Final Phases of a Secret Love

by XXXX

I keep my love for you in me, like the egg of a worm, tiny, hiding in the folds of my lungs, collecting strength until it can emerge. When you're not looking I spit wasps. Butterflies emerge from my nostrils in my sleep: and I wake to them flying above me in a torrid flourish among the dust suspended in morning sunlight. You tell me: "Are you ok? What is happening?" "Nothing!" I say, burping a moth. "I don't know what's gotten into me." And we go on. We go on.