the blush pushes out
 you sense the warmth held in her eye
 crushed or crushing and also wet like
 worried it could collapse under your weight
 if you wrote a song what key would it be in
 and we scaled back from more together
 Does the form take three parts?

Now: the motion breaks it and they discover teeth, or their edge
 flow out as if it were red
 dreaming of a fragment of permanence
 oh the narrative is in pieces permanently
 stuffed between your shirt collar and neck, her fingers
 it's coming over someone's eyes
 the skin against your cheek wet
 I want you to know I would never write a poem
 and this is not for either one of them