shapes

the sea beats at my temples,

thick and echoing

my fingers prickle

with the urge

to sink into the sand,

tickling bugs,

with their flimsy, squirming legs

teasing blood from beneath my nails with the sharp edges of shell shards

the breeze slips through my ears and slides, supple and cold,

along the firm grey flesh of my cerebellum tying to my bleach-white ribs

flutters soft and sweet, like strands of silk coaxes the tense sinews of my back to loosen,

promising me salt and ice on my tongue

This is not who I am