

It was cold the day you touched me. Your hands entering just below the ribs, opening the drawer inside me, pulling it loose from its tracks, emptying the contents on the floor and rifling through the chalk white bones in search of the constellation spiraling through the atmosphere of my carcass.

We are all descendants of millennia of dark matter, the negative weight of dying stars reborn in the irises of human bodies, each molecule gazing through a kaleidoscope of repeat images, the rolling footage of flesh spinning from a meat hook in a circuitous elliptical.

Scientists have spent lifetimes quantifying the kinetic energy of a human touch, the confluence of your nerve endings sending shockwaves through the grid of vertebrae holding me together, and with a single suicidal synapse I have the potential to crumble into a black hole of shapeless parchment – tell me, where in the history books does it teach you to act so negligently, your clasped hands twisting and turning the false bottom of my heart's chrysalis, shaking free the scrolls of undiscovered worlds.

There are only two paths in life, yet both run parallel and into your orbit. At the end of each day I unstitch my skin, hang it in the closet, then lie on my back, staring at faraway moons, my body drifting higher, higher in all of its nakedness.