



In trinkets

*Metis / Metis / Metis*

In bodies that were not ours but stones that did seem to belong

As cathedrals, we came to the Lake            Open but exhausted

Against empires

Drinking blurred gin    Floral exceeding the frame

Making fires with our corrugated mouths

And silently eating the city    Until

Nothing

Was left

*Shadowless*

*against*

*my stories*