

Your walls are cloudy, my two of swords. A visible mass of condensed water vapour floating in the atmosphere. A hot rain anticipating a first kiss, a heavy downpour coaxing the inevitable sharing of a coat. A drizzle, a light palm on my back, so light it may have been an accident.

Whilst I used to bookmark them and move their tab into their very own window, I would watch as I sat incognito. A trilby and a set of glasses. Before my eyes you refused all the cookies being offered. Whilst I know you not to be gluttonous, I was hoping you could succumb to the sweet treat, associating it as a pleasure for which you don't feel guilty. I should have registered the cloudy sky hung above the bed as a preface to what the night would mean to you. A wet dream slotted amongst the "free porn". I pull at my chest meeting it with my nose, I wonder if they smell it on me, see it in me, my affiliation to secrecy, that I've often been one and have often kept one, more than one. That I'm a mystery to some, that it is as plain as day, that I've rarely seen the light of day as anything other than a one. The truth is we, me and the others like me aren't a mystery at all but have merely been relegated to the hushed listening of the Spotify private session far too many times. Leaving us to believe that our voices brings forth a shame felt by both artists. Like them all, I've always had cravings to be smaller, my taste for it fluctuating alongside me, collecting at my hips, swelling around each areola. At the helm of the yo-yoing tide my kneecaps will beach at different levels of visibility throughout the year whilst their winter coats hang loose. Clean, tidy, like the Muji Storage framing his muted bedding. To be slight, compact, easy to hide, easy to slide, beneath the infantile bunk beds when his six foot reached the landing. No curves to stop the wardrobe door from closing fully with me inside it. I wished to be angular like a Tetris block that could navigate itself into the most unforgiving of corners, until the block was completed, until we vanished together in a heap of falling debris, no longer participants in the game. Growing smaller, my plastic polymer lies parallel to the double spread from where they boast your compatibility. Your summer wardrobe no longer appropriate, cushions the blows. Moths swarmed the emulsified box, moths to your flame, too many to count. I'm counting on me to count myself out, you're counting on me to count myself out. It won't be until the heat rises, until your season approaches, when you slide me out from beneath you, that you'll find your seasonal cotton holey and chewed. Then you shall come to realise that a moth without a flame to feast upon will simply be left to satisfy her appetite elsewhere.