

LINES

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Trace the lines
in your face
a swirl of lines
in blurred glass
one of them makes
a clear distinction
invading my pores
sublimation of nostalgia in your scent
transcendence between our bodies
magnetic force fields in the skin
which penetrate into the flesh
You have something
intrigue me
fly into the invisible lines
hand in hand
landscapes adorned with kisses
enters the forbidden without fear
where any existing cell is filled
reflected in every part of us
we meet in a corner of it all
tracking of the lines
colouring together
lines are merging
You are my future direction