

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. We go on.

