

There's a line that blurs whenever you two are together. It's not something you can help, what with the nature of you, and it's not something he knows about. Not something he'll ever know about.

It's the line somewhere between wanting to be with him and wanting to be *in* him — the way your hands twitch, sometimes when he is close, as though you could strip him of his skin and wrap it around yourself like a blanket.

It's wanting to burrow into his chest cavity, wanting to leave something of yourself there so that he can never try to leave, he can never get away without knowing the ache of being apart from you. The ache you feel even when you are together, even when you have curled up next to him and his arms are around you in a way that strings together words like “safety” and “love” but not quite “adoration,” not yet. There is time for that.

He shifts and it is like gravity follows with him, like wherever he goes the nature of things will follow. It is not what drew you to him in the beginning, but you see the glory of it and believe that it is part of what keeps you there.

What drew you to him in the beginning was the way of him. The kindness, the gentle hands and soft voice, the will like heated iron. Slowly, lovely, you do not mind picking up the hammer and swinging it against him, against the anvil that stays cold against his back. And it's easy to keep him warm, keep him company and keep him down as you work, because he is the type of wondrous that does not notice the shape he is being made to form.

There are times you get to be too much. Times where the ardent fervor of you pushes too much, too fast, and you must back away. Times where he is too bright and you are too blind and there's time for that, there's time for you to help coat his shine in something, anything that will dim him for everyone but you.

Because more than anything, more than understanding, you desire of him. Of his eyes, of his knowledge, of him to know you like you want him to know you and nothing further than that — and even if you want him to know all of you, he cannot because the spill and drip of you lands on the floor and gets dirty, and he can't touch anything that's dirty except for you.

He'll never look like you, he'll never move like you, he'll retain his push and pull, his flow and his ebb, but he'll sink like river rocks and settle next to you, too low in the silt to catch the eye of someone looking for treasure.

You won't go too fast, then. You'll wait and shape and bask in the attention of him. You'll be satisfied, in the end.

There's time for that.

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Sometimes (most of the time) you just want to unhinge your jaw and wrap your teeth around something. Someone. It doesn't matter what. Or who. As long as something gives, eventually, as long as something snaps under the bone and floods your mouth with metal.

Sometimes you imagine an arm. A forearm, at the wrist or at the muscle. The bottom incisors and canines cutting into muscles and veins, breaking skin like saw blades.

Sometimes it's a neck. The throat breaks under the strength of your jaw, a crushed windpipe and then suffocation or bleeding out. Or the side, avoiding the delicate almost-bones of the front and going after sinew and vine, ripping into it. Or the spine, but this is always more gentle — not to kill, perhaps, like the others, but to cradle. To hold gently between your teeth. To inspire stillness, instead of violence.

Sometimes it's a stomach. Your face up to the nose in flesh, ripping chunks away and spitting them to the side. Because you don't want to eat. This isn't about eating, to you, it's about the weight on your tongue, the slick on your teeth and chin.

Sometimes. Sometimes it is none of these things. Sometimes you glut yourself on the feeling of your own skin — the meat of your palm, the crook of your finger, the softness on the inside of your forearm. It's molars and premolars and canines and incisors, grinding against each other before settling peaceably, calmly.

Sometimes it's all softness and ease, more performance than action. The times when you don't show violence, but trust. Where you have your teeth set against something or someone and you *don't* bite, you *don't* rip, you *don't* tear. It's your way of showing almost-subservience, your way of saying "this is something I wish to keep whole." Your way of showing devotion, succor, the thing that lurks beneath love.

Sometimes, though, most of the time, though, you just want to unhinge your jaw and wrap your teeth around something and *bite down*.