Immunosuppression

Unconsoled body postures
we sit, you across the window
I towards the south-west
tranquility flows through us
flavorless essence of confessions are
being defined by an unlocated tongue
we love reality
we love reality

Not wounded by the truth where
we grow I ask:
what is a wound
what is doubt
that mingled awareness
we don't know

You say:
'The overactive amygdala is responsible
for this grief'
the heart locked in a box shivers and says
'What if it's not true?'
I smile.
'Your healthy self must visit all wounded parts
and dark places of your past'
you say
'send her to all places: embrace those selves'

The long-awaited secret is reflected
through the soul's prism
the illusory corpses
of those women
unnamed.
There is no end.

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