Healing sequence

My above-face ascends, swallows contoured light, funnels air and makes itself billow at the bold drop between sockets. I’ve superimposed the world from a few weeks ago onto vermilion borders, there is little space in this adamantine wait/weight to be dramatic. ‘I may not see this room again with its x and its y’ becomes ‘I would see you in any room including at the end of time’ I had got used to the muted pinks and so I’m shocked by how the lines refill themselves, crackle into shape. I found a blue marble in the bowl of chestnuts that’s in my room for some reason, it held bubbles. We are making a winter out of this warm stretch, the chairs angle themselves around the TV. This foundation is too powdery and leaves thumbprints of its chalk blush on glass, on denim. I bought it back when I had defences, there was a sign in the chemist saying they had no more hand sanitizer. Silly I asked, like there was a time lag, in fact the sign had made me think of the absent thing in the first place.

We self-exaggerate so easily.