CLEPSYDRA

- I. Humid, in thoughts with other shoes
- I. Letters some mothers write, identical in content so understandably easier to carve to continue
- I. A beekeeper's hat, black silk that longs for transparency in comfortable nude platforms.
- I. Cheekbones that grip like warm butter closer to
- I. Eyelashes that grow with water
- I. And time, we need this time.

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