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Tame

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Tame

Throw me for that loop again. The birds are in the trees, singing *noli me tangere*. So, *tangere*. Tango with my breath, my teeth. You and your wine-translucent skin. I've got a disease called "some-day" or "somewhere." How best to break open me: think about how small I am. Wrap one hand completely around my waist. Whisper something I cannot hear, that I don't want to hear. Whisper gamine fingernails and burrow them in the soft floor. Tell me the swimming pool was shallow and clear until I lay naked in it. You licked something clean away. Say what it was, I won't know. The bed looks how it looks without you in it, like a burrow. When I get the pieces together, you're going to want to hear about it.