

NIPPLE

Vi K^hi Nao

"9, 1, 1,"
forlorn as a zenith
by sea silhouette filming
nine lives, you.
I want your brief escarpment
highlighting a youthful perfection.
it's a daily task
to want a door
to embody my spirit ual bottom
for nadir:
a mirror of yearning,
or warm icebergs?

there awaits a nipple
divided by loneliness
after screen off, wishfully
small portions of astronomy
guided by an ambushed
desire

now
i have lived as a horse,
pulling the nipple's taut interiority, hey
the earth is still round
what you don't see can't forgive
you without the edge knowing
animality