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Spa Session

Dina Khalil

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Dina
Khalil

Spa Session

I found you lying
in a pile of black dirt like a crippled animal
that awaits a predator.
Such meat brings only parasites
but humors my hunger.

Believe in this body
as a blank canvas.
Smother me with the taint you scrape
from your subconscious.
Splash on your anxiety,
smooth out my depression.

Tearing out your stitches
only to sew you back together again.
These moments will bring us closer
like a caged snake with a frozen mouse.

We swoon in the lover's limbo
where terror eclipses romance.
Swords are a box of chocolates,
roses die like cigarettes,
compulsions to grope each other
above open caskets
to crawl into death's shadows
and beg for our own funeral.

Pushing you towards the sea
to float amongst the critters dwelling
in your dreams requires having
a heart. But, mine is a whore's virginity.
I search for my soul with an umbilical cord
that connects to a miscarriage.