

Milling About the Black Market

Your stomach smuggled its sourness
into mine as I coaxed away the dizziness
collecting in your forehead and legs.

This is love, the passing of illnesses
to each other like a folded piece
of notebook paper, making quilts
as field ICUs, siphoning Netflix
of all content.

I want to pretend your clenched hand
is in my stomach, your way of saying
'I miss you', that you'll never let me go.