I never understood how people collect insects. Slimy, scaly, rotund, raw. I hated the crust of dirt under my nails, the rough granules on my tongue, between molars.

I dream of many things. Sheets that reek of sandalwood, the jaggedness of my name sanded down. Minuten pins lining the doughy course of your spine. In my fantasy, the thinness of a too pink mouth Softens and shapes two words symphonically

Sensual sharpness, cool and sleek, oozing too familiar too romantic a color. Sweet perfume of roses. Gummy, tacky lips. Still throbbing organ— removed from the shattered cavity of your chest.

Spasm, just out of reach. Still, prized _eurydema_.

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Pride of Collection

Keaghan Banaitis