

## **Piccadilly Circus**

I used to lean out from your attic  
skylight to my hips and sink  
back dragging roof moss under  
my fingernails, scattered it

in the places you found me  
lovely. I was tight braids and lace-  
you couldn't help but tamper  
down and up my ribcage.

In our July you taught  
me sometimes love bites  
the forearms, and how far at the sternum  
I could concave.