

there she lays

flickered in marvels

surrounded by keyboard keys

and fine jewelry

among complicated waves

I fall asleep

in indecent wonders

and change my ticket

over a pillow

move my life over

to the next flight

just for the sake of twirling

over this

and some lips

stamped on the next postcard

these eyes half open

the sun burning

outside

we, not knowing

deceiving desires

and unflattered spaces

thrown in a window view

I mistake myself

gladly,

over you,

licitious laundry

asked at the door



when morning stands by
with its inconvenient light

I skype out
my secrets,

as delicate
as a piece of sound,

a spectacle
intersects by,

a point makes its way through,
and I stay eased,

overlapping

manifesting
and wondering,

with a blink,

for the taste of a minute:

I put myself in places

I don't belong

I carry out a
twinkle,

cause I know
it lasts...

