

JENEVA STONE

Red

The situation rich in detail. Broad through the palm or pad and pronounced knuckles. Music inflates me slowly and entrances him. Things are said like figurines laid out upon a shelf to view. Carefully I tend to the wiry hair of his shoulders and the display of his torso. All this drama and the wolf slips out the back sniffing his way to higher ground. Love is a mirror that reflects only one face. How will I know you in the afterlife. Aphorisms like mosaic tile irregularly shaped. The wolf may not have thoughts only the impulse to strike or run. Having touched every secret place in him I claim to know though I do not.

Satisfaction a refined sugar and not an acquired taste. That the wolf prefers darkness is a truth so obvious and yet irregularly shaped. I retrace his intentions through every footpath in the overgrown garden. All this drama and I would touch that place behind his ear with my tongue one more time. The tips of his claws on the bare skin of my back. Does the wolf crave sweetness or secrecy? Or the simple necessity of salt and blood?