

Entwining Frames

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A very short poem.



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Entwining Frames

I'm sitting near your frame.

In a millisecond, I could feed the aching.

I could trace your skin, kiss your collarbone.

I could rustle your hair, entwine our hands.

I could stroke your back, feel your warmth.

I'm sitting near your frame and I can already feel you inside my bones.

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