

I Want to Be a Happy BOI

Can i fit into your arms BOI and tell you of the time
a wolf crawled into my body, its sharp eyes
becoming mine, the scowl mistaken for a
kind smile, the lonely wander in winter woods mine.

The wolf's full moon mouth begged
to taste January's stillness, its sharp bite. i know
the space between the wolf's fullness and my own.

BOI, you are whole and fitting to yourself & i've asked
who this body belongs to, its weighty limbs & dark skin,
bleeding wants
its stranger mouth.