

HOW A BODY BREAKS

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Pretty lady you pretty baby. Just keep walking body walk on by. Body break, body fake, body breathing. Body breathing. Body breathing in the broken ornament of skin. That body best body of last week was it? Last something. She-something.

Move she-thighs move, they walk body walk in rhythm. Thigh chafe, and brush, try to breach the barrier of cloth clawed cries. Body weep. A step passed by. A he-body passes by. A she-body stops, seeking soft, seeking safe, seeking secret day and dream. Only one body can give what that body wants. Perfume wrist, twitch and grate over unshorn face. Kiss and taste, and tender tempt. She-body wants.

He-body wants brittle breaks. Bitter cakes, stuffed and not tasted. Not faced. Just body beats, body heats. One body can't give what that body wants.

She-hips don't swing as she-body walks. She steps them forward, facing goal effacing. Body cold. He-body hips he swings unashamed. Shoulders hard and shoulders soft. Shoulder hard by bone white, muscle tight. Shoulder soft by silver moonlight lick of memory, held so tight. He walks he-body like a pendulum. The backforth shadow of sun on dial cast over the chosen spot. She-spot. Sacred place, circle of face that tracks and seeks her lights journey. The sun will set away again but yet she will not move her neck from its blade. She is body broken. Body stolen. For lip gifts and thought song she gave her skin to cracking palm flame. She threw her hair to licking fire. He ached for she-body skin. She ached for the he under skin. To sink she-body in he-body. Bury it below he-face. In the warm flesh just below his bones. To be nestled in his organs, find his pulsing heart. Poor body, she-body. He walks on by. Eyes pass over. Legs step around, lamps lighting the trail of his unspoken intention. She can only watch the unsaid quest for bodies move on up the road. She-throat cannot find that word for halt. She body flushes and twitches and eyes turn down. Look down, she-body. Silly-body. Nothing-body.

She once touches the wrist, she-wrist. The place of kiss that begun. Sunk in fingers, brown broad fingers. Body barely breathing she was held. Body just wanting he held, but so quickly he body bent his flesh away.

