1//
I am laying face up
Your fan revolves
As your words circle me
You are reading a poem about a fan
And I am thinking about how much
I need you to stir my particles
To shuffle me around
To mediate my temperatures

2//
Your friends sit on the hard tiled flooring around me
We are all reading the parts of ourselves
We've chosen to distill
There is the boy who compares love
to a 50-story building

There is a girl who shares only her shortest poems
And one that is not hers

There is you
And the cities you've built
and torn down again with words

And there is me
At home in the way our voices grow softer and louder
In love with the way our ears
And hearts
tremble