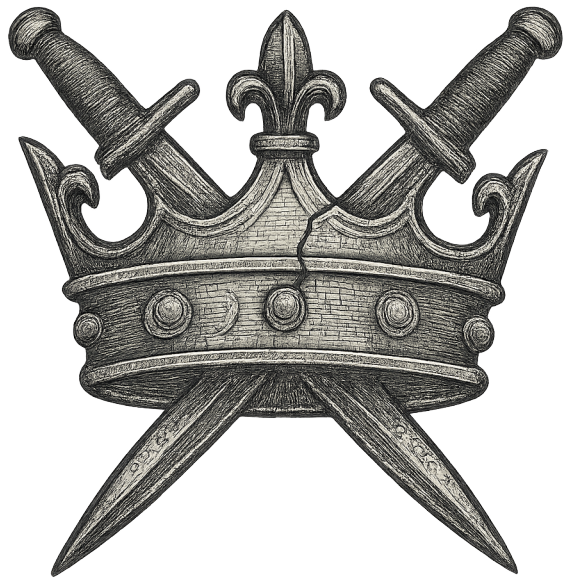




PSALM V: THE HIDDEN DOSSIERS

Were my desires catalogued in files

I never meant to write?

Love stories spilled drunken

into stanzas and sonnets,

a new religion built on the bones of:

sex

sin

desire

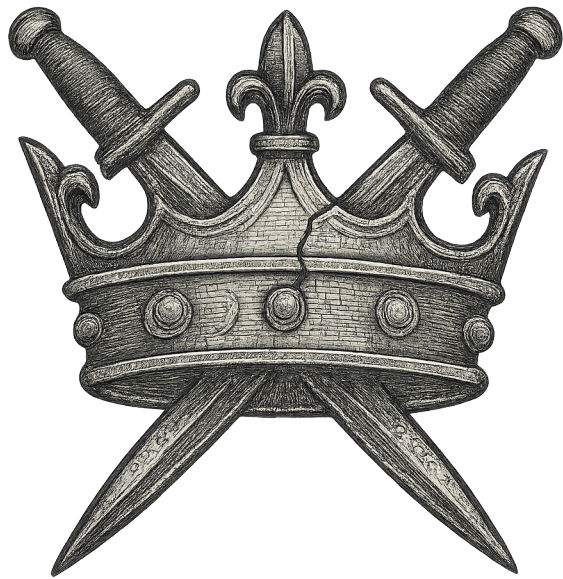
disgrace

loyalty.

And still,

only one refrain ever echoed true:

you are the only one I need.

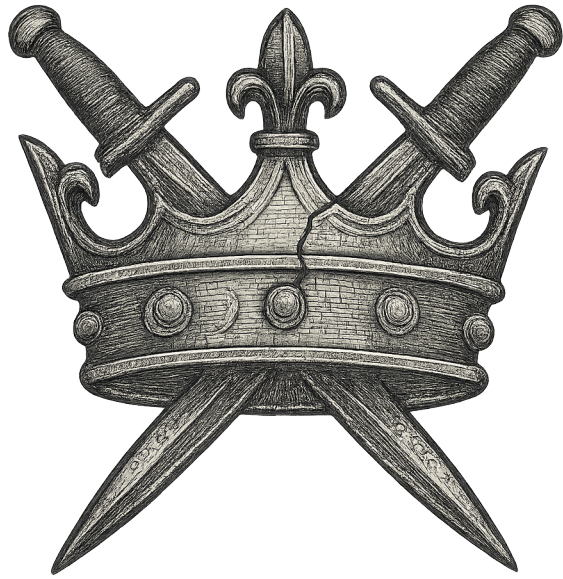


PSALM VI: THE HIDDEN GALAXY

Stars glowed faint on the ceiling,
like the ones I pressed there as a child.

They led you to my bed,
to the unknown,
to the question etched in silence:

Will you jump with me?
Will you say the words too?



PSALM VII: DESIRE I – THE ALTAR

I knelt at the altar,
draped in blossoms and smoke.
You appeared, oiled in shadow and glory.

Your body was scripture,
your voice a whisper:
“For this is my blood,
this is my body.”

Cherubs parted the curtain,
their hymns drowning in waves
as you placed yourself upon my lips,
mapping my body like a psalm.