July 2014

Spa Session

Dina Khalil

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Spa Session

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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.