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City Girl

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city girl
Fun Just

Skyline drenched in orange water seeps into my skin.
Pores inhale the breath of night. Dark. My mind stumbles down

your cobble-stone skin, step by step towards sleep.
I know your asphalt-veins, your canal-eyes. Blood runs thick

through daisy-freckled cheeks and my heart traces
the valleys of dirt underneath your fingernails.

Memory fractured like window glass. Broken promises
scattered on your pebble-parks. And still,

you hold us all. Your greyness interspersed with grass. Tough
love sprouting for those who know your tenderness.

It took me long enough to feel the grasp of your Danube-arms.
Once, November night – a child cries. Then, too tight

on the balcony after dark. Still tight now – from afar.
But your fingers have become slippery and my skin

has become slick. I slip through the loop-holes of your fingertips. Knots
tied lose enough. Like you, I flow downstream. Boats stirred

towards the black. Salt mixed into sweet blood. I, a sturgeon. And you, both
the current and a fisher's net.