“e.e. cummings"

i am well aware that when you speak to me and the hairs on my arm rise, each goose bump is more like   
a tiny confession tattooed on my skin in Braille.

in a dream i am curled up next to your sleeping form, desperately studying the terrain of your body in hopes of unlocking whatever mysteries you have hidden in the cubbies of your spine.

i am dragging my fingers across your flesh.

i want to learn your scars, so i trace them, and i write their stories on my stomach.  
  
i am dragging my fingers across your flesh.

there is a moment during my research in which i can feel your chest  
 pulsate.  
 i have the urge to   
gently crack your breast plate,

dig deeper into the cavern i imagine lies just beyond it,

and point a flashlight to see if your heart casts a shadow on your ribcage.  
 i want to know your bones.  
 We cannot get more personal than this:

you are the only secret i can ever imagine wanting to keep all to myself. i will wake up and you will continue to sleep.

in the morning i am drawing out a map of your skin on the back of a napkin over breakfast, satisfied with the fact that i can now carry the closest thing   
to home in my back pocket.

(anywhere I go, my dear)