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Restoration

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You tug on the lattice strings
of my heart, climbing my
threads like a ladder
to where
you perch for a while.
You rub hands over my punctured cavities—
my delicate muscle: my seed:
my purity: my love
as if to replace or fill my aching.
I can’t seem to say, “stay” or “go”
or “please fill me the rest of your life”
or “no.”
Because when the continents split they
did not yearn for their separate parts,
as I don’t yearn for your completion.
There is an ancient river that
flows to and from such sacred territory
along the same rhythmic strides
that restores, you must see, I feel
restful with the continuity of our hearts
beating near by, but not connected.
The spiraling branches of my love are not a
bridge for yours, and that is not a
seat to perch on.