

# half-light

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Please now,  
lie here.

My priestess  
says she will hold  
the light behind me  
while I project  
my shadow, my skin  
on your skin.

She tells me to follow  
my heart beyond my  
own geography  
while she  
holds down  
the shrine.

I need the curve  
of your back to  
show me my soul's  
hollow, my spirit's  
pure form. How it  
plays out. Please,  
don't turn. She's  
shining the light.

My silhouette  
is almost clear.  
Your perfection  
is applauding.

Our pageant  
is nearly  
alive.