

Twelve Tribes, Dragonflies

My dreams are food for dragonflies I feed on their memories,
I was afraid to eat them for myself --God knows me?
I blew it.

Are you okay with the pain?
I see the swelling in your smile is dry.

I've said to you:

"I'd do anything to cut into your heart again"
but, no love doesn't satisfy.

I can taste that wetting need,
such passionless devouring,
damp through every one of your teeth,
back until it hits your spine.

And down the old chord where it spills in your stomach
(yes, we sift and sieve)

to collect dream after dream

after dream after dream

as I'll dig into space,

over impressions and anticipating

I will meet you again,

I will find you in my dreams