

POETRY/FICTION

# Molten

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When you seat beside me, my love  
I can rest and close my eyes.  
I can rest, my love.

And think slowly, hearing *my\_SELF*  
telling that everything is different now.  
Everything is beyond everything that I believed it was.

**My love:**

My body hurts,  
And my soul with it.

**[And they pass me by and don't see me]**

They hurt together, molten.  
They hurt so much . . .  
like an ember in a closed hand without permission to open.  
But it is not a torture. It is reality, my love.

Molten they flow within *my\_SELF*  
in each heart beat.

All over *my\_SELF*, my love.  
No differences between, no edges, no boundaries.

They hurt [and I feel it]  
like the gravity of my swollen legs towards the ground,  
like the smell of a wound,  
like the weakness of my harms,  
like the change in my look,  
like consciousness of it all.

**[And they pass me by and don't see me]**

It is not life [life is another word].  
It's not sky, nor earth, nor god, or any other force.

It's body and soul molten.  
Concentrated on the edge of a tiny needle. . .  
[that I know, I can feel and it's enough for me, my love]

That is so enough and so overwhelming.

Yes, they hurt, my love!

But they hurt together.

And I suffer no more.

**[And they pass me by and don't know me]**

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