

MOOR-SE CODE

hold her precise as a knife/ our mantra made molecular/ the information age between us/ tugging at the skin of earlobes/ show her the very proof of herself/ the screenshots of her own necessity/ an angel in timberlands/ dissect our shared joys/ our selfish dreams of outlasting those before us/ the gaseous exchange of our held sighs/ will never be enough to lift us/ but it's still something/ to wire-tapped hearts/ love is a unit of measurement/ the break/ the unstitch/ the beaded membrane of being / surveillance is a kind of romance/ keep your eyeZ on me/ plot between the night's corridors/ we drive past each other in different languages/ ankles dangle like ripe fruit/ we are the side effects of wanting/ and the futon is nothing more than tonight's burial site/ something sharp hidden in our pockets/ our backs against the wall/ we leaned back and laughed/ when they said/ we could only belong to one planet