

CHOICE 1

You can try on my words
If you must

I wove them blindly

Their fabrics are soft
And strong
Hand washed like linen

They soften and strengthen
With time
And with use

Try on my words
I dare you

You will want them
Give up your coins for them
Your skin will have to work for you
Your mind will not let go

Of thoughts of longing for you to wear them on
Every
Single
Atom
Of your being

Of the comfort
And the refuge
And the warmth of my words

Yet they will not fit you

They will not warm you

They will not make your wounds sound like mead

The threads will not recognise you

The needles will break

They will unsow

The leather will not stretch
Or shape

As if they recognise only him

Just as I do.