

# Each Other's Nerves/Pile of Flesh/ Fuse

Poetry — Emily Clancey

## Each Other's Nerves

If we both turned our skin inside out.  
If we were curious and damp and gentle.  
If we drew close.  
Then, if we pressed our flesh together, I don't think it would hurt.

The cutting would hurt.  
The peeling would hurt.  
The harsh under-breaths in separate rooms would hurt.  
And the touching of the red flesh as the blood mixed and dripped would not hurt.

## Pile of Flesh

If you could bite me and swallow.  
If I could give what's deep.  
Would you?

Pile of flesh, we'd be a sloshing shattered pile of flesh.  
Would you hold what's left of me?

## Fuse

If we press our flesh together, would it, could it fuse?  
Cut and peel and draft like fruit and trees.  
Stay still for a long time.  
Would our bodies reject it?

You swear one day I'll bear your fruit.  
I hope you're right.  
I'm afraid of stretching, screaming, unseaming.  
But for you I'd burn my fuse.