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Dusty

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I awoke with my body at low tide—
my driftwood bones cushioned
by sodden ripples of skin.

Overnight, my throat turned to sand—
the perfect hiding spot for a voice
raspier than my own to skip apathetically,
like coastal crabs who spend spare time,
or any time rather,
removing debris from their drowned homes.

_Dusty_, you called it,
reconciling with the taste of gin
garnished with lemon and thyme
that still lingered on your tongue.
*It means ‘hungover’ where you’re from.*

When we first met,
your body was made of mountains—
rigid and hardened from a history of tension.

Somehow, dawn has softened your peaks,
shielding them in a blanket
of delicate pink light.

Though your body is easy,
your mind still scatters.
_Easy_, you told the taxi driver.
*It means ‘appreciated’ where you’re from.*

You’ll never know the way your spirited eyebrows
grant a certain acquiescence
to your itinerant brain.

Tonight, we’ll drink to the stars;
but for now, we’ll spend spare time,
or any time rather,
dissolving into the down waves
of our duvet home,

until we are pulled away again
by high tide.