

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., Now I A

The film smears over the water, orange and black, flickering : off, on, off.

As the summer rain fails to cool me down or clean me up, the smell of your skin takes me back to t

The rain mats the dirty fur of my coat into spikes.

Your fingers are tight about my shoulders for the last time.

Dissolving back into the winter & the footbeats, the sour red wine & your mouth not &

The trees against the sky, dripping backly into our faces, my mouth fills your with the taste of cigar

Trying to struggle may way back inside of it, wanting to savour the tiny hurts.

Belly-down, eyes held(?) up the miniature door : hole up tight in the dense pug(?) of vanilla incense

Your smell mixes with the others, fades softly into the smoke, into the sheets & slips away from

I never want to get up.