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.