

## ***Buds :***

*New beginnings, expansion.*  
Accidental winking. Immobilised in her salmon pink sheets while J stands over and immortalises me. Handmade honey lozenges. Headphones gaffed –let's hang on a little longer, yes ? Dishes done so home keeps being home. J looks over my shoulder, notices me writing, whispers *You're not there anymore.*

Yokohama taught me the difference between cold and cool. Avocado burgers, batata w beid, slurping on tomato soup while thinking of a date. Writing the letter deleting the letter. It was a 13th, don't know why. Inside my leather pockets fists clenched into stones.

If you walk fast enough your crow-wings will deploy and if you walk even faster you will be able to take off and become the first bird to ever wear open-crotch tights beneath too thin pants or have overly sweet peanut butter pasta for lunch or consider dying purposefully.

Perpetual  
violet syrup restock, Yasmine Hamdan  
CD on the armrest. Stomach sore  
from your punches. Ultimately I dream  
of being my headphones; band-aided,  
cherished, sincerely needed.

Kiss the  
sheets to miss your cheek. Blink blink.  
Blink. An expected, manageable level  
of pain is zero. So when you ask *Did it  
hurt ?*, I lie to your face and I don't  
even realise.