

i want to be each other's mona lisas,  
draped in fur coats, glitter on our cheekbones,  
layers of clothes wrapped around our egos.  
indulging in the way it makes me feel  
to slide across a hardwood floor in high heels,  
looking out over city lights in love with how they kill.

i want to walk up to you  
red-eyed breathing fire  
and ask you how long it would take to drive to florida,  
hey love, do you think we can do it in a day?  
drive and drive and drive and  
see my eyes reflected in mugs of muddy diner coffee  
in the grittiest 2 am i've ever lived through.  
flourescent lights make your skin look so fallow,  
i'll write your name on a napkin.

i'll write your number on a napkin.

i'll give the waiter a napkin.

my spine gains an inch every time you call me pretty and one day  
i hope to tower over you like the towers in my name,  
like the spires in our heels,  
like how it feels leaning in to take a breath of flame.  
i want to love my body in the same way i idolize yours,  
to become a statue adorned with eyeliner and a mesh crop top,  
the formless soft skin cast away for an angular temple.

i could lose myself in a fag's body image,  
a tribute to everything small and white and corporate.

or i could look up and let smoke coil from my nostrils and ask you  
how much longer,  
how much farther,  
and you laugh, you tell me we're already there,  
we're already there, we've always been here.

your bones are the road,  
your pulse is an engine thrum.  
i think it's bullshit.  
i down my coffee.  
i fix my eyeliner.

driving to florida would take an entire lifetime.