

Prolactin

Now I am even softer.

Not just the Christmas commercials,

I cry to reggae.

I cry on my way to the shop

so I have to go to the further shop

to give myself more time.

I am nearly beautiful pressed against an edge

I cannot name, for the first time.

I am beautiful about all the things

I can do with my hands for other people.

How much love do I have inside me now?

As in the effect of mass on the curvature

of space-time, or? Ok, ok, something

you can see. Maybe

rapeseed yellow,

every day,

the whole fucking field.