

First/Last Love (in the Style of Ouroboros)

My scooped-out womb is shedding dead weight, and I've been empty for years.
Dried lungs are all but hollow, pink muscles stretching to reach your countless years.

My fingers have deformed, shapeless, so used to being curled around yours.
I'll fuse our skin cells together, binary counterparts, stripped of the years.

Will you still love me when the ocean makes me cry, and I am cyclically caving in?
It seems like all we've done is shrink for several hundred infinite years.

Sometimes it's like you're trying to break me, to squeeze me like a gumdrop.
I'll melt sweet between your fingers. You'll be scrubbing my sticky off for years.

Now you slowly float away, like drifting lilies, too slight to notice,
but now you're too far to touch. I never saw you move. You were doing it for years.

I forgot how to inhale on my own, so used to the lapping song of our back-and-forth.
You're sick of it-- *the Saint Annabeth Olivia weeps daily*. You've watched me for years.