

**Papaver Somniferum (Miss You)**

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of course I do. let it be  
known that I store each one  
of your gestures in that glassy part  
of the morning, just here  
until they wither. your finger pearled  
in the soft oyster of my mouth.  
your misshapen pulse. the secret  
of its name in some grey-sheeted dark

tender one: what is a body but a vase?

let it be known  
that I spent this time missing you:  
each one.