

you confine yourself to empty loops of tiny chains that were never obligated and scratch off every prick that so as well agitates you

away with the noise where the purrs of your memory haunt,

shout,

*beg*

love

love

love

love love

love

love scramble through ephemeral epilogues to love

love

love

love

love

love

wash the petite patterns off your opulent skin that has hit the sun

without ever thinking, really knowing how to creep up

from

your

toes

trace the red dot that tramples onto your own fur

and you, sister have the tools to learn

how to take care of *the pet cat you never had*