

## Find Me

By turpentine, an oasis of paint,  
the scents which lock out, the scents  
which lock. Here accessibility is  
all absorbed by the canvas & I can't  
wear that sheet, give you the big picture.  
It's entirely the wrong size.  
There's no room for the arms,  
though my embrace is that shape,  
though my embrace has been whiling  
in 2d, in coffee, in Joan of Arc headphones...

Look. Broad strokes. I'll try to clarify  
the tale. My skin is color stained  
but supple enough, my longing at least  
a thousand miles, my company the solace  
of oils, the soluble tubes.

The wicked witch might melt this way,  
the wicked witch, the crone in her coffin  
wondering: will the spell break ever,  
wake Beauty asleep?  
Love, do what the paints have been  
attempting to. Set free, set...

I know, the turpentine, the paint rags,  
this heat...  
You think: must not light a match.  
Yet I think to be found is worth the risk  
& anyway I've been burning

for such a very long time