

Pygmalion

Alone in a too-bright room
Harsh midday sun rays filtered
through salty panes
Spotlights on still, coiled limbs

Harsh, midday sun rays filtered
to speckles on your skin,
spotlights on still-coiled limbs
Tension twining through quiet hours

Speckles on your skin
Remnants of a penetrating physicality
Tension twining through quiet hours and
your fingers molding divots in my face

Remnants of a profound physicality
It's not your fault, it's you, it's just been you
Your fingers forcing divots in my face
Alone in a too-bright room