

Breathe.

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Breathe.

by [SideForSide](#)

Summary

Inhale. Exhale. Take in the moment.

Notes

I made this a few years ago, posting it here to get some feedback and to have SOMETHING on my page. Part of my "Of Flesh and Religion" written series.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Night breaths against you
Waves ripple against skin
Spin, eyes fixed on the atmosphere
Your eyes are always closed
Body falls below to the pool
Stars still dancing against your eyelids.

Can't bring yourself to rise to the surface; let yourself float down
Rough bottom kisses skin; flutters away
Sink further into the shade
Fingers lace around clothes; pry you free.

Thick, oily substance blooms around you
Silking to your skin
Hair is pulled back; every strand pops as pores release them.
Oil fills its place.

Glaze over your eyes, fill you in darkness.
Slipping across a surface, and slide out.
Grip a molten body's wrist, propel yourself away.
Look back to see the black mass that was once your body.
Fill with a current of feathers

Thrust across the surface of everything
Morphing body kissing the white surface of formal matter.
Shiver; time rewinds.
Pull back into your body
Rip away from the black mass
Fight from the water; push weight to flip against the asphalt.

Sent off with a gift from the ethereal hostess
Oil stays, taking the place of hair.
Run home, drag to your room
Close the door, breathe deeply
Inhale your reflection
Regard your onyx locks, pressed against your pectorals
Grin
Push your wet, nude body to your bed
Exhale
Ready for a new resting period.

End Notes

'Silking' isn't a typo.

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