

## Dear Body

Dear body, I'm in love with an old body  
every day when I wake up I masturbate thinking of this old body and the fact  
the extra-ordinary fact that  
it might be wearing clothes  
it might be sitting on chairs  
it might be turning the light  
it might be thinking about itself  
it might be a she  
it might have been alone in hotels  
it might drink tea and forget

setting foot on her repetitive floor  
she may forget her colors  
her duties  
her coat in a cinema

she unhooks her self from the color  
her hair get messy  
she forgot she's wearing a closet  
her fingers know what the paper, a zipper, the present is  
she's unfirmly invisible because time has passed  
she has not more intimacy with time than bodies deserted in favour of her own

She's sitting against the fence of the morning lights  
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her window is open as she speaks through herself  
opening her cunt too  
in the event of an address :

*I haven't fuck enough with girls*

And her cunt answered that if she wants to gather with the youngest  
and proudest cunt of this country, she's going to have to masturbate in high definition  
until the face of this girl get picturable

To do so she thought she will have to find a hotel  
and book a room for day use  
use a pseudo, speak in English, pay in cash  
to masturbate in full light  
all day long

Her legs speak fluently snake  
but she keeps her clothes on  
feeling that nakedness is a lazy idea  
to invoke a bad girl she wants so badly now

her chest call upon a flying mouth  
lips soaked by the use and abuse  
of the personal part of speech  
and my breath start to cry all over her nipples

and she starts to masturbate through her underpants  
thinking of a touch without touching  
a kiss against the surface of our breath

their are cunts in every pores of our skins  
the space becomes the body of our fuck  
the space becomes experimental memory  
the space becomes experimental memory  
and the space is on the verge of coming  
sexes are hanging outside of their selves

the old one feels pubescent to be desirable for the young one  
while the young one feels pubescent to be desirable for the old one  
years are passing in and out of a reversible dick  
digging both in our cunt  
they're mothers-sisters-daughters to each others while  
the reversible dick is licking, licking the 156 nipples of the space

the old fingers softened by the habit of loss  
know exactly how, when and where to slip  
from the touch through the underpants  
to the touch inside the underpants  
and the young mouth knows exactly when how and where  
to drift from the trembling thigh  
right to the eye of the crying sex

they are so afraid that it could stop  
so afraid that it would never end  
the space is on the verge of becoming memory  
they are so afraid to come  
so afraid to never ending coming