

Seashells Never Say Much Anyway

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Envelope me in your existence
until the mailman gets tired
of trying to pick me off of your doorstep.
Drag me so deep in your bloodstream,
my fingers get caught in your cells
and my toes get stuck in your ribcage.
Take me to your bedroom
(the only place
you ever felt safe in)
and let me kiss your scars
until they become ghosts
residing in the past.
And let me teach you
that happiness
is wherever you are.

You are an ocean of mistreated perfection,
and I never want to fall asleep
without salt on my fingertips.